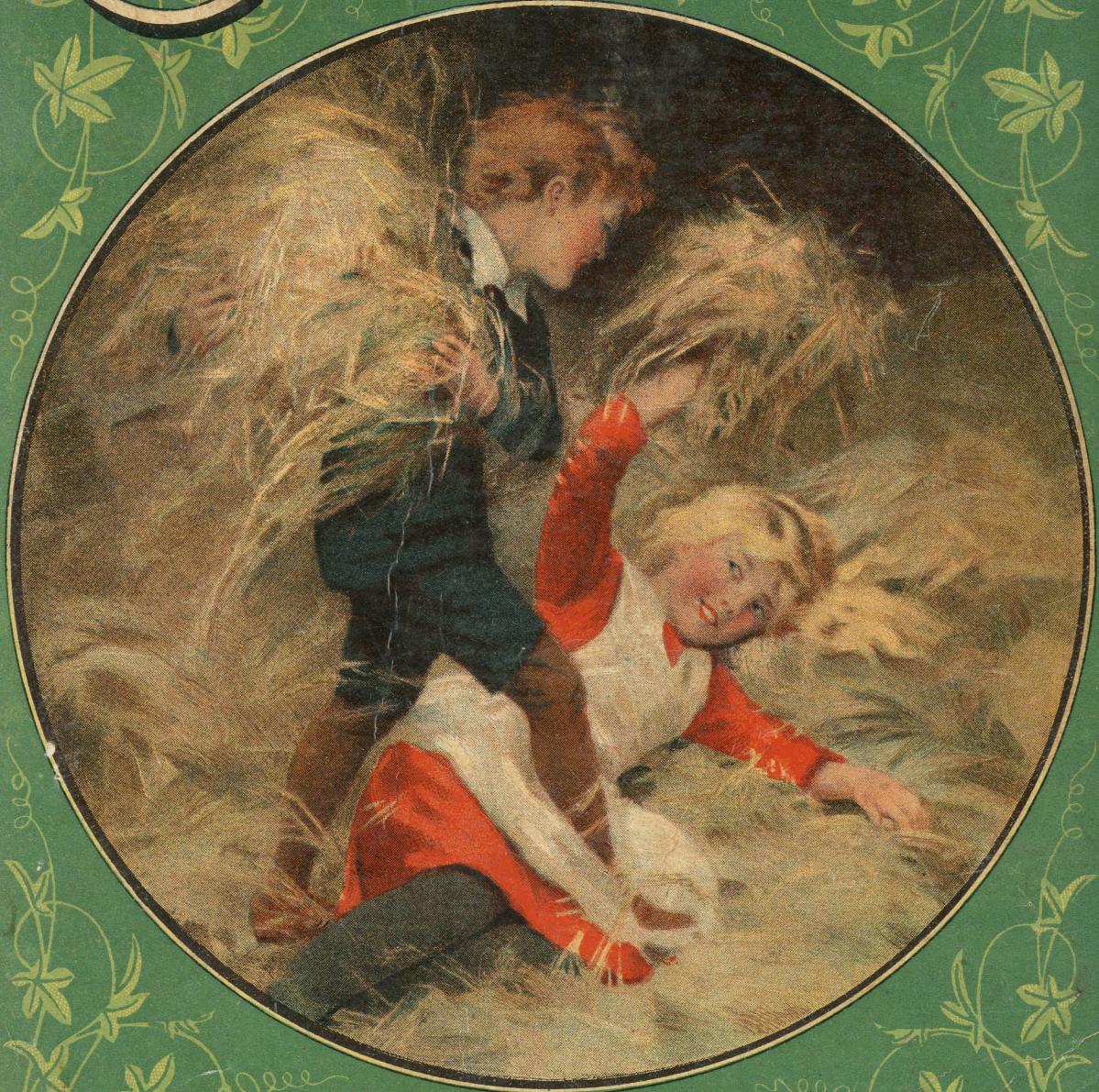
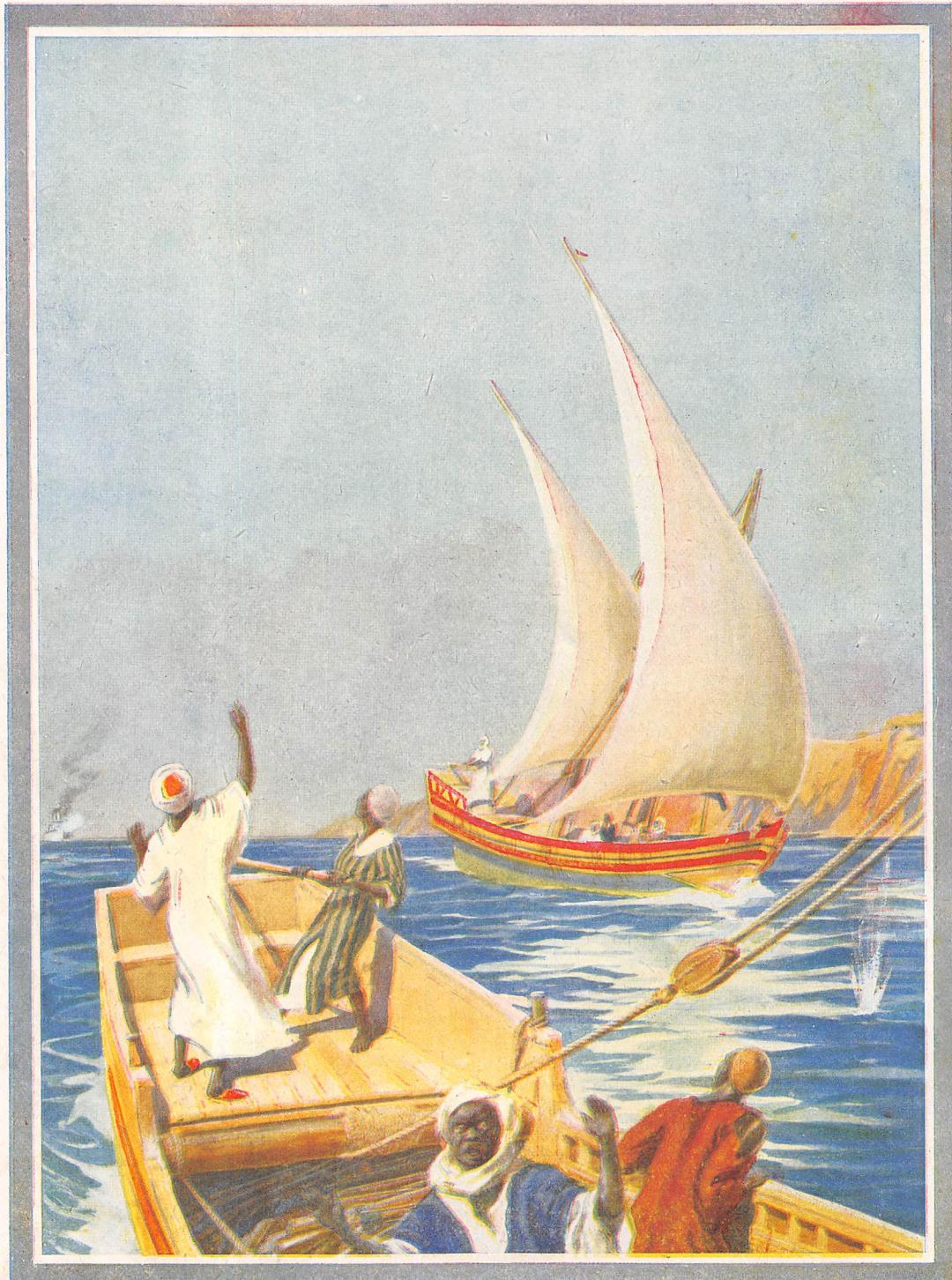


CHATTERBOX.



LONDON: WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO. LIMITED, 3 Paternoster Buildings.



CHATTERBOX.

CHASING GUN-RUNNING DHOWS.

Chatterbox

FOUNDED BY JERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



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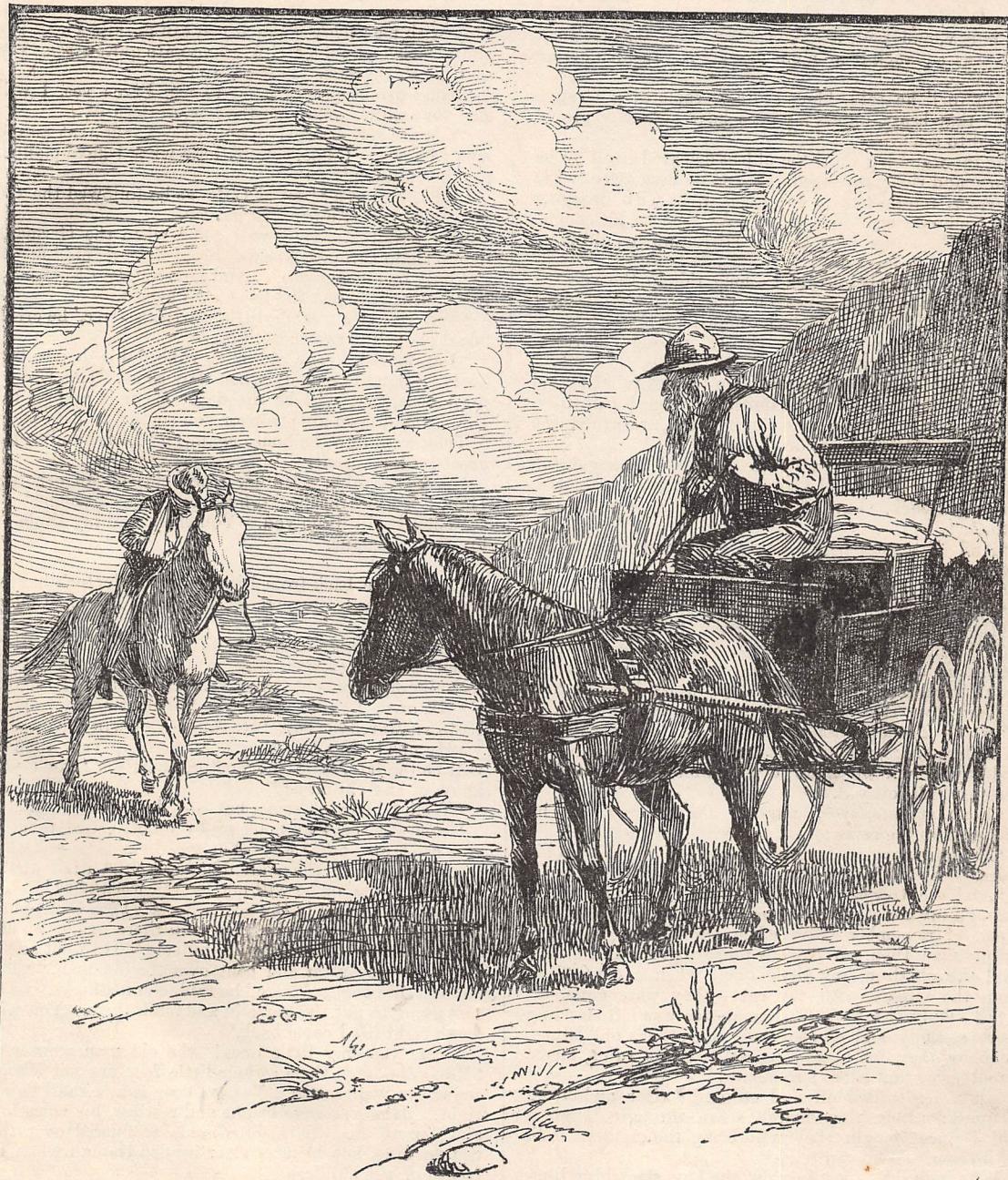
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ILLUSTRATIONS.

COLOURED FRONTISPICE.

CHATTERBOX.



“Poor lad! he is hurt.”

PÈRE COURTRÉ'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

A Story of Canada.

PRAIRIE, miles and miles of prairie, as far as the eye could see. Only on the sky-line was the monotony broken by a tiny bluff, and in the shade of this Père Courtré pulled up his old white pony, and equally old buggy, and took a long careful look at something that was advancing in a curious zig-zag fashion across the waste.

'Ma foi!' he said, 'but there is something strange about that beast, unless my eyes have suddenly grown too old to see aright.'

He sat watching until the object declared itself to be a horse and rider, the steed going at its own sweet will; the rider, reins slack in his hand, rode with drooping head, and one arm in a sling. As soon as he caught sight of the sling, Père Courtré stirred up his old pony and hurried to meet him.

'Poor lad! he is hurt, and a long ride in the sun. I know, I know. Blessings on the good God that I chanced to be here. Ah!' he added as he drew near, 'what a lad it is! Hullo, there!' raising his voice, 'won't you ride with me?'

The boy looked up, and a sudden look of relief passed across his face. 'I'm about done,' he gasped painfully.

'But yes, poor child, one can see that,' returned the old man. 'Here, take a drink.'

He handed over his water-bottle, and the boy drank feverishly. 'I'm afraid I have not left much,' he said, handing it back, 'but I have had nothing since I left home.'

'And that was——?' Père Courtré was busy inside the buggy, and his voice was muffled.

'At dawn this morning.'

'And you left—why?'

'Because I got hurt. I was going to Bigrock to-day to find something to do, anyway. But I broke my arm yesterday, and they can't afford to keep a useless log about there, so I slipped out. They won't have to feed me, anyway.' He spoke with the bitterness of youth.

'Ah!' The old man emerged from the buggy with an understanding look on his face. 'Creep in there,' he said, 'you will be more comfortable,' and the boy, nothing loth, obeyed.

'Your parents, yes,' pursued Père Courtré as he gathered up the reins again, 'they will be anxious.'

'My father is dead,' answered the boy, a quiver in his voice. 'Killed at Ypres.'

'Ah! the Germans, yes. I know they march again through my country. Ah! much evil is laid up against them. I remember 1870, when they came. I was a young man then. We were preparing for Christmas. Ah! the children, my little ones, when I came back from the village with my cart—they were gone, all gone! Only the little Christmas-tree was left standing there so sadly, and on the shelf my father's old Bible; somehow they had missed it—all else was ruins, black, smouldering and silent; so silent!'

His voice trailed off and stopped; after awhile he resumed: 'Now they march again through Belgium and France; maybe they will bring the children back with them. Who can tell?'

Who indeed? Certainly not the boy, stretching himself with relief on the bed of dry grass in the buggy. He was just falling into a doze when the old man popped his head in. 'Your name, child?' he asked.

'Lisle,' came the sleepy answer; 'Burnage,' was added as an after-thought; and again there was silence, broken only by the creaking of the buggy and the clattering of the little hoofs.

Lisle stayed many days at Père Courtré's little white shack. 'See,' the old man said, 'you stay and work for me; you are not well enough to seek work without. Stay with me; there is much you can do, and I will pay you for what you do, and when you are quite strong you shall go to Bigrock. Is it not so?'

'You have been very good to me, Père; yes, I will stay for awhile,' answered the boy, gratefully.

'You are soft-hearted—you will not laugh at an old man's fancies. Come, you shall see what I have planted for the children.'

'What children?' asked Lisle, as he followed the old man into the little patch of garden.

'My children. They will come when the Germans march again through Alsace. See, I have planted many, but only one has grown.' And he proudly displayed a little spruce fir, just the boy's own height.

'Why, what a topping little Christmas-tree,' he cried. 'Just about the right size, Père.'

'Yes, indeed.' The old man rubbed his hands joyously. 'It will be ready when they come. This Christmas, Lisle, that will be the day. Come in and see the Bible. Now you are stronger you shall read it to me.'

They went into the house again, and Lisle handled the great book reverently.

'Yes,' he said; 'Mother reads this of an evening. Hallo! it's in French. Why, I can't read French!'

'Then I will teach you. You shall read my Bible in my native tongue.'

Lisle drove back from Bigrock in the doctor's buggy, a very anxious expression on his face, for Père Courtré was very ill.

'Who are these children he keeps talking about?' asked the doctor, standing in the little sitting-room warming his hands at the stove. It was bitterly cold.

'His own, I think, who were killed or carried off in 1870,' answered the boy. 'He thinks they will come back.'

'Humph! Well, if they don't turn up very soon it will be too late,' said the doctor, shortly. 'Don't you know of any children?'

'Well, I know of some, but——' Lisle hesitated.

'Then get them by hook or by crook—steal them if you can't any other way—but get them here, and that tree dressed, and them all dancing round it, if that's what he wants, or he will not see the week out!'

A big lump rose in the boy's throat. Père Courtré had been very kind, and he then and there made up his mind. 'I'll get them, Doctor,' he said. He went softly into the inner room and bent over the old man. 'The children are coming, Père,' he said, comfortingly. 'I'm just going to put the horse in and fetch them. You will be all right till I come back.'

'Yes, yes—my little ones!' the old man answered. 'Yes, yes—fetch them; their little feet are not strong enough to walk so far. Yes, go, dear lad. I shall be all right.' His eyes were bright and restless, his voice low and hoarse, and his feeble hands wandered over the counterpane, but he was clear-headed enough when he talked of the children.

Lisle went out, buttoning the collar of his coat tightly under his chin; his lips were a little grim as he thought of the drive before him over the frozen prairie.

As long as he lives Lisle will never forget that drive : the waste of snow, the silent, biting cold, and behind it all the terrible anxiety lest he should be too late. He was thankful indeed when he reached his home at Cleftpine. What a welcome they gave him as he hugged his mother again and again !

The first transports over, Lisle began to talk. ' See here, Mother,' he said, soberly. ' I want you all to wrap up as warmly as you can; collect all the rugs and cloaks you have and something to eat on the way, and come back with me to-night.'

' But, my dear boy——' began his mother.

' Please, Mater,' he interrupted, appealingly, do as I say, and I'll tell you all about it as we go; only be quick. We must be quick.'

Mrs. Burnage was an ideal mother; she looked at her son's earnest face and understood. In less than half-an-hour they were ready, while Lisle harnessed their own horse instead of his tired pony.

As they drove back again through the frosty night he told them all about it; the children soon fell asleep, curled warmly in the rugs, all but Dolly, who knelt up in the buggy with bright, eager eyes, drinking in the pathetic story of the old man waiting for the children who never came.

' My little ones ! My little ones ! ' Père Coutré stretched out eager hands to brown-eyed Dolly peeping shyly round the door, and she went to him at a sign from Lisle, pulling forward little Betty and Mary as well.

The old man turned triumphant eyes on the boy. ' I knew they'd come ! ' he said; ' we must have the tree dressed.'

' Yes, Père, I'll go and see about it now,' said Lisle, and with never a thought of rest for himself he went out to do it.

A few hours later they gathered round the stove, Père Coutré in his big armchair propped up with pillows, little Betty between his knees, the two little girls on each side of him. Before him stood the Christmas-tree, gay with its many-coloured load and flaring candles.

' Ah ! it is as it should be,' the old man smiled happily. ' See,' drawing a small locket from his breast, ' a portrait of my wife : your little Dolly is very like her.'

Mrs. Burnage leant forward with an exclamation. ' Why ! ' she cried, ' that is my mother ! ' and opened a similar locket she wore round her own neck.

' Your mother ! It cannot be !'

' My mother was French, and I was born in Alsace ; it must be ; these are your grandchildren.'

Old Père Coutré clasped his hands, while grateful tears ran down his cheeks. ' Then I may keep them always,' he cried, ' my little ones who have come back to me at Christmas-time.'

M. E. HEWARD.

SNOWDROPS.

LITTLE flowerets, all so modest, with your bells so white and still,
In the twilight, 'neath the bushes, almost hidden by the grass,
Are you frightened ? Why that shudder, making all your petals thrill,
When the dusk creeps slowly o'er you, and the songs of daylight pass ?

Do you watch the bright stars burning in the silence of the blue ?

Are your faces always bending sadly towards the dewy mould ?

Or when night has flung her shadows over lawns bedimmed with dew,

Do you raise your heads more gaily to the moon all shining gold ?

Do you see the catkins swinging in the first warm breath of spring ?

Does the violet whisper secrets when she shyly breaks to bloom ?

Do you hear the swallows coming when the spring is on the wing ?

Or does night-time see you flitting like a ghost-moth through the gloom ?

Do you hurry into hiding when the great owl comes your way ?

Do you fear the bats at twilight ? Little snowdrops, I am told

Tis no wonder you are sleepy, hanging dreaming all the day,

Spending nights among the star-beams and in moonlight ropes of gold. MRS. S. L. WRENCH.

[*Note.*—The above rhyme was taught to a class of children after a story told them, 'The Flowers' Ball.' This story is based on a Celtic fancy, that the flowers with drooping heads, like the snowdrop, spend their nights in dancing among the stars. They are then too tired and sleepy to look up during the day.]

THE ROMANCE OF THE SPICE TRADE.

I.—THE OLD MARKETS.

I EXPECT when you look at my title, you will wonder what romance there can be connected with spices. In fact, you will be inclined to think that I have hit upon a very unattractive and uninteresting subject. But I can assure you that, as I have been reading about this subject, I have been carried, in imagination, to glorious tropical countries where are wonders of the animal and vegetable kingdom past the understanding of us who dwell in temperate lands. Besides all this, I have read of desperate fights on land and sea met with by those who sought to bring spices to these lands ; fights very picturesque in detail and vastly interesting when we compare them, as we must, with these times of submarines, aircraft, mighty Dreadnaughts, and smaller vessels of enormous speed. One reads, for instance, of a ship leaving the Thames in 1611 and not returning till 1615, performing in four years a trip which in this century would take perhaps four or five months. It just fetched a cargo of spices of great value, but it encountered enough adventures to fill a book, adventures of the kind which fascinate all boys.

You and I do not perhaps consider spices of much account in the world ; we think we should not miss them much if the supply suddenly ceased. But far back in history many thousands of pounds, many valuable lives and ships were risked to bring them to these islands. Governments quarrelled and fought over them, and much history is bound up in these comparatively unimportant commodities.

Of course, under the term 'spices' were included many articles of commerce of which we do not at first think.



An Old-time Pedlar going his rounds.

Personally, if any one had asked me to make out a list of what I considered useful spices, I should have put down cloves, nutmegs, ginger, and perhaps pepper, and I should have thought that those would cover the bulk of them. But I have before me a list of imported spices, many of which, I must own, were unknown to me until I looked them up. Here they are: Pepper, cloves, mace, nutmegs, cinnamon, ginger, long-pepper, worm-seeds, coriander-seeds, bynny pepper, almonds, dates, galls, gums, spikenard, galangale, turmeric, setwall, cassia fistula, guinea-pepper, senna, barbaries, rice, erius, stavesacre, fenugreek, cassia, lignum, grains of paradise, and caraway-seeds.

In each of these articles I propose to tell you something of the history and homes and preparation of one of the spices, and I feel that you will find much to interest you as it has me. I shall make the first part of each article tell of the growth and development of the spice trade, and the second part I shall devote to a particular spice, picking out those which are of the

greatest interest. I shall also give you some idea of what all the strange spices are which are named in that list.

Now, you must understand that in early times in England there were of course no shops where you could go to make your purchases. Shops, as we know them, are almost a modern introduction. They appeared first in the big cities, and, as you no doubt know, even now, away in the country you find villages with perhaps only one 'general shop,' where everything is sold, instead of one shop for each class of goods. But in early times shops of any kind in villages were quite unknown, and people relied for their stores on the fairs which were held in the neighbouring towns at regular intervals.

These fairs were the events of the year, and to them came every man and maiden to enjoy some fun, just as they do now. But at these fairs there was not only merrymaking, but much important trade was done. All the farmers brought their surplus stocks of hay, corn, and so on, to sell or exchange for other stores

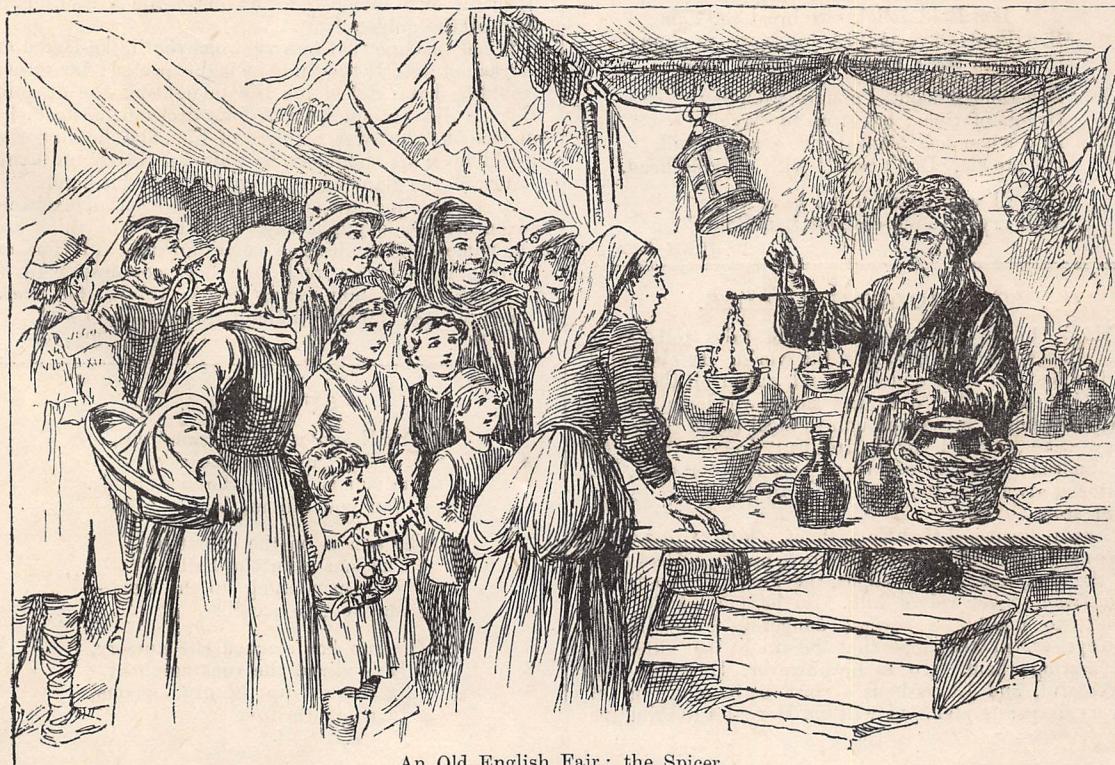
which they required—stores of groceries, as we should now call them. The person responsible for the stores at the great castles of the times came to purchase them and also luxuries for his lord and lady—jewels, silk, spices, cloth, tallow, and the like. The great monasteries of those times, too, sent their working brethren to buy stores for the household.

To these fairs came also pedlars and chapmen, or what we should now call hawkers. Here they assembled from all parts to restock their packs, do a bit of business if they could, and to gather the news of the world. After these fairs they went forth to the villages and did business with those unable to go to the fairs. They brought out the news, and were, in fact, often the only medium of news, as newspapers were then of course unknown. The pedlars earned many a night's rest and entertainment just by retailing their news of the world. You may be sure they were not slow to improve on the news at their disposal, and embroidered their facts to make them tasty. You will read, if you have not already done so, of the pedlar, Autolycus, in the *Winter's Tale* (Shakespeare). He sang his wares. Here is a specimen of his song, giving an idea of the variety of his wares :

'Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, neck-lace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel;' &c.

Also in several of Sir Walter Scott's novels you will find accounts of the ways and customs of the pedlars of olden times.

Then in certain cities, mostly where there were Cathedrals, markets were established. Even now in many cities and towns there are what are called Chartered Markets, that is, markets which were established hundreds of years ago by royal permit. One of the oldest and biggest is the Hay Market just outside the City of London, in Aldgate. Where these markets exist they cannot be closed. Sometimes the towns where they are have become very prosperous and rather fancy themselves; therefore they do not like an open market to be held in their streets or market place on certain days. They say it brings a lot of people into the town of a kind which they do not want, and the shop-keepers say it injures their trade. In order to get over this difficulty, many tradesmen now have stalls in the market. But the town is powerless to stop this market if it is chartered. You see in the old, old days these market days were the shopping days for the town and its neighbourhood, and of course were duly appreciated. Vendors of all kinds of merchandise came to these markets. All the roads to the market were crowded from early morn with people on business bent. Farmers met and discussed the prospects of the different crops just as they do now. Thus the markets became great centres of trade and in them the different articles sold began to be arranged into what we now call separate trades. They were in general much like our present trades, but some were differently named. Here is a list of trades represented in the Colchester Market in 1305 : Spicers, shoemakers, tanners, smiths, weavers, butchers, bakers, fullers, girdlers, marmers, millers,



An Old English Fair: the Spicer.

tailors, dyers, fishermen, carpenters, lorimers and cordwainers, and mustarders. Now you see that spicers and mustarders were separate trades, so you can guess how important the spices were considered. You will understand the trades of most of these, but one or two are a little strange. A fuller is one who thickens cloth in a mill. A girdler was one who made girdles, an article of dress much used in early times. A lorimer was one who made saddles and armour plates (recalling the days of steel armour). A cordwainer was a boot-maker. This dividing up of the general merchandise into separate trades was the beginning of the establishment of separate shops; but of this I will tell later.

When I am visiting different towns, I always make a point of investigating the markets. In some of our big cities the markets occupy fine buildings and are splendid shopping centres. In other towns the market is held in the street. One of the finest open markets I have seen in England was at Knaresborough in Yorkshire. Here I wandered up and down the long rows of stalls and marvelled at the variety of things one could purchase! The din of the men and women calling their wares was terrible, each one trying to be heard above the others. The whole scene fascinated me and held my attention for hours. The varied gay colours of the awnings over the stalls, the quaint country costumes, the odd north-country dialects, all combined to make an impression on my memory fresh to-day, though it is now years since I visited that market.

(Concluded on page 11.)

BEN BOLD.

BEN BOLD is always late for school; Ben Bold delights to break the rule; Ben Bold plays pranks, his work to shun; Ben Bold stays in when school is done.

Ben Bold sets out, I'm sure, each day
In lots of time; but stops to play;
And when he's blamed, I've heard it said,
He growls, 'Don't care!' with hanging head.

But all who hear what I have told,
Will cry, 'No more about Ben Bold!'

JOHN LEA.

THE GOLDEN APPLES.

THE Golden Apples—so the old tales tell—grew in the loveliest garden in the world. It abounded in fruits of the most delicious kind, but of all the fruits the Golden Apples were the most wonderful. Lest any one should break through to steal them, therefore, they were guarded by a dreadful dragon. It had a hundred heads and as many eyes; it never slept, but watched always by the tree, the most terrifying sentry ever seen.

Now it happened that Eurystheus, a king of that time, became jealous of Hercules, a brave and dauntless hero of the land, and, being jealous, the king tried to devise some way to get rid of him. So he commanded the youth to undertake several dangerous and difficult enterprises, in the hope that he might be killed in attempting them. In each, however, Hercules was successful, and Eurystheus at last bethought him of a very desperate plan. 'I will bid Hercules to bring me

the Golden Apples,' he decided. 'I shall certainly get rid of him in this way, for the dragon must kill him.'

The story of Hercules' quest of the golden fruit is perhaps one of the best stories of rewarded perseverance ever written. No doubt the hero was aghast at the king's command, but he made up his mind to see the matter through. He did not even know where the garden was, but that mattered little; he set out on his journey determined to win through.

After travelling for many months and making many inquiries, he came upon some nymphs during his wanderings. They directed him to the god of the seas, Nereus by name, who, so they said, could put him on the way to the garden. Hercules turned in the direction that they pointed, feeling that at last he had a clue.

But, having at last found Nereus, it was no easy matter to obtain the information he required. The sea-god was not anxious to give away the secret, and to get rid of Hercules, he changed himself into different shapes, hoping to frighten the hero away.

Nothing, however, daunted the persevering Hercules. Nereus changed from a stag to a sea-bird, then to a three-headed dog, then to a goat, and lastly to a snake; finally he became himself again, realising that the stranger meant to have his way, and he directed him to go to Atlas, the great giant, who was holding up the whole world on his shoulders. 'Ask him,' said Nereus, 'to show you the way.'

To Atlas, then, Hercules went, on his way killing the strong and terrible god, Antaeus, and repelling whole hordes of pygmies who attacked him while he slept. His search for Atlas was a long one, but the giant was found at last, and then Hercules, instead of being given weapons, was informed that he must hold the earth upon his own shoulders for awhile, while Atlas himself fetched the golden fruit.

I can imagine that to a vigorous youth like Hercules it was not exactly the thing he had expected; far rather would he have risked his life in fighting the dragon. But he did not question Atlas's decision; instead, he undertook what was required of him, and, holding the world upon his shoulders, he waited patiently until the return of the giant with the gold fruit in his hand.

A tame ending to what might have been an exciting adventure, some might say. But I do not think so. The name of Hercules has come down to all time as a great hero, and a real hero does not despise little things for great and daring deeds; things that *seem* tame are often the most difficult things to do of all!

ETHEL TALBOT.

SUNSHINE.

THE sun is in the raindrops,
The sun is in the sky,
The sun is in the thunder-clouds.
Can you tell me why?

The sun is on the doorstep,
The sun is in the hall,
I see him running up the stairs—
May I give a call?

The sun has reached the nursery,
He's kissed the rocking-chair,
He's covered up the gramophone
In a mantle fair.

The sun has caught my pinafore,
He's climbing up my sleeve;
He's touched my neck, and face, and hair—
He LOVES me, I believe!

HILDA FAIRFAX-BROWN.

CHINNA.*

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

Author of '*The Secret Valley*,' '*Tota*,' '*The Price of Empire*,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a hot and breathless Indian afternoon. Thick clouds were piling heavily one above the other, on the horizon, while the blue of the sky was changing to a dull and sullen yellow, and seemed to hang like a heavy canopy above a lonely bungalow set amidst a great plain on the banks of a river. Crossing this river was a bridge, about which a crowd of native workmen were busy. Their shrill chatter floated up to the bungalow verandah, where the three Galbraith children were gathered. It was too hot to play; too hot to do anything but wait until the storm burst.

'It won't be long before it breaks now,' said Nancy. She was the oldest of the three by a year or so.

'It's lucky the bridge is almost finished,' said Brian. He came next in age. 'Daddy told me the other day that, if there was very heavy rain and the river rose suddenly, the bridge might be swept away if it wasn't strong enough.'

Brian was deeply interested in the bridge. He had watched it lengthen, span by span, under his father's direction. And he had quite decided that some day he, too, would be an engineer, and would build great bridges and railways leading to and from them, as Mr. Galbraith did now. Frederick had not yet made up his mind what he would be or do. But as he was a good deal younger than his sister and brother, there was plenty of time to spare. He was a great favourite with the Indian servants, who told him many wonderful tales, in the most of which Frederick firmly believed. 'The bearer says,' he began now, 'that the river spirit is very angry because Daddy's built the bridge. It thinks that the river belongs to it, and that no one ought to interfere. And it wants to revenge itself, because Daddy's put a bridle on it like you put a bridle on a horse.'

'That's all nonsense,' said Brian. 'It's silly to listen to it.' As an elder brother he felt that he ought to bring up a younger brother properly.

And, at that, Nancy added hastily, lest Frederick should be hurt, 'I don't wonder the servants think that

* The story contained in the following pages centres round the little wild people of Central India, amongst whom the author found herself during some months of a camping tour. She would like to acknowledge her indebtedness to Mr. Forsyth's *Highlands of Central India*, and Mr. Crooke's work on Indian folk-lore and popular religions, which have helped her to verify many of the facts that came to her knowledge. As for Chinna himself, he, or one of his cousins, walked into her camp one Indian afternoon and stood balancing himself on a tent-peg in wide-eyed shy amazement, until he was coaxed to the side of the camp fire, and his tongue loosened with the help of tobacco.

The tale of the slaying of the tiger by the little man is true save for a few small and unimportant details.

there's a spirit in the river. Listen to the noise the water's making. It sounds exactly as if it was talking.'

And, as they listened, through the shrill chatter of the coolies came a low, threatening murmur. And Frederick whispered to himself, convinced that, for once, Brian had made a mistake, 'I'm very angry. I'm very angry indeed. I want to revenge myself.' That's what the spirit's saying.'

'Children, children,' Mrs. Galbraith called from the bungalow at this moment. 'Come inside quickly; the storm is almost here.'

And, as she spoke, the wind rose very suddenly, and came blustering across the plain, driving a thick cloud of dust before it. There was just time to shut all the doors and windows before the dust was whirling round the bungalow and trying to force its way in everywhere as does an invading army. And, soon, the children could feel the dust on their cheeks and their lips, and it covered everything they touched. And, just as the very air seemed too thick to breathe, down came the rain in a cleansing torrent. In such sheets it fell it seemed to be almost solid.

'Has Daddy come back yet?' Nancy asked, as she watched the deluge. 'He'll get dreadfully wet if he's caught in this storm.'

'He won't be home till sunset,' said Mrs. Galbraith. 'He told me he had to inspect some work which is rather distant to-day. Luckily there's shelter near by, I know. And the rain is so heavy it will almost certainly have stopped before he has to start.'

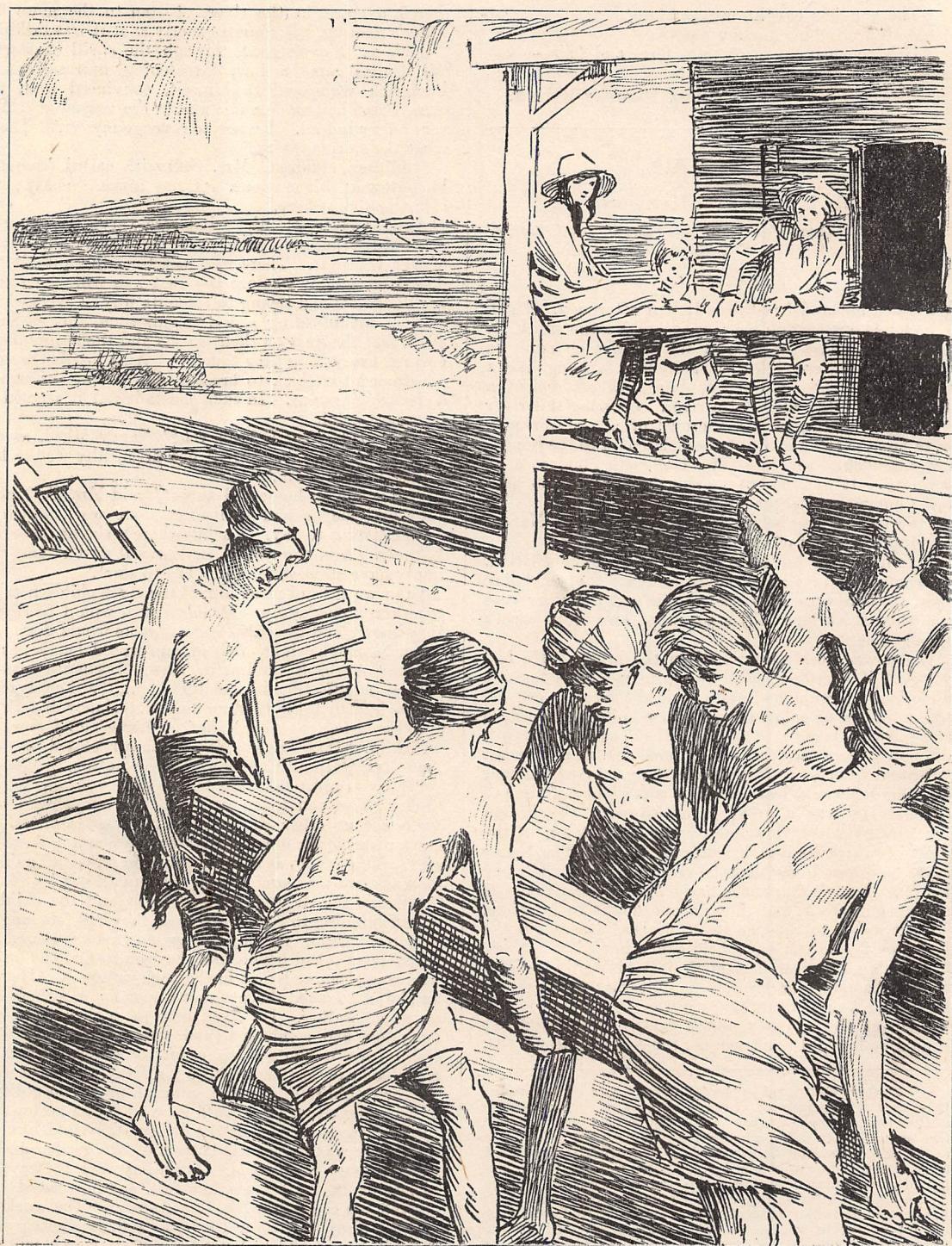
'Can we go and meet him?' the three children asked together, immediately. Mr. Galbraith would be riding, they knew; and they also knew that he would dismount when he caught sight of them, and would let them ride his bay Arab, Secundra, in turn. Secundra was so gentle, and affectionate, and intelligent, that he was more like a human being than an animal. Nancy and Brian and Frederick were sure that no horse could compare with him. 'Do let us go, Mother,' they repeated, eagerly. And Mrs. Galbraith, after a little hesitation, assented.

'But you must take the bearer with you,' she added. 'I don't like you to go far from the bungalow alone. There are no other Europeans within miles of us, you know; and lower down the river the country is wilder still. You can go as soon as the rain stops. You'll be glad of a walk as you've been shut up all day.'

Already the air was cool and fresh, and the children were beginning to feel as lively as they had felt languid hitherto. And, presently, the downpour ceased as abruptly as it had begun, and they ran to find the bearer who was cleaning lamps in the back verandah. He was an old and trusted servant, but somewhat crotchety and no great walker. He liked best to potter about the bungalow and compound, and now he received Mrs. Galbraith's message with scant enthusiasm; and he made one excuse after another for delay, hoping that his master would return in the interval, until the children grew so impatient they could bear with him no longer.

'We'll wait for you by the bridge,' they told him, for the bridge was just at the bottom of the garden and so was not out of bounds. Anything was better than remaining in the house, they felt, as they raced each other down the hill to the bridge-head. The workmen had all disappeared, for they had sought shelter when the rain began, and had not thought it worth while to return for the little daylight that remained.

(Continued on page 10.)



"A crowd of native workmen were busy."



“‘It’s the river in flood! Run, run! oh, run!’”

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 7.)

ACROSS the bridge Mr. Galbraith would come, and Nancy and Brian stood watching in case he should appear sooner than they expected, while Frederick wandered on a few yards further. Close to the big bridge was another—a temporary wooden structure which had been used for the carriage of materials from bank to bank. It had a special fascination for Frederick as, through the latticed sides, he could look for a long way both up and down the river, and always hoped he would see something very interesting. The river spirit at play perhaps, taken by surprise, and all unconscious that some one was watching it. He ran out on to the wooden bridge now, and looked first down and then up the river-bed. And, all at once, he called excitedly, 'Nancy, oh, Nancy! Come and look. There's something so funny across the river. It's just like a wall. A long yellow wall.'

Neither Nancy nor Brian could hear what Frederick was saying, for the noise the river made at such close quarters was no longer murmurous, but loud and insistent. They could see, however, that he was beckoning eagerly, and they ran to join him, and looked in the direction in which he pointed.

'There is a wall across the river,' said Nancy, after a moment, in a surprised and puzzled fashion. It seemed absurd and impossible that such a thing could be. 'And it almost seems to be moving. But a wall can't move.'

'I think it's a magic wall,' said Frederick. 'I'm sure it is,' he added triumphantly; 'and the river spirit has built it because it's so angry. It won't let any more water come this way. No one but the spirit *could* have built a wall so quickly. Not Daddy, even.'

'It *is* moving,' Brian interrupted, breathlessly. 'It has passed that tree on the bank already. It's moving awfully fast.' He had pushed his head through a hole in the lattice work that he might see better, but now suddenly he drew back. And he caught hold of Nancy and Frederick and began to pull them shorewards. 'It's a wall of water,' he cried. 'It's a great wave. It's the river in flood, as Daddy said. Run, run, oh, run!'

And they turned to run, panic-stricken, the same thought in the mind of each. Mr. Galbraith had said the big bridge was strong enough to resist a flood, but what of the bridge on which they stood? What if the coming wave swept it bodily away? Towards the shore they raced in speechless fear, Nancy and Brian helping Frederick between them. He was so much shorter than they were that he was almost carried off his feet, but he struggled on manfully.

And, as they ran, all the time the yellow wall came dreadfully nearer. It moved in a swift, relentless fashion very terrible to see. From high bank to high bank of the river it stretched, murky and threatening, edged with creaming foam. Like some huge monster it seemed, about to devour them all.

It was of little use to run, for from the first the children were outmatched. On came the wall of water. Against the bridges it thundered and broke, and then swept sullenly on its course, its scattered fragments united again. And now the river had risen to the level of the wave in threatening tumult; and the

wooden bridge swayed in the fierce, strong current as a tree sways in a storm.

'We must get to the bank,' Nancy panted. 'Perhaps another wave will come. The bridge can't possibly stand another.' And, holding hands still, they struggled towards the bank.

To run was no longer possible; to walk even was difficult. And it was not only the swaying of the bridge that made progress so hard, but also the fact that every few seconds the whole structure quivered, as trees which had been uprooted, and other heavy objects borne upon the flood, jarred against the piers on which it rested. Once the children caught sight of the wooden roof of a hut which the great wave must have lifted bodily from its place. And there was a brown goat, still alive and swimming gallantly with the swiftest of the current. They all felt sorry for the goat, and hoped it would succeed in reaching the shore lower down the river.

A few yards towards the bank the children struggled, and then the planks beneath them shook from a yet heavier blow; and next there came a grinding, crashing noise; and suddenly the bridge began to tilt upwards towards the middle. From either end it lifted, tearing at the iron ropes which anchored it to the shore, wrenching fiercely at their fastenings; and slowly it sank again towards the level and burst asunder as it did so; and the two pieces broke into a dozen smaller pieces until there was nothing left that could be called a bridge, but just a tangled mass of wreckage only. And round this the water swirled, and tore it bit from bit, and sent each portion swaying and dancing down the river. And to one such portion clung Nancy, Brian, and Frederick, dazed, bewildered, only able to realise that in thus clinging lay their sole chance of safety.

Beneath the big bridge, which stood firm, as Mr. Galbraith had prophesied, went the wreckage of the transport bridge, past the garden and the bungalow. On, on, on into the strange wild country beyond. And at such a pace it travelled, that the miles sped by as they speed by the windows of a railway train. And, giddy with the ceaseless swirl and toss, deafened by the noise of the waters in their ears, went the children on their most unlooked-for, most unwelcome, journey.

(Continued on page 23.)

PROFESSIONAL DINERS.

LIZZIE was a little girl who used sometimes to go and have dinner with a very old great-uncle. One of the old man's peculiarities was that he liked to see his guests eat a great deal. He helped them very bountifully—*too* bountifully, in fact—and yet he was offended if Lizzie left anything on her plate. So the poor child, who did not like any one to be angry with her, struggled through the meal as best she could, and suffered agonies of indigestion afterwards.

But Lizzie found a friend. The old uncle had a big, intelligent, sweet-tempered dog, named Carlo. One day, when Lizzie was dining with her uncle, she coaxed Carlo to her side, and quietly fed him with morsels from her plate. After that, the dog came to her whenever she was dining with his master. He was pleased to be fed; Lizzie was pleased to feed him; and the uncle was pleased to see an empty plate. So there was satisfaction all round.

The other day, Lizzie was reminded of dear old Carlo by something that she read about a curious custom of

some American Indians. It appears that amongst the Sioux of a certain Reservation, it has from time immemorial been considered the correct thing for the host to help his guest to an enormous quantity of food, and for the guest to eat all that is set before him. For a guest to leave anything is held to be an insult to his entertainer. This senseless custom was found inconvenient; but instead of doing away with it, the Indians invented the 'professional eater,' who, like Carlo, sits beside the guest and helps him through.

The host does not mind his guest having a helper. The great thing—as with Lizzie's Uncle James—is that the plate should be empty at the end of the meal.

The professional eaters are not treated as guests; they are merely travelling companions, with a particular duty to perform. One of these diners is said to have devoured seven pounds of beef at one meal!

E. D.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SPICE TRADE.

I.—THE OLD MARKETS.

(Concluded from page 5.)

NOW I am going to take you, in imagination, right away over the wide seas to the home of the spices. Before I begin to describe these spices, I want you to have an idea of the land in which they live.

Do you know where are the Spice Islands, the 'Spiceries' as they are called, islands where our spices grow wild, and simply cover the land? The scent of the spices is wafted for miles out to sea, and travellers tell us of the wonderful waves of fragrance reaching them in the open sea when many miles from land.

If you take a map of the East Indies you will find the large island of Sumatra on the west with a whole string of islands at its tail; these were very likely all connected at one time, but the wonderful forces of nature as experienced in these parts have split it up into these hundreds of islands. New Guinea is on the east. The large island of Borneo is situated just on the east of Sumatra. The complicated group of the Philippine Islands is on the north, and below these, between Borneo and New Guinea, are the island homes of the spices, viz., the Moluccas.

In fig. 1, I show you a map of this part, just including a bit of Borneo and New Guinea. Of course I have given here more than the Moluccas, but I wanted you to observe the curious likeness between the island of Celebes and the island of Gilolo, and also to give you an idea of the marvellous way in which the land in these parts is broken up. This is accounted for by the fact of the presence of so many volcanoes. If you look at Sumatra and its tail of islands you will find the little stars marking the continuous band of volcanoes right along. There is no doubt that many of these islands owe their origin to volcanic eruptions—that is, they have been divided from one another by eruptions hundreds and hundreds of years ago! But this is just as likely as not to happen again, or for parts of these islands to disappear during earthquakes, of which they have many.

Most of the islands in this region are extremely beautiful, being clothed with wonderful growths of tropical flowers and fruits, many of which in temperate lands we have never seen. The birds, too, are wonderful beyond description, and so are the shells found by the seashore.

Now, the spice islands are shown on my map on such a small scale that you cannot at all realise them, so in fig. 2 I show you an enlarged edition of just some of the most important ones. The whole group comprises Bouru, Ceram, Batchian, Gilolo, Morty, and the much smaller ones, Ternate, Tidore, Makian, Kaioa, Amboyna, Banda, Goram, and Matabello. In fig. 2 I show part of Bouru, part of Ceram, Amboyna, and the Banda islands. Strange to say, these last islands, although the smallest, are the most important. In the Banda group there are three islands, and they are so arranged that they enclose a large and beautiful harbour. When within this harbour there seems no outlet—it is as though it was an inland sea. Fig. 3, a further enlargement of our islands, shows you this harbour. This sea is so clear that as you look down into it every object is visible. Travellers tell us that to gaze into this water-world is most fascinating, for there you see fish most marvellous in colour and shape; wonderful gently-waving forests of seaweed, themselves of varied tints and colours beyond description; also marvellous masses of coral rock still in a living state, for, you know, coral is made by millions of living organisms.

Of the three islands which surround this apparent inland sea, two are covered with bright clear green vegetation to the tops of the hills, the third and smallest contains a volcano of perfect cone shape. Here the vegetation ceases part of the way up the cone, and from cracks on its sides smoke is always rising! A large cloud of smoke covers the summit, except in the early morning and at night, when it rises straight and leaves the outline of the mountain clear.

These islands are the home of the Nutmeg. They are covered with nutmeg gardens, the value of which is enormous! In my next article I will describe to you this tree, and tell you of its preparation for market. But before doing so I think it is desirable to give you some idea of this land in which it grows. We, who live in northern climes, cannot picture the state of life in these distant islands. At home we look upon the earth beneath our feet as a firm and sure footing, and it represents to us a state of steadiness and strength. We say at times that a thing is 'as firm as the ground on which we stand!' Well, picture to yourselves the lives of the people who dwell in these islands! They are never sure when, without warning, they may not be swallowed up by an earthquake, for great chasms have been known to appear, burying whole districts, all gone to an unknown grave in a few seconds of time. Houses are shaken to the ground and great ships lifted bodily from the sea and cast up into the streets of the towns!

Or a rumbling may be heard something like thunder; then great streams of lava are thrown out of the volcano and come running down to the inhabited parts, often burying the houses, and people too, before they can escape. The land and sea for many miles is strewn with white-hot ashes, the fumes from which are choking. To be caught in the open is certain death. It must be a wonderful, but awful, sight to see these eruptions of nature—and in these islands they always have at least one each year, and a bad one every few years! Yet people live there, and carry on a flourishing trade. The early history of these islands is very interesting and most romantic. But of all this I hope to tell you later. If you are keen on books of travel, you should try to get hold of A. R. Wallace's *Malay Archipelago* (this includes the Spiceries). He visited these parts between 1857 and 1861, and his descriptions of his life there are most fascinating reading

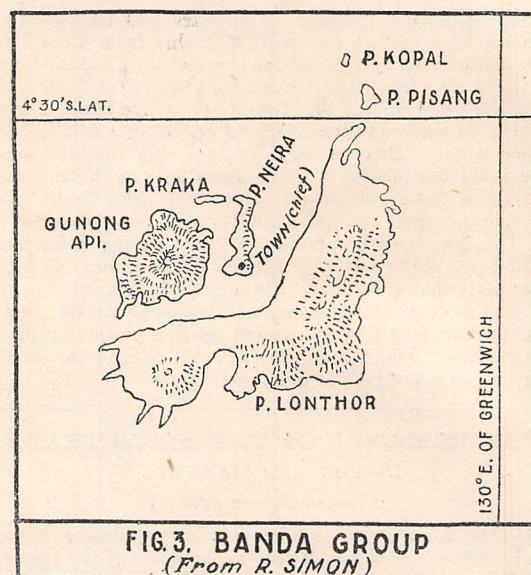
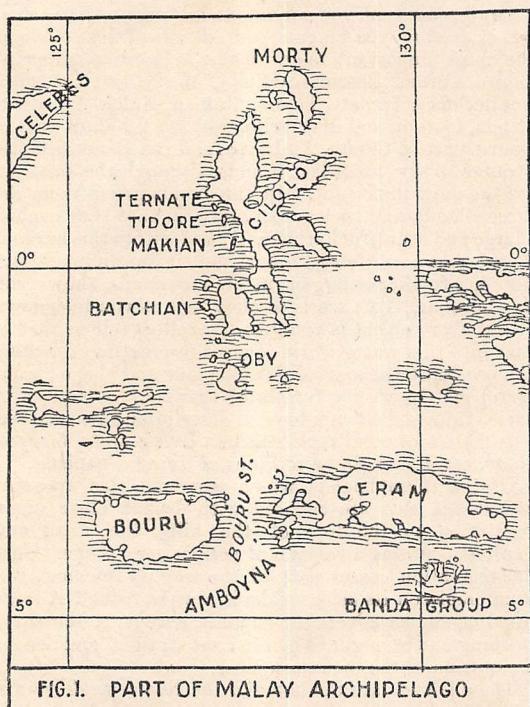
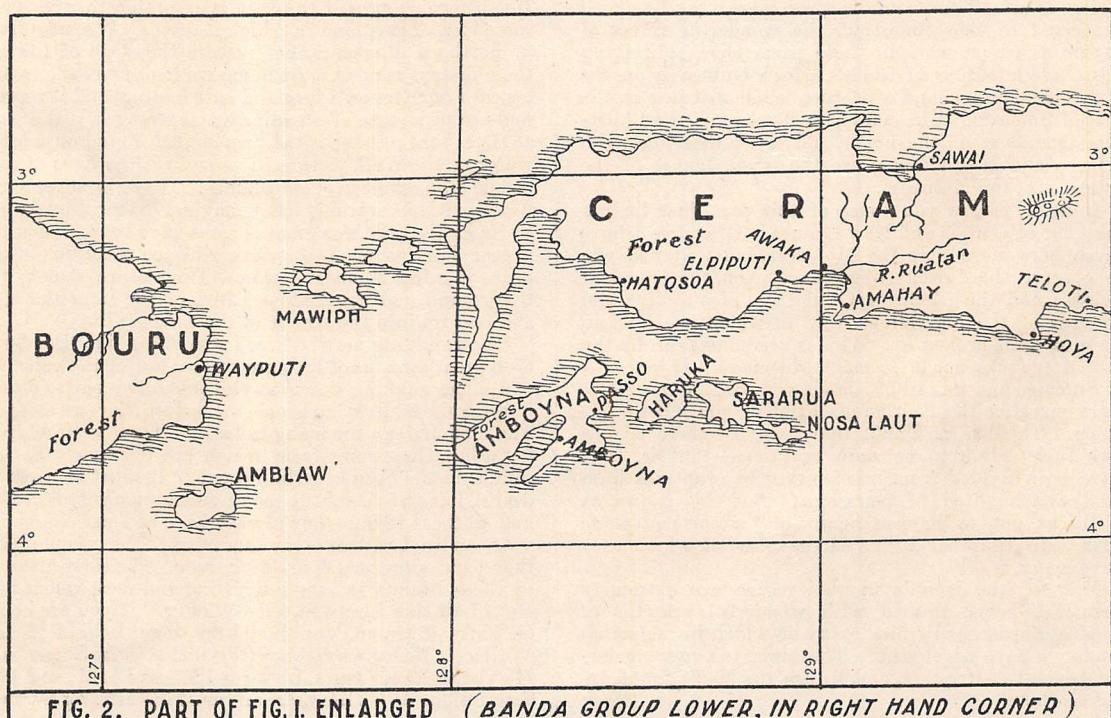


FIG. 3. BANDA GROUP
(From R. SIMON)

for any one. He went there to collect birds, butterflies, &c., and he writes accounts of all his doings. Much of our knowledge of the islands is based upon his books, and I feel you would be entertained with all he has to tell. I personally felt I wanted to be off to the Malay Archipelago for my next holidays! But, alas! one can only read, and long, and live in the imagination.

E. M. BARLOW.



A YEAR IN A GARDEN.

I.—JANUARY.

ALL through the winter, on every half-holiday, the children at the Red House had worked very hard in their garden. They had been making plans for next

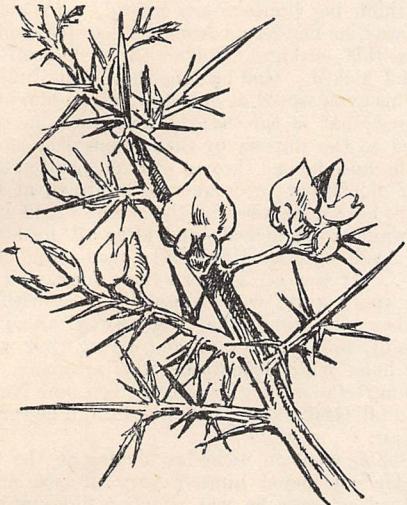


Fig. 1.—Gorse or Furze in Bloom.

summer, building a tool-shed, which they called 'a garden-room,' digging for pupae at the roots of trees in the lane, making nest-boxes and feeding-tables for the

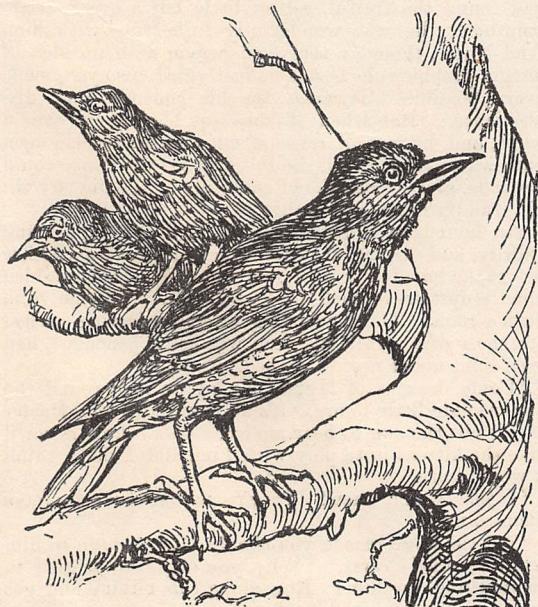


Fig. 3.—The Starling.



Fig. 2.—The Wood-pigeon.

wild birds, and queerly-shaped little wooden houses for the caterpillars they would find in the spring and summer, and all this work had kept them very busy and very happy.

When the first day of the New Year came, they took a special walk all over their own plot of ground. Very slowly they walked between the rows of gooseberry-bushes they had planted in the autumn, carefully looking for swelling buds and any other signs of coming spring. Out on the common they had already found plenty of signs: the golden flowers of the furze-bushes were ready to glow in the first warm rays of the sun; a blackbird had been singing since dawn, and the sparrows were wildly chattering and quarrelling. There were plenty of signs also in the kitchen garden, where a flock of wood-pigeons were busily trying to see how many fresh little turnip-tops they could eat. As the children examined their gooseberry-bushes they got one more

splendid sign that spring was very near. A starling in the oak-tree suddenly began to whistle. The whistle was so clear and sharp that Babe jumped, turning her head quickly to see who had whistled to them.

But Billy only laughed; he was eleven, and knew the notes of all the birds that came to the garden. 'It is a starling!' he said. 'Look! There are quite a lot in that old oak-tree at the gate!'

The two last half-holidays of the month were rainy days, and the children spent them in the tool-shed, making seed-boxes. These seed-boxes were fitted with loose glass lids, which Billy cut to the right size with his glass-cutter. Babe then carefully covered the sharp edges with strips of passe-partout, so that there should be no danger in handling them. The next thing to do was to prepare the soil for the seeds. All seeds like light, sandy soil in which to begin their little lives. So after the children had finely sifted some ordinary garden soil that contained neither slugs nor stones, they mixed with it plenty of sharp sand. At the bottom of the boxes they bored little holes for drainage, and over these holes they placed bits of broken flower-pots, that gardeners call 'crock's.' Then they filled up the boxes with the soil to within two inches of the rim. There was just one more thing to do: the soil was very dry, and it was necessary to moisten it before putting in any very small seeds. So each box was carefully lowered into a tub of rain water, and left till the bubbles had stopped rising. When the water had drained away, and the soil was quite firm again, the boxes were ready for the seeds.

CLOUD SHEEP.

THE clouds are fairy sheep, my dear,
That roam the summer sky,
But when the merry wind comes forth,
The little cloud sheep fly.

When comes the dusky night, my dear,
No little cloud sheep play;
Our Lady Moon, the shepherdess,
Has hid them quite away.

When day returns once more, my dear,
The stars do fall asleep,
And from their fairy fold once more
Come out the little sheep,
Come out the little sheep, my dear,
Come out the little sheep.

H. S.

THE BOY, THE TREE, AND THE WIND.

TRUNK and limbs and tangled top-knot—
That's a tree;
Trunk and limbs and tangled top-knot—
That's just me!

Rushing wildly, shrieking, whistling,
Slamming doors;
Spoiling gardens, strewing papers
Over floors—
That the wind—a wicked imp—
What things he'll do!
That's the wind and (let me whisper)
That's me too!

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE KITTENS IN THE WOOD.

I HATE England and I hate Nurse, and most of all I hate Jack. He's a horrid, teasing boy, and it's very unfair the way Father and Mother pet him, and let him go down to dinner with them, and everything! And Grandfather is much nicer to him than he is to me, and always takes his part! I don't call it fair, and— and I think big brothers are *beastly!*" (Which word, by the way, he had learnt from the detested Jack.)

After this outburst, Robbie threw himself on the floor and kicked. Had he done that in the Indian bungalow, his ayah would at once have given him anything he wanted; but in this case he was alone, having been banished to the nursery by that odious English nurse, simply because he had thrown a croquet ball at Jack.... If Jack didn't want a croquet ball thrown at him, he shouldn't have gone and won the game! And if Nurse didn't want to be kicked—and after all he had often kicked Ayah—she shouldn't have made him come indoors.... It was all Father's fault for saying he and Mother could quite well leave the boys with Nurse while they and Grandfather went away. And it was their fault, too, for writing and saying they were not coming home with Grandfather this afternoon—it had made him *feel* like being naughty. And now Nurse was going to tell Grandfather, who was sure to be very angry and unfair.

So Robbie went on, as he lay kicking on the nursery floor. He considered himself very ill-used and misunderstood, whereas he was simply a thoroughly spoilt little boy, who had made himself as disagreeable as possible ever since his arrival in England from India a few weeks before. And there was really no excuse for it. Jack, who had been in England for many years, spending his holidays with Grandfather and the rest of his time at school, had looked forward tremendously to having a small brother to play with; and though he had found the fretful, selfish little boy a great disappointment, he was wonderfully forbearing with him. And Nurse, though a very firm person with no idea of letting Robbie rule her as he had ruled his ayah, made every possible allowance for his rudeness and disobedience. But when Robbie lost his temper over a game, and, by way of revenge, cut Jack's forehead open with a well-aimed ball, she felt that no allowance could be made, and locked the offender up in the nursery till his grandfather should return.

An hour later Robbie came out of the study, sobbing angrily, and feeling that if he had hated Grandfather before, he hated him still more now. As he stumbled blindly upstairs he met Nurse, who had just come from Jack's room. (That young gentleman, having turned strangely dizzy while his head was being bandaged, had been sent, under protest, to bed.)

'Come, dear,' said Nurse, putting an arm round the disconsolate little figure, 'it's all over now, and Master Jack's not the one to bear malice. He's asking if you'd take the kittens in to play with him, and I don't think it would hurt.'

'I just won't, then! They're my kittens—he gave them to me!'

'All the more reason you should take them in to him now!' replied Nurse. 'Why, you ought to be glad to do anything for him! Run along this minute and get them, without any more nonsense.'

Robbie turned and went downstairs, for he had learnt

to respect that note in Nurse's voice. But in his present mood it seemed outrageous that he should be expected to let Jack play with his kittens.... If only he could tell Nurse they were not to be found!

Then Robbie had an idea, and, hastening his hitherto unwilling footsteps, he ran out to the garden, and, after a cautious look round, stole off with an old basket to a little gate at the bottom of the kitchen-garden. Leaving it there, he crept back to the kitchen, which to his relief he found empty, except for the two kittens. Picking them up, he hurried off to where he had left his basket, into which receptacle he tipped them. The kittens, however, disapproved of this treatment, and at once jumped out and ran up a tree close by.

'All right,' said Robbie, 'I'll come back for you,' and, taking up the basket, he passed through the gate and down a shady path leading to the wood beyond. He reappeared as the kittens were on the point of descending, and hurried off down the path again, a kitten under each arm, till he came to the basket, which he had placed upside down at the foot of a tree. Somehow or other he managed to stuff them underneath it, and then he turned away and hurried back to the Rectory. There Nurse met him, and was annoyed and rather surprised to hear that he could not see the kittens anywhere.

'You haven't looked very hard, I expect,' she said; 'but come to tea now, and we will search afterwards.'

But after tea, Jack, who felt better, said he would rather do jig-saws with Robbie, and the two became so absorbed that they were astonished when Nurse folded up her sewing and said pleasantly, 'Now, Master Robbie, you must come to bed.'

Robbie looked up in dismay, suddenly remembering the unfortunate kittens he had left in the wood. 'I—I'll just go and say good-night to Grandfather,' he said.

'He's gone to see a sick man in the parish, dear,' said Nurse; 'so just pop those bits in the box and come along.'

'May I just go down about the kittens?' said Robbie, anxiously. 'Please, Nurse.'

'Very well. I'll be turning on your bath-water. But be quick.'

And Nurse bustled away, while Robbie tore down-stairs and out of doors.... His poor little kittens, cooped up all that time.... He would never hide them again, and he wished he hadn't, anyhow.... Jack had been so good to him that evening.... He would ask Nurse if Jack might have one to sleep with him.... Ah! there was the basket—how shabby it was. He had no idea so much of its edge had worn away—it looked almost as if the kittens could have crawled out.

'But they can't have,' said Robbie aloud. 'They wouldn't really be able. Oh! I'm sure they are all right, and—and I'll let Jack have *both* of them to-night!'

But when he turned the basket over, there were no kittens underneath.

Poor Robbie looked round and called in vain. Then very sadly he picked up the basket and went indoors. He wished very much that he had never hidden the kittens. It was an 'unsporting' thing to do—like minding when he lost in a game.... He wished he could be more 'sporting,' as Grandfather said Jack was.... Perhaps if Mother had been home he might have told her how it was that the kittens had disappeared, but he did not feel that he could tell anybody else....

He felt rather like crying, but he had a dim idea that it was 'unsporting' to cry about a thing which was his own fault, so he went quietly up to Nurse, and was unusually good over going to bed.

The next day Jack was practically well, and joined in a vigorous search for the lost kittens, though he had little hope, for Nurse and Cook had looked everywhere the night before. Nobody could explain their disappearance, for the little animals had never been known to stray beyond the garden, and besides, Cook had left them shut up in the kitchen. It seemed almost impossible that they could have got into the wood, but the two boys spent the morning there, and asked in the village, all without success.

Robbie was very subdued over it all, and every one agreed that he was very good about it. They were very kind to him, and, except for his unhappiness about his pets, Robbie almost enjoyed the days which followed, though he could not help wondering whether Jack would be so jolly to him if he knew what had really happened. Jack, for his part, only realised what much better company his small brother was becoming, and began to look about for two new kittens to take the place of the lost ones.

And so it happened that one afternoon when Robbie, full of importance, was standing up to Grandfather's bowling, the carrier's cart drew up at the gate, and Jack, who was fielding, rushed to meet the carrier and returned with a covered basket in his arms. 'Here, Rob,' he said, 'I tried everywhere to get you another pair of kittens, and at last the carrier told me he knew of two going at Dene Hollow—that village beyond the wood, you know—and here they are!'

Robbie turned very red and then rather white. This was dreadful! He felt that he must explain now—and to Grandfather of all people, whom he feared more than anybody, and who had been so awfully nice lately, but who would probably despise him again now! It was dreadful to have to do it, just as things were getting so jolly; but after all it was his own fault, and he might as well get it over! So Robbie rammed his hands into his knickerbocker pockets in close imitation of Jack, and looking up at the rector blurted out: 'I don't deserve them. The others were lost because I hid them in the wood, so that Jack shouldn't play with them. I put them under a basket, but I suppose they got out and were lost in the wood.'

'That was the way of it, was it?' said Grandfather, gently. 'Well, it's a great thing to have made a clean breast of it, old man. And, do you know, I think Jack would be disappointed if you didn't accept the kittens—wouldn't you, Jack?'

'Rather!' replied Jack. 'Come on, Rob, here's my knife, but be careful how you cut the string. I haven't seen the kittens, but the carrier said they were tabbies.'

So Robbie, greatly cheered, knelt down and cautiously cut the string. Then he raised the lid—and out sprang the two lost kittens!

'Well, of all!' was all Jack could say; while Grandfather remarked, 'This is very extraordinary; either the kittens were found in the wood, and were taken to Dene Hollow, or else they actually strayed as far as that. We must find out later. Anyhow, all's well that ends well, eh, Robbie?'

And Robbie, as he went off with Jack to get some milk for the wanderers, warmly agreed.

N. M. LA TOUCHE.



"Picking the kittens up, he hurried off."



"The man must needs rush after them to listen."

TIN-TACKS.

A Fable.

THERE was once a man who spent his leisure in designing a house. It was not a large house, neither was it particularly handsome, but it was planned with the greatest care, and when the man showed his wife the plans she had only one regret.

'Where,' said she, 'shall I keep my linen and china? If only there were a cupboard or even a set of shelves in some convenient corner, I should be perfectly contented.'

'I had not thought of that,' said the man, and after careful thought he planned a cupboard under the stairs, so that it took up the least possible amount of space, and yet, inside, there was room for all the linen and china they possessed. So delighted was his wife that she immediately summoned her neighbours to admire the designs, and the cupboard under the stairs filled them all with envy.

'How I wish my husband were equally ingenious,' sighed the first crony.

'What care! what cleverness!' exclaimed all the rest, and hearing the chorus of praise the man thought he could not do better than put in another cupboard. This he did, and then another and another, till not a corner remained unoccupied and his good wife began seriously to wonder what she should find to put on the shelves. The fact was that this vain man came to think a great deal more about his own cleverness and the neighbours' admiration than he thought about his wife's convenience. Getting up early and going to bed late, he spent all his energy in finishing the plans, and then, with their own hands, he and his two sons built the house in which he hoped to pass the rest of his life.

A day came when he hammered the last tin-tack into the last floor; already his wife and daughters were arranging the linen in the cupboards, but suddenly the man heard two neighbours pass the open windows, remarking one to another on the builder's care and skill. By this time the house was quite a familiar topic of conversation in that district, but, greedy for more praise, the man must needs rush after them to listen. He dropped the tin-tacks on the floor, but in his haste he couldn't think of pausing to pick them up, and in fact he followed his neighbours down the road in order to overhear every word they said. At last, to his disgust, they began to talk about other matters, and the man went home to help move the furniture.

In spite of all his plans, his measurements, and his clever contrivances, this house-builder actually became a byword for carelessness. Within an hour of going to live in his new home he was lame, so lame that it would be many days before he could walk without a limp. His wife was lame also, so were his sons and daughters, and even a friend who had dropped in to congratulate them . . . and I needn't tell you that the cause of it was *tin-tacks*.

JOYCE COBB.

THE ROMAN'S DAILY LIFE.

THE life of a Roman country farmer in olden times needs but little description. The farmer would rise with the sun, offer his morning sacrifice to the gods, and take his simple breakfast of bread, dried fruit, or cheese; then go into his fields till noonday, when he would return to his dinner of boiled pudding, of spelt,

vegetables, and milk. This would be followed by the noonday rest, made a necessity by the heat in Italy. Then back to the fields, till sunset summoned him to supper and well-earned sleep.

Town life was more varied and busy. The Roman population tended more and more to separate itself into two classes; the upper consisting of the members of the old Roman families, patrician (noble) and plebeian (peasant, or 'lower class'), alike, and the 'new men,' often the free slaves of the emperors and nobles, who might have gained wealth and favour by real ability or by every kind of baseness. Below these were the mass of the people, living on the bounty of their patrons or the free distribution of corn by the State.

Now we will come to one of the palaces situated on the Palatine Hill in Rome, and see how the master thereof spends his day. Even before sunrise the vestibule is crowded with visitors and beggars ('clients' who have come to pay their morning call on the great man). All are dressed in the national toga—a long outdoor wrap of white woollen cloth, always worn on any visit of ceremony, like the cap and gown in our modern Universities.

The steward enters, followed by slaves bearing the gifts and doles for each individual. Then the doors of the 'atrium' (common room, or hall, of the family) are opened; the master comes in, and greetings are exchanged. If, however, the master is ill or not inclined to receive, the atrium doors are closed, and the grumbling crowd hears there will be no distribution that day.

This reception generally lasts about two hours the first thing in the morning. After this begins the business of the day. The master, after taking some light refreshment (bread with honey, dates, or cheese), goes out, a train of these same clients following him, to the law courts, or wherever else he carries on his particular work. If a man of leisure, he would go to visit friends. He might be obliged to attend a wedding, funeral, or some other function among his friends, the train of clients always following his litter, which was carried by six stalwart slaves through the ill-paved, ill-kept, and evil-smelling streets. Then back home by noon, or soon after, for the first substantial meal of the day.

This (the 'prandium') consisted of various dishes of meat, hot and cold; fish, vegetables, fruit, bread, and wine. It was taken, Eastern fashion, reclining on a couch, leaning on the left elbow; often, in luxurious times, supported by cushions. Then followed the siesta (noonday rest), which, though not universal in early times, became so in the late days of the Republic (half a century or so before Christ). This was followed by the daily exercise, the young men taking it in the form of military sports, running, leaping, wrestling, &c., in the Campus Martius, the elder, even old men, favouring games of ball, of which there were several kinds, and special games played with each.

But the time given to exercise was not long, though regular. Soon the bells of the public baths would ring as a sign that they were open, and the people crowd in to what was one of the greatest and most universal pleasures. A Roman bath needed at least three rooms—(1) the frigidarium (cold bath), for undressing and anointing; (2) the tepidarium (warm bath), for the same purposes, only warmed, in case the bathers were afraid of chill; (3) the caldarium (hot bath), a heated chamber in which bathers could take either a hot-air

bath, as in a modern Turkish bath, or an ordinary warm bath. Usually two sets of baths, for men and women respectively, were built side by side, a furnace in the middle heating the whole.

After a rest on the lounges, so abundantly provided in the great baths, the master of the house would go home to enjoy the chief meal of the day, the 'cena' (dinner), taken late in the afternoon, just before sunset. This meal consisted ordinarily of three courses; the first of vegetables, eggs, &c., being supposed to whet the appetite. It was followed by more substantial fare: fish, fowl, and flesh of all kinds. The last course was of fruit and cakes. The only drink used was wine, and this was rarely drunk unmixed or without water; to do so was a mark of intemperance. It was drunk with water, hot or cold, and sometimes even with perfumed oils. A special vessel was used for such mixed wine and water. We have an example of such an one in the British Museum: the 'crater.'

From the earliest times it had been a Roman custom to have a piper present at a banquet, although it seems his services were only called for at the sacrifice to the household gods; but later it came to be the fashion to have all kinds of music and singing throughout the dinner, and we can imagine our Roman gentleman listening to such, as he reclined on his couch, and ate his evening meal.

E. B. DURRANT.

A JOURNEY TO GO.

[Second Series.]

I.—LONDON TO WEYMOUTH.

LET us start out on a journey towards the West of England, leaving London by way of Waterloo Station (on the Surrey side of the Thames), and see what our travels tell us. From Waterloo we are carried swiftly through the suburbs of London, and see Vauxhall, famous long ago for its pleasure gardens: the 'pretty cultured plantation,' as Samuel Pepys called it in the seventeenth century, where he used to gossip with his friends on summer evenings.

From Vauxhall we go through Clapham to Wimbledon, a place that was associated yesterday with shooting matches, and is still to-day connected in our minds with tennis tournaments. If we go out on to the breezy common, however, we shall find traces of an older and grimmer warfare, for there is the ancient entrenchment that some people call Caesar's Camp, but which was more probably the scene of the Battle of Wibandune, fought in 568, between the forces of Egbert, King of Kent, and those of Ceawlin, the West Saxon monarch. The very name, Wimbledon, has a warlike sound, for its ending, *-don* or *-dun*, is a Celtic word, meaning 'fort.'

In the Middle Ages this district belonged to the See of Canterbury, and it remained Church property until the reign of Henry VIII., when, like many another fine estate, it came into the hands of the King, and was presented by him to Thomas Cromwell. During the next century Wimbledon had many owners, and at last the land and the fine manor house which had been built upon it became the property of Queen Henrietta Maria, who loved the place, and often stayed there with her husband and children.

We go on now to Woking, where the domed roof of a Mohammedan mosque reminds us that England is only a very small part of the great British Empire; and

that Jews, Turks, Mohammedans, and people of many other faiths are our fellow-subjects, claiming King George as their protector.

Then we reach Brooklands, with its flying-ground; and, as an aeroplane is seen high overhead against the sky, we have a glimpse of one of the most modern and wonderful of inventions, before we continue our journey through history and legend into the ancient kingdom of Wessex.

Basingstoke is one of the first places of interest on our route, and here we find ourselves back in the stormy, picturesque days of the Civil War; for the ruined castle of Old Basing, not far away at Castle Basing, was the chief Royalist stronghold in Hampshire, and it was besieged almost continuously by Cromwell's army for nearly two years. At one time during this period the members of the beleaguered garrison were almost starving, but Colonel Gage marched across country from Oxford, and succeeded in provisioning the Castle with supplies which he had captured from the enemy; and later, when food was scarce again, a bold plan was made by which a thousand horsemen, each with a bag of corn fastened to his saddle, were to gallop through the lines of the Roundheads. On this occasion, however, it was discovered that the siege had been raised for a time, in consequence of bad weather, and the relieving force was unmolested; but before long Cromwell himself marched against the Castle with a large army, and it was captured and destroyed.

Soon after leaving Basingstoke the line of the South-Western Railway divides into two branches, one going towards Winchester, while the other keeps on its straight course towards the West. We will follow this latter route for the moment, and soon come to Salisbury, the principal city of Wiltshire, and see the exquisite spire of the Cathedral—the tallest in England—rising above the houses and other buildings. Salisbury proper has had a less eventful history than most great English towns, for it only dates from 1220, when the bishopric was transferred here from Old Sarum, the ancient fortified city of the Celts, whose grass-grown ruins can still be seen on a hill not far away.

In new Sarum, or Salisbury of to-day, the most important building is the Cathedral, which, having been built all at one time, instead of during many periods and by many architects, is considered a perfect specimen of thirteenth century art. It is, however, almost 'faultily faultless,' and is not nearly so interesting as Winchester Cathedral, which we shall see soon, or as Westminster Abbey, with its mingled styles of architecture and its fascinating tangle of historical memories and traditions.

There are many fine tombs in Salisbury Cathedral, among them that of William Longspée, the son of Fair Rosamond, and the monument raised to the memory of Sir John Cheyney, who carried the banner of Henry Tudor on Bosworth Heath. There is also the tomb of a boy bishop, with a quaint effigy of a child clad in cope and mitre, and with a crozier in his hand. In mediæval times these little mock prelates were elected each St. Nicholas' Day, and ruled over a chapter of fellow choir-boys until the festival of the Holy Innocents.

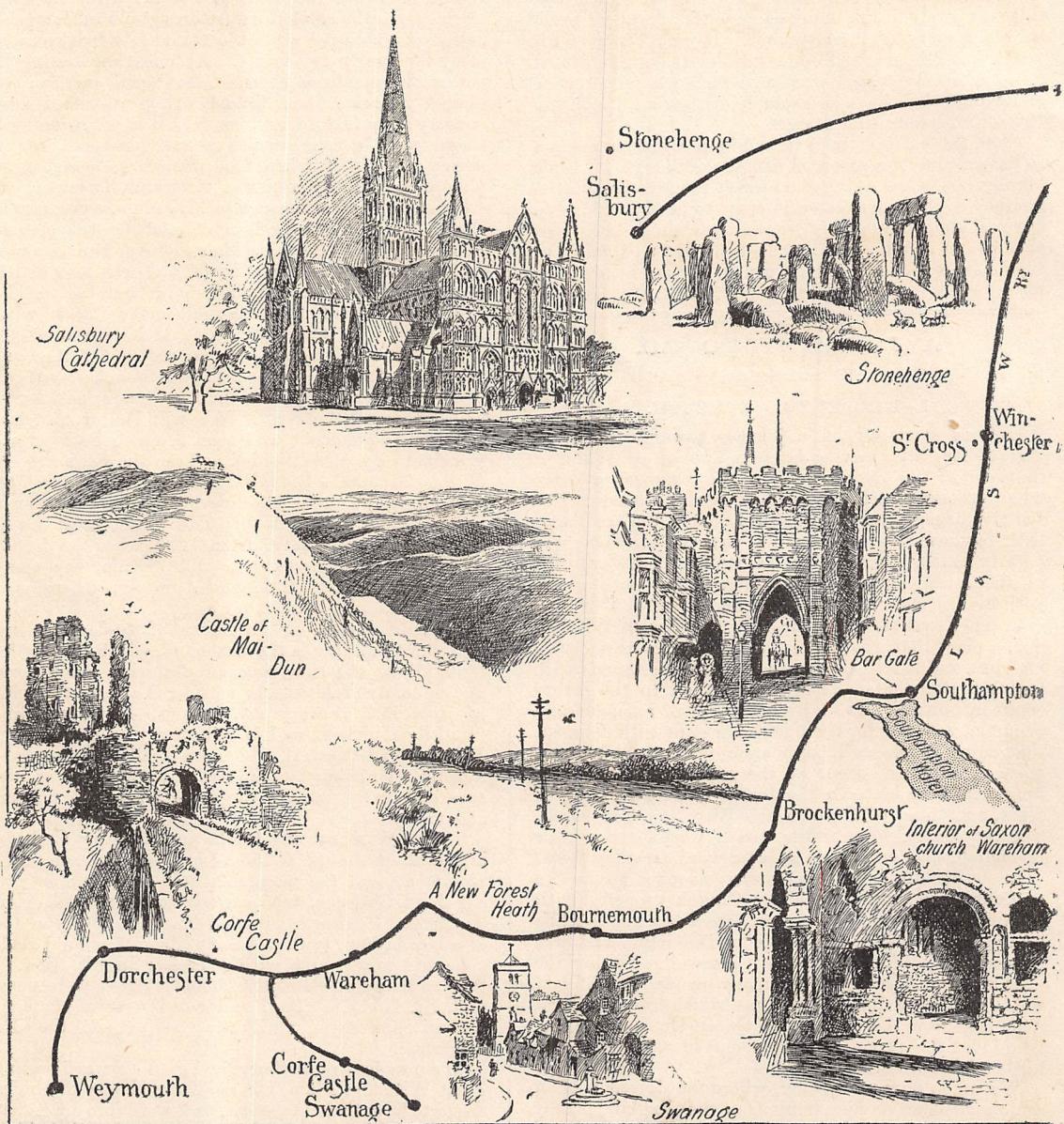
We now leave Salisbury, and go northward on to the great Wiltshire Plain, where all the history of England seems to be gathered together, as it were, into a wonderful epitome, for here are British barrows and walled villages,

Roman roads, Saxon entrenchments, and Danish camps, while since 1914 the Plain has been covered with the tents and huts of England's great new army, and men from Canada and Australia have been drilled upon the ground where, long ago, their skin-clad ancestors fought fiercely for life and liberty.

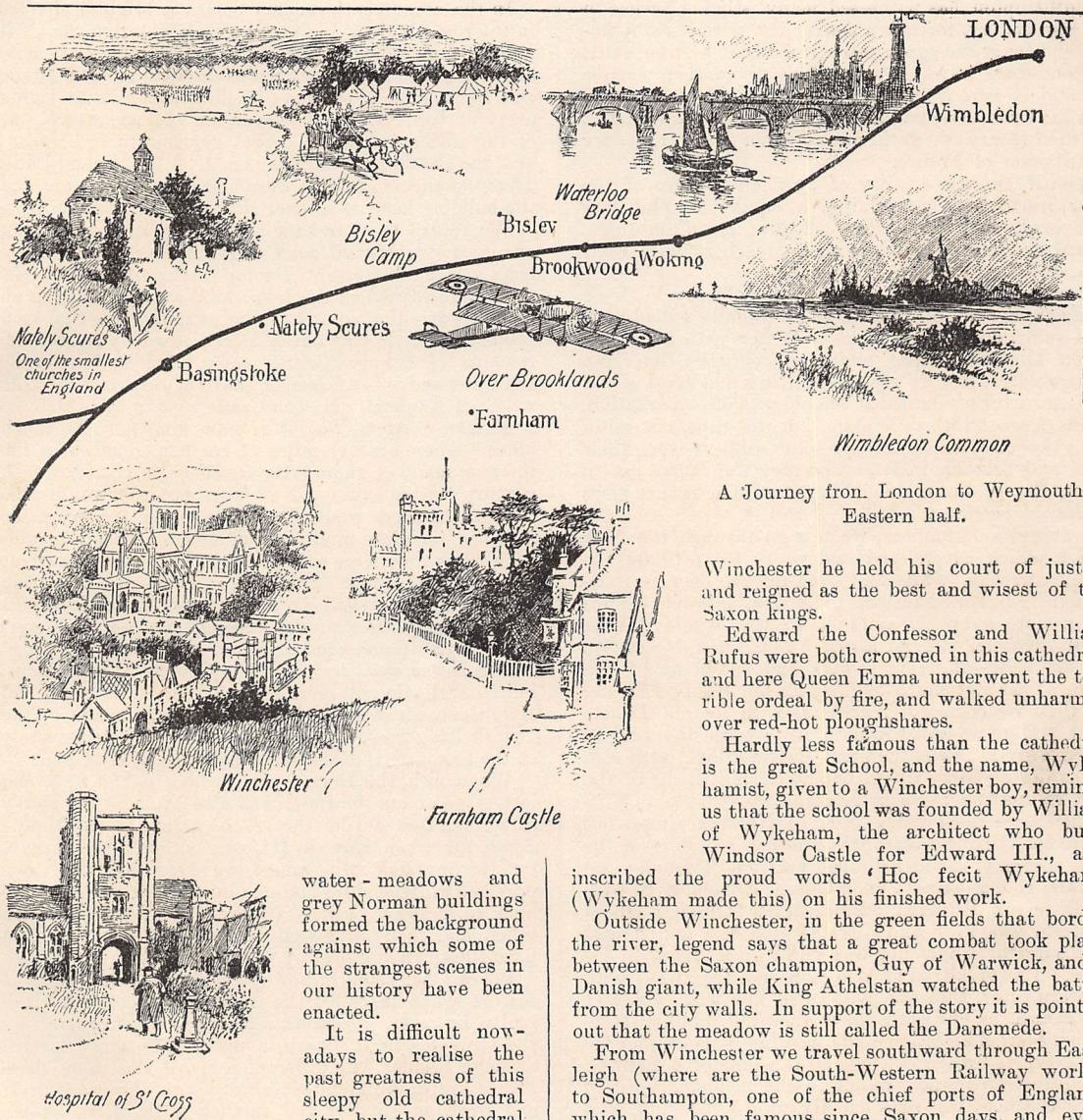
Situated on Salisbury Plain is Stonehenge, the strange circle of boulders which history says once formed part of a Druidical temple. Legend gives the stones another origin, and declares that they were brought over the sea by the magic power of Merlin, and were set up as a memorial to the British hero, Vortigern, who on this

spot was killed, with his three hundred nobles, by the Saxons. There used to be an old belief that it was impossible to count the boulders of Stonehenge correctly; but it is said that Charles II., when he was hiding on Salisbury Plain after his defeat at Worcester, amused himself by counting the stones over and over again, and so proved the untruth of the superstition.

We now return to Basingstoke, and, taking the southern branch of the railway, come to Winchester, a city which was once of great importance, the seat of government in England and the rival of London itself. It looks quiet and old-fashioned now, but the green



A Journey from London to Weymouth: Western half.



A Journey from London to Weymouth :
Eastern half.

Winchester he held his court of justice and reigned as the best and wisest of the Saxon kings.

Edward the Confessor and William Rufus were both crowned in this cathedral, and here Queen Emma underwent the terrible ordeal by fire, and walked unharmed over red-hot ploughshares.

Hardly less famous than the cathedral is the great School, and the name, Wykehamist, given to a Winchester boy, reminds us that the school was founded by William of Wykeham, the architect who built Windsor Castle for Edward III., and inscribed the proud words 'Hoc fecit Wykeham' (Wykeham made this) on his finished work.

Outside Winchester, in the green fields that border the river, legend says that a great combat took place between the Saxon champion, Guy of Warwick, and a Danish giant, while King Athelstan watched the battle from the city walls. In support of the story it is pointed out that the meadow is still called the Danemede.

From Winchester we travel southward through Eastleigh (where are the South-Western Railway works) to Southampton, one of the chief ports of England, which has been famous since Saxon days, and even before that, for the Romans sailed up the Itchen and built their city, Clausentum, on its bank.

If we look at a map of England and see how Southampton is situated at the head of its deep bay, it would seem that it must be safe from any enemy, but this has not been the case. Again and again in early times, the town was ravaged by the Danes, and much later, in the reign of Edward III., it was attacked by the French with their Spanish and Italian allies.

It was necessary, therefore, that Southampton should be strongly fortified, and remnants of the old defences are still to be seen. The most interesting of these is the Bar Gate, now in the middle of the town, but once its northern entrance. On this old gate are carved figures of Sir Bevis, the legendary hero of Southampton, and his victim, the giant, Ascupart.

water-meadows and grey Norman buildings formed the background against which some of the strangest scenes in our history have been enacted.

It is difficult nowadays to realise the past greatness of this sleepy old cathedral city, but the cathedral itself is the centre of its fame, and there, in the chapels and among the clustered pillars, the memories of the bygone times gather most thickly.

St. Swithin is the patron of Winchester, and when he died, his body was laid in a chapel outside the nave door. Later, Bishop Athelwold decided to transfer the bones of the saint to a shrine behind the high altar, but the story says that there came forty days of miraculous rain which delayed the ceremony. This legend is probably the origin of the strange belief which says that, if there be rain on St. Swithin's day, it will be followed by forty days of wet weather.

Several coronations have taken place in Winchester Cathedral, the earliest and one of the most important of all being that of King Egbert, the first monarch of all England. There, too, Alfred was crowned, and in

Southampton has witnessed many stirring scenes in its long history, for it is a convenient port of embarkation, and again and again great armies have been collected here and have sailed away on one or another warlike errand. It was from this place that Richard I. started with his Crusaders, and later we find, first Edward III. and then Henry V., gathering together great armies for the invasion of France.

We all know the story of how, on the eve of the departure of the latter king, a dangerous plot was discovered, and how the conspirators (Cambridge, Scrope, and Grey) paid for their treachery with their lives.

It was on August 13th, 1415, that Henry V., King of England—and of France, as he proudly called himself—sailed down Southampton Water with a fleet of fifteen hundred ships; and five centuries later, so strangely does history repeat itself, we find another and a greater army assembled at the old port of embarkation. It was August 13th once more, but this time, instead of being the enemies of France, our soldiers were their allies and brothers-in-arms, and they went forth not to invade France, but to defend her, and to fight once more on the old battlefields.

Leaving Southampton, we now go through the New Forest, which covers land laid waste by William the Conqueror, who, while he 'loved the tall deer as if he were their father,' had but little consideration for his unfortunate subjects, and placed the whole district under the cruel 'Forest Laws.' Lyndhurst, Ringwood, Brockenhurst—there is a woodland sound about the names of the stations through which our train carries us; and then we come to Wareham, with its old Danish walls. Here we must wait a little while in order to pay a visit to Corfe, the great Castle which, although it was destroyed by Oliver Cromwell, is still one of the most interesting ruins in England.

The Castle itself dates back to Norman times, but before the Conquest there was another building on the same spot, and it was here that, nearly a thousand years ago, the golden-haired Saxon Queen, Elfrida, lived with her little son, Ethelred. Edward, her stepson, a boy of fourteen, was king, and Elfrida hated him and longed for his death, so that her own child might reign in his place. Edward lived at Wareham, not far away, with his stern tutor, Dunstan, who ruled him with a rod of iron; and, as Edward knew nothing of his stepmother's cruel ambition and loved his little brother, he was overjoyed when one day, at the end of a hunting expedition, he found himself in the neighbourhood of Corfe Castle. He rode happily up to the gate, and Queen Elfrida, in accordance with Saxon custom, went to receive him, carrying a cup of wine in her hand; but in this unexpected visit she saw an opportunity of furthering her wicked plans, and while Edward was drinking the Cup of Welcome he was stabbed to the heart.

A century later the old Castle was pulled down and a new fortress erected, but a curse seems to have rested upon Corfe, and one tragedy followed another. The Castle was used as a royal prison, and among its captives were Robert of Normandy and Princess Eleanor of Brittany, the niece of King John. Later Edward II. was imprisoned at Corfe, before his murder at Berkeley; and there is a terrible story of twenty-three French knights who were starved to death in the dungeons beneath the Castle.

In the seventeenth century comes a brighter chapter in the history of the old stronghold, for during the Civil War it was gallantly defended by Lady Bankes, the wife of the Governor, who, with five soldiers, her daughters, and some women servants, held Cromwell's besieging army at bay. Later, however, in another attack, one of the officers in the reinforced garrison turned traitor, and the Castle fell into the hands of the Roundheads. Thus the annals of Corfe were blackened once more, and the building kept its sinister character to the end.

We return to Wareham again now, and, continuing our journey westward, come to Dorchester, which at one time was an important Roman town, situated on the great highway called the Icknield Way, and boasting an amphitheatre that could hold more than twelve thousand people. A little way out of Dorchester may be seen the remains of a huge British camp, Maiden Castle, the strongest and most famous of ancient earthworks in the whole of England. Maiden Castle used to be considered a Roman fortress, but it is now known to be much older. There are five miles of earthen trenches in the fortress, many of them sixty feet deep. An eighteenth century writer says of it: 'It is not easy to imagine that the Romans would have been at the inconceivable labour of erecting mud walls of so astounding a magnitude when they were so well acquainted with the great preference of stone ramparts.' These opinions seem strange to us nowadays, when modern fortifications have in many cases proved useless, and we have gone back to the trench warfare of our ancestors.

Dorchester was strongly fortified by the Romans, but its walls do not seem to have served it well. In 1003 the town was besieged, captured and burnt by the Danish King Sweyn, and it afterwards suffered severely at the hands of the Norman conquerors of England.

Weymouth, the Dorset port, which is the next and last stage of our journey, was also often at the mercy of foreign foes during the troubled days of the Middle Ages, for when Edward III. was collecting his armies for the invasion of France, we hear that this town provided 'fifteen ships and one hundred and twenty-five men to besiege Callice' (Calais), because the French 'then and many times sithence (since) had essayed to burn the town and destroy the inhabitants.'

Beyond Weymouth, and stretching far out into the sea, is what is called the Island of Portland. It is really, however, a peninsula joined to the mainland by the strange Chesil Beach, a natural causeway formed of loose pebbles. In different parts of the ridge these stones are of different sizes, large at Portland itself and growing smaller and smaller until they become almost sand. In the lawless old days, when smugglers landed on Chesil Beach in the darkness, with their cargoes of contraband, it was possible for them to tell exactly where they were by the size of the pebbles they picked up.

Portland, now a great naval harbour, has an interesting history, for it was here that the Danes first landed, and many centuries later off this coast the famous running fight between Drake's ships and the huge vessels of the Spanish Armada began. Nelson put into Portland on board the *Victory* while on his voyage to meet and conquer the French in Trafalgar Bay, and from Portland, in 1914, Sir John Jellicoe sailed, to keep guard in the North Sea against the threatened attacks of a still more formidable enemy.

A. A. METHLEY.

WONDERLAND.

FRANK and Phyllis, hand in hand,
Started out for Wonderland.

'Let us find the land,' said they,
'Where the fays and elfins play.'

In the fields they stayed awhile
Where the pink-tipped daisies smile—
Stayed to weave a daisy-chain,
Ere they wandered down the lane.

Pimpernels and harebells blue
In the sheltered hedgerows grew;
Butterflies went flitting by,
And to catch them they must try!

'What-o'-clocks' they needs must blow,
If the time they want to know;
And a bird's nest they espied,
With four tiny eggs inside.

When at length they homeward fared,
Frank and Phyllis both declared,
'Though not a single elf we've seen,
To Wonderland we've surely been!'

KATHERINE E. SHERIFF.

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 10.)

'OH, Nancy, where are we going? Oh, Nancy, shall we be drowned?' Frederick asked once, his lips close against Nancy's ear.

But Nancy could only shake her head in answer, since there was no other answer she could give. And Frederick, at that, decided that they had slipped into the middle of one of the servants' stories. The river spirit was specially angry with them, perhaps, because it was their father who had built the bridge. And he tried to remember how the stories usually ended: always—quite always—he was sure, in the defeat of the bad spirits and the triumph of the good human beings. And, much cheered by this thought, Frederick peeped over Nancy's shoulder, expecting to see the bad river spirit running away.

But, alas! there was no spirit to be seen—only furious, tossing water, and bits of wreckage chasing after the piece to which the children clung, and bobbing all around it. And Frederick shut his eyes and turned his head away, and he tried to believe that it wasn't the end of the story yet, but only the frightening bit in the middle. He would wait a little, he told himself, and then he would look again.

But, though more than once Frederick looked, there was still no defeated spirit visible, and soon it was difficult to see at all as night drew in. And the darkness, when it came, was very terrifying, alive as it was with the anger of the water and with flashes of white foam against the blackness. But presently the moon rose, and smiled in friendly wise at the children, and put new heart into them, and seemed to promise that better things were coming.

The river was wider now from bank to bank, and, in consequence, the current grew less swift and less tempestuous. And here and there were smooth back-

waters where piles of driftwood had collected. Against this driftwood the wreckage of the bridge jarred, and the children were sent sprawling again and again, and recovered themselves with difficulty as the water drove them on. Yet beneath this new threat lay a new hope that they, too, might come to rest in some small bay; and all at once a swirl of water caught them, tossed them hither and thither, and flung them against a projecting elbow of the bank. Right into the hollow of the elbow it forced them, and then—in hot anger it seemed—flung other wreckage after them, and wedged them in securely.

So suddenly did all this happen, they could not realise at first their good fortune. Very still they sat, waiting, waiting, for the swaying and the tossing to begin again. Then slowly they crept on hands and knees towards the sandy cliff until they could touch it with their finger-tips; and next they were scrambling eagerly up it. So high was the water of the river still, it was but a little way to the top.

How good it was, how very good to feel the firm ground beneath their feet again! They could scarcely believe yet that the danger was really over, that they had come safely through their most perilous adventure. They stood, huddled together, staring round them at a strange and somewhat desolate country. The ground was covered with low scrubby bushes and long grass. In the distance was a dark mass, which might be a forest, or possibly a range of low hills.

'I wonder what every one thinks has happened to us,' said Nancy, suddenly breaking the silence which held them all. Her mind was gradually beginning to work properly again, free of the constant menace of the river. Thus was it with her brothers also. All three had been almost stupefied since the wrecking of the bridge, and now it seemed as if a heavy weight had been lifted from them. And, naturally, their thoughts flew first to the surprise and consternation their absence must be causing.

'When they see the broken bridge, they'll think we're drowned,' said Brian.

'But no one knows we were on the bridge,' Nancy argued. 'I expect they'll think we walked on too far, and lost ourselves.' And this explanation certainly seemed as likely as the other. But, in either case, it was clear that they must return as soon as possible, though how this return was to be accomplished was not equally plain. There was no doubt the river had brought them a very long way from the bungalow, and Frederick, at any rate, could not walk the night through. It would be best, therefore, Nancy and Brian decided, to try and find some village in which they could shelter until the morning. And they looked in every direction, hoping to catch sight of the glow of a fire, or the glimmer of a lamp, but it was in vain they looked. And, finally, they began to walk along the river bank in the direction which must lead them home eventually.

They talked together as they walked, but very softly, for the night was so lonely, so silent, that their voices seemed unnaturally loud. And the moonlight made the shape of everything most weird and strange, and they felt as if all manner of hostile things were watching them, making ready to pounce at any moment. And, all at once, Frederick caught hold of Nancy in a frightened grip, and he pointed to a large bush near by.

'There's something behind that bush,' he whispered. 'I saw it move. I truly did. A big, dark, dreadful thing!'

(Continued on page 26.)



“‘Nancy, where are we going? Shall we be drowned?’”



"A large brown goat stepped out from behind the bush."

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 23.)

CHAPTER II.

THEY all heard something in another moment. They all saw something distinctly. A dark, rustling, snorting something. And, step by step, they began to back away from the bush behind which that something hid. It was only when they realised that the next step would take them over the cliff edge into the river below that they came to a reluctant halt.

And then Brian called joyfully, 'Why, it's only a goat. Nothing but a goat. Look at its long ears. I can see them wagging.' And, as he spoke, a large brown goat stepped out from behind the bush, and stared with round eyes at the children. Her fur was wet and clung closely to her body, and she was breathing heavily.

'I do believe it's the goat that was swimming in the river,' said Nancy slowly. And, 'Baa!' the goat answered, and came trotting towards them, very pleased, it seemed, at the encounter. Perhaps she, too, had been frightened and lonely, and was glad to find that there were human beings in this desolate country. She rubbed her nose against each of them in turn, and followed closely when they walked on again. And there was something so cheering in her friendly presence that the children forgot their fears, and began to talk quite gaily. 'When we get to a village, we'll tell the people who we are,' said Nancy. 'And we'll ask them how far it is to the railway and the bungalow. And, if it's very far, we'll get them to lend us a cart in the morning.'

'I wonder if there are any of the wild tribe people near here,' said Brian. 'Daddy told me the other day that they live in very out-of-the-way places, and this seems out of the way enough for anything. They're small and dark, and they still use bows and arrows, and they're awfully clever at tracking animals. I wish we could catch one. A wild man, I mean, not an animal, and take him home with us, and make him teach us to track, too.'

And, talking thus, on they went through the night, following the course of the river. But presently, to their dismay, they came upon a smaller stream which flowed into the larger; and, since they could by no means cross this, they were forced to follow its course instead. And, next, one ravine after another cut across their path. The ravines were dry, luckily, but the children were obliged to scramble down and up the steep banks until they were so tired they could walk no further, but sat down perforce to rest.

'I don't know where we've got to,' said Nancy, looking round her anxiously. 'I can't see the big river at all. Everything seems so muddled up. I think we had better stop where we are until the morning. It's no good going further and further from the right way home.'

It was a warm night, and already their clothes, which had been wet in places, were dry, so that to sleep in the open was no hardship. The ground was soft and sandy, and it was easy to scoop out a hole big enough to hold all three of them, and the goat also. And almost immediately they were asleep, too tired to remember

even that they were hungry. They did not stir until the dawn, and then it was Nancy who woke first.

She could not understand where she was for a little, and lay staring at the sky and wondering what had happened to the ceiling of her bedroom. And then she raised herself on her elbow and looked out over the edge of the hole, and saw ravines, and everywhere ravines. And the breaking of the bridge, and the voyage down the river, and the walk in the night, all came back with a rush. And she stood up and looked round again hurriedly, but still nowhere could she see the river down which they had come, and also nowhere was there any sign of a village.

'We've lost, and we shall starve,' thought Nancy affrightedly. And at that very moment caught sight of a thin column of smoke rising from a ravine a short distance away. And quickly she woke Brian and Frederick to impart the good news to them, and they were all running towards the smoke, when suddenly they grew cautious. How could they be sure that the lighter of the fire would prove friendly? It might be as well to have a look at him first. And after that they crept to the edge of the ravine and, crouching down, peered into the depths below. The ravine was dry, and to its sandy sides clung a few bushes, some of which had lately been uprooted and were heaped together to feed a fire, which flamed and crackled loudly on the flat ground in the middle.

Beside the fire there crouched a man—a small dark man, very sturdily built. His skin was almost black, and he had a quantity of long, coarse black hair which was twisted into a knot at the back of his head; and in this knot were stuck little rolls of tobacco packed in green leaves. The man wore no clothes, save a cotton cloth twisted around him from waist to knee. Beside him on the ground lay a little axe and a small bow and a sheaf of iron-tipped arrows.

'It's one of the wild tribe people. Look at the bow,' Brian whispered, very softly as he thought. But instantly the little man by the fire raised his head—he had been staring steadily at the flames—and looked straight at the children. And, though he did not move from where he crouched, yet all his muscles tightened, so that he was ready to spring at any moment in any direction that he pleased.

(Continued on page 34.)

THE DUCKS AND THE TURTLE.

A Fable from the French of GALLAND.

IN a warm Eastern land was a pretty little lake. Two wild ducks spent their days very happily swimming on its smooth waters. An old turtle lived there also. Though he had been longer there than the ducks, the three were good friends.

One very hot summer little rain fell, and the fierce heat of the sun dried up the water in the lake. Every day the mud on the bank was thicker. The water-lilies drooped, and the palms hung their heads sadly. At last the water grew so shallow that the two ducks looked at one another, and the elder one said: 'If no rain falls during the next two days, we shall have to fly away from here and seek a new home.'

'I shall be very sorry to leave our dear lake,' remarked the other duck sadly. 'We have been very happy here with our dear friend, the turtle.'

Two days passed and no rain fell, so the two ducks went to say good-bye to the turtle. They found him cozily curled up on a pile of dead rushes. He was too old now to go out in the heat. He welcomed his visitors very warmly, and cried joyfully: 'Oh, you have come to see me at last! I was beginning to think you had quite forgotten me. Though the lake is so tiny now, I am so weak that it seems a long journey to your end of it. It is very lonely to have no visitors.'

'My poor friend, we did not come to you lately because we have been very sad ourselves,' replied the elder duck in a low, pained voice, which did not sound the least like her usual hearty 'Quack, quack!'

'I am sorry to hear you have been in trouble,' answered the turtle politely.

'I am afraid the news we bring you is not cheering. Unless we want to die of thirst, we shall have to leave our dear lake, and seek another home. Nothing else could ever have parted us.'

For a moment the turtle was so shocked at the sad tidings that he could not utter a word. Then he forced back his tears, and said in a quivering voice: 'You have been my only friends for so many years that I cannot live without you. If you leave me, death will soon end my sorrows.'

'Our grief is as great as yours, dear Mr. Turtle,' said the younger duck, 'but what can my sister and I do? If we leave the lake there will be more water for you.'

'Yes, I need water as badly as you do, but more of it will not console me for your loss. Let me travel with you to your new home.'

The ducks felt very sorry for him, and they did not like to leave this old friend behind them. But how could they take him with them?

'You must remember, dear friend, that our bodies are heavy and our feet small,' answered the elder duck. 'We could not walk with you over hills and plains until we came to a cooler land.' Before the first day of our journey was ended, we should all three be half dead from weariness and hunger. Our wings are our only hope, and you cannot fly.'

'I know I cannot fly, but you are both so wise and have travelled so much that you surely can think of some plan.'

Seeing that he was so bent on going with them, the two ducks looked wisely at one another, and the elder one answered: 'My sister and I would love to take you with us, Mr. Turtle, but we can't quite see how it can be managed. However, we will do our best to think of some plan.'

Then they swam out to the middle of the lake, and the turtle heard nothing but 'Quack, quack, quack!' for at least half an hour. He watched them sadly, and thought, 'What a long talk those two kind ducks are having about me!'

At last they swam back towards him, and he was almost faint from fear and excitement when they arrived.

'We have thought of a plan by which you can travel with us,' began the elder duck, 'but there will be some danger in it, if you don't do exactly as we tell you.'

'I will do anything you wish, as long as you do not leave me here behind you, dear Miss Duck,' cried the turtle in high glee. He was really quite eager to see a little of the world.

'While we are carrying you through the air you must keep as quiet as if you were dead. No matter how high

we fly, you need not be the least frightened, but on no account must you move your feet or open your mouth.'

'I will obey you to the letter, and I promise faithfully not to be afraid, or to move head or foot, or to utter a single word during the whole journey.'

The two ducks were pleased to see him so ready to carry out their wishes. Then they swam out to the middle of the lake, where they found a stout stick. They tied it fast to their necks with water-lily roots. This done, they went back to the turtle, and the elder duck explained, as she pushed the stick towards him, 'Take this stick firmly in your mouth, and don't let go of it until we have set you down on the ground once more.'

'I'll hold on like grim death,' answered the turtle, and he meant to keep his promise faithfully.

Then he caught the stick firmly in his mouth, and the two ducks soared up into the air with the stick fastened to their necks.

Over hills and dales, mountains and valleys, brooks and rivers they flew, but no lake was to be found. Yet the turtle did not feel the least frightened, but clung fast to the stick.

At last they came to a tiny village, and soon they were flying just over the roofs of the houses. Some little boys were playing on the green, and noticing the strange sight, they cried at the top of their voices: 'Look, look! there are two ducks carrying a turtle!'

The villagers all hurried out of their cottages, and stood gaping at the wonder. Even the very ploughmen stopped their work to gaze at the strange travelling companions.

The ducks flew on quietly, and troubled little about the stir they were causing in the village. But the turtle was pleased beyond measure that people stood gazing at him. At first he kept quite silent, as he had promised to do; but after a while he began to think that all these people were envying him because he was able to fly through the air.

Forgetting the ducks' warning, he thought he would make a little speech, and opening his mouth wider to do so, he lost his grip of the stick. In a second he fell down heavily through the air, and was dashed to pieces against the side of a house.

Then the ducks let the stick fall which had held up their friend, and winged their way onwards with sad hearts.

But the elder duck said wisely to her companion: 'I feared this journey would end badly. But perhaps the turtle was wise to come with us; he would have had a lonely end on the lake.'

Translated by M. FAY.

NICOTINE.

YOU will often hear people speak of the dirty black liquid that accumulates in the stem of a tobacco pipe as nicotine. This is not really correct, for although it contains a little nicotine, this liquid is mostly water, tar, and other substances formed by burning tobacco.

Pure nicotine is colourless, like clear water, though it is thicker, and does not run so easily. It is so exceedingly poisonous that one-tenth of a grain in weight is sufficient to kill a man. Fortunately a whole pound of tobacco only contains about half an ounce of nicotine, and nearly all this is destroyed when the tobacco is burnt.

THE HOME TOY-SHOP.

I.—GAMES FOR A RAINY DAY.



OU mark out a square on a piece of stout cardboard seven inches by seven inches, and rule it into forty-nine equal squares of one inch. On twenty-five separate one-inch squares of card put the numbers one to twenty-five, and set these on the board in any way, the positions being changed after each game. In the illustration (fig. 1), the twenty-five numbered pieces form a compact square in the twenty-five inner compartments.

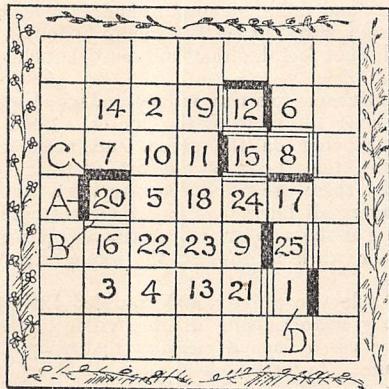


Fig. 1.—A Walling-off Game.

Two opponents are each provided with fifty-six strips of paper or thin card, about one inch long and a quarter of an inch wide. Two distinct colours, such as black and white, should be used for each set: a centre line running lengthways on the white strips to act as a guide when placing them on the divisional lines. The idea is

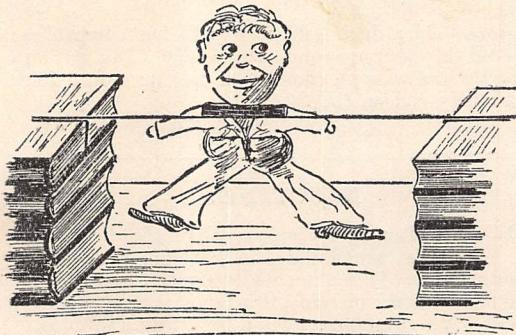


Fig. 2.—A Tiddlywinks Target.

to enclose the numbers by means of these short lengths, the player who completes the square being entitled to add the enclosed number to his score. For example: the numbers having been arranged as shown, Black

starts as at A, 20; White plays as at B; Black places c; White then fills in the remaining side and scores twenty.

Of course, in actual play such a simple method would be avoided. This is given merely to show that White, by putting the last side to that square, claims twenty

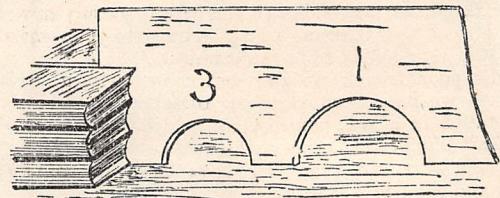


Fig. 3.—An Aiming Game.

points. To see a more complicated fight, glance at squares 1 and 25. Two sides of each have been closed, and it is Black's turn to play. His object is to let White have one point, while he himself takes twenty-five. He, therefore, puts his next strip on the line d. Then, if White closes in 1, Black at his next move captures 25. At 8 and 15, again, all sides are closed in except the central line. White has just scored twelve by closing in that square with the strip that lies along the top of 15. In so doing, he has caused the appearance of an uncovered division between two otherwise completed squares. Black supplies the necessary strip, and

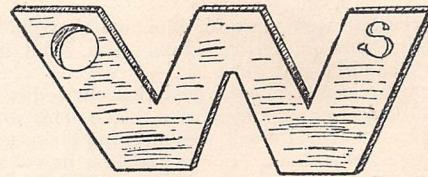


Fig. 4.—A Balancing Puzzle.

claims the value of *both* squares—twenty-three; seeing that he has enclosed the two. Needless to say, the player gaining the most points is the winner.

The same board can be used as a scoring-board for the well-known game of 'Tiddley-Winks,' the numbered squares being distributed in any uneven way.

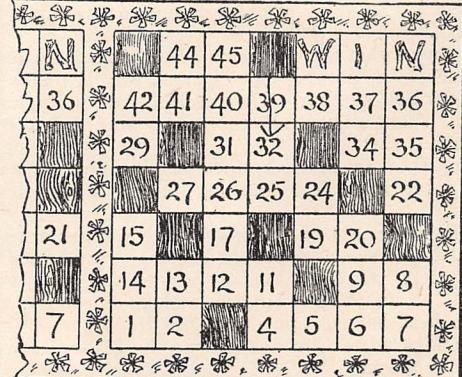


Fig. 5.—A Football Game.

A target can be set up as shown in fig. 2, for 'Tiddley-Wink' players to shoot at. Cut out some comical cardboard figure, about two inches long, and across the chest glue a strip of match-wood. A few books with a length of thread twisted tightly round the topmost make a suitable tight-rope on which the figure can be balanced by means of the short piece of match-wood. When

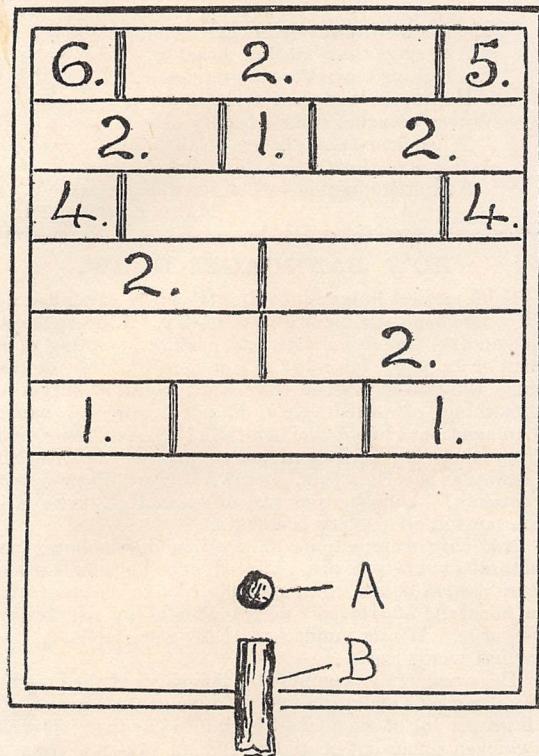


Fig. 6.—P's and Q's.

firing, the small counters should be placed on a double layer of cloth, and then chipped by the edge of a larger counter.

Another simple game can be invented with cardboard and marbles. Along one edge of a piece of cardboard about eighteen inches long, four inches wide, cut away two or more half-circles, as at fig. 3. Wedge the ends of the card between a few books, so that it stands quite firm. Now roll a small marble along the surface of the table, trying to send it straight through one of the openings. A larger number of points should be allowed for getting through a small hole than through a large one.

The notion shown in fig. 4 will help to give a pleasant half-hour. From a piece of thick cardboard about eight inches by four inches, cut out any letter of the alphabet. At one end or corner make a hole large enough to take a small marble without going through. Now place the marble as far away as possible—*s* shows the starting-point on *w*, fig. 4—and try to coax it along the shape of the letter and into the hole.

To obtain a football game, prepare a board with forty-nine squares (seven by seven), each measuring one inch

by one inch, as shown in fig. 5. Begin at the left-hand lower corner and mark in the numbers, working backwards and forwards along the lines horizontally, as in the illustration (some of the squares are shaded, to show an imaginary arrangement of 'men'). Finish at 46, and fill the remaining squares with the word 'Win.' Two similar boards will be needed, being placed alongside each other, as shown. Both players are provided with eleven blank one-inch squares of card. They each have control of one board, and place the eleven men almost as they please—but not quite. One must occupy square 46. That represents the goal-keeper, and his powers will be explained presently. In placing the other squares, or men, it is not allowable to cover squares 39 and 32, which come immediately below 46, and there cannot be two in adjoining consecutive squares, such as 17 and 18, 21 and 22. But of course this rule does not apply to such figures as 22 and 35, which, although adjoining, are not consecutive.

Two dice, or teetotums, and two counters are required. The players provided with one of each throw turn about. Mr. A starts and throws, say, 6: he sets his counter on that square upon the board arranged by his opponent. Mr. B follows, and sets his counter on the board prepared by Mr. A. It goes without saying, the two boards need not necessarily be set out with men in exactly the same way.

When a player throws a number which brings him on to a square protected by a man, he must remain where he is until his opponent has thrown. Towards the end of the game, when a player throws 39 or 46 he goes back to 32, as indicated by the arrow. Anything over 46 gives him the game.

The lid of a cardboard box, a few dried peas, and a pen-holder are the only things necessary for the making of the game of 'P's and Q's' (fig. 6).

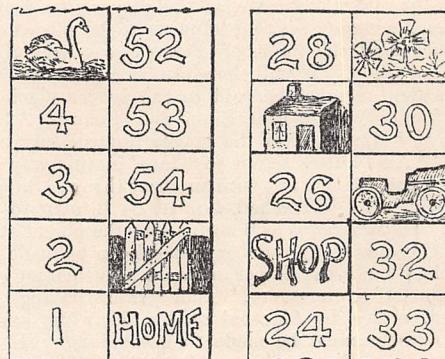


Fig. 7.—A Travel Game.

Across a piece of cardboard measuring about twelve inches long, six inches wide, rule parallel lines about three-eighths of an inch apart, finishing four or five inches from one end. Then divide the spaces into several parts, making very thick dividing lines, and give each part a different value, as shown by the illustration.

A dried pea, *A*, is placed a short distance from the bottom line, and is driven by means of a pen-holder, *B*.

The players take one stroke each in rotation, and whoever scores fifty first is the winner. When the pea rolls into a numbered space the player adds that amount

to his score. If the pea enters an unnumbered partition, the player is not entitled to any points. Should the pea settle on a horizontal line one is deducted, while two must be lost when the pea stops on one of the thick divisional lines.

Another game is played with a board made from a piece of card twenty-one inches long, two inches wide; but of course two, or more, pieces can be joined to make the required length. This is divided into twenty-eight spaces, each three-quarters of an inch wide, and then into fifty-six by means of a centre line running the whole length of the card. Mark the numbers 1 to 28 on one side of the board, and 29 to 54 on the other. Put 'Gate' on 55, and 'Home' on 56.

Cut ten pieces of card to fit the spaces. On these pieces either print the following words, or draw suitable objects to represent them: 'Motor,' 'Uncle,' 'Flowers,' 'House,' 'Penny,' 'Go Back' (two of these), 'Shop' (three pieces). The two 'Go Back' may be shown by swans on a pond, as at space 5 in the illustration (fig. 7).

These separate pieces are placed on any of the spaces, as agreed between the players before starting the game. It would be as well, however, to make certain restrictions. For instance, neither of the 'Go Back' pieces should be placed beyond space 28—that is, in the first half of the journey. The 'Motor' should be on the return stretch, somewhere between 29 and 40.

Each player is provided with a counter or a small piece of coloured card, and dice are thrown, or a teetotum spun, turn about, each player having the use of one. Then according to the number thrown, so they take up their positions on the board. Now, when the number thrown brings the player to a 'Go Back' space, a fresh start must be made; getting on to a space occupied by 'Shop' means that the player loses his next turn of throwing; 'Flowers' and 'House' also denote that the player reaching them must lose one throw. To meet 'Uncle' is rather fortunate, as the player goes forward to 'Shop,' wheresoever that happens to be placed. On the other hand, the finder of 'Penny' goes back till he comes to 'Shop.' It will therefore be clearly seen that some attention must be paid to the proper placing of 'Shop' and 'Uncle'; also 'Shop' and 'Penny.' A lucky throw to 'Motor' takes the player immediately on to 'Gate.' And unless taken to 'Gate' in this way each player must arrive there with an exact throw. Suppose, for instance, 51 is reached, 4 must be thrown to take 'Gate.' A throw of 5 or 6 means that the player stands still. Of course, any number under 4 can be made; for example, 3 lands the player on to 54, and then an exact throw of 1 is necessary. The 'Gate' having been reached, either by 'Motor' or by throwing, another exact number must be made to get 'Home.' In this case, however, the number need not be limited to 1, as any number can be decided upon by the players before starting the game.

J. C. NELSON.

WHEN SNOWFLAKES FALL.

WHEN snowflakes fall, the pine-trees tall
Are clad in winter's livery,
Like warrior giants, stern and brave,
They guard their monarch loyally;
The chestnut boughs are bare and brown,
The oak and beech are leafless all,
The willows shiver by the stream,
And sadly sigh—when snowflakes fall!

Then boldly on the chill hillside
The pine-trees lift their heads on high,
As, one by one, like pallid moths,
The whirling flakes flit swiftly by;
Or, if a sudden sunbeam dares
To pierce the cloudy leaden pall,
Their branches gleam with frost-gems bright—
When fleecy snowflakes cease to fall!

The north wind revels in their boughs,
And sings them martial melodies,
Ere rushing down the mountain-side,
He lingers 'mid the lofty trees,
Whose branches wear a beauty new
When hoar-frost glitters on them all,
And weaves for them rich chains of gems
At Christmas-tide—when snowflakes fall!

MAUD E. SARGENT.

HOW LANGUAGES GREW.

THE earliest human inhabitants of the earth had no language such as we have to-day. They spoke to one another largely in signs and gestures, pointing at a man or an object for want of a name. Children do the same thing to-day when they want to call attention to something of which they do not know the name. Exclamations like 'Oh! Ah! Eh!' have been used from the very earliest times to express such varied feelings as surprise, pain, sorrow, interest, disgust, and contempt. And these words, or 'sound gestures,' are the same in all modern languages.

Not only were actions imitated in dumb-show, but natural sounds were also imitated, and the sounds made were used as names. For example, 'ka-ka' means crow, in Sanskrit, and 'pipit' means whistle in the Malay language. Words similar to these were probably the earliest words used.

The wonderfully complicated languages of the present day, that boys and girls find so difficult to learn, have all grown out of such small beginnings as these, just as a chicken comes out of an egg and an oak-tree from a tiny acorn.

BAGHDAD.

The Fairy City of the 'Arabian Nights.'

I.

IT was in a moonlight rush, we are told, that the Mesopotamian army, consisting of British and Indian troops, captured the city of Bagdad. A moonlight rush—how well it seems to fit in with our ideas, for is there any one who does not think of Bagdad as a fairy city? Its very name recalls to mind its one-time ruler, the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid, and the *Arabian Nights*, whose pages record in fascinating, picturesque story the splendour of this greatest and (as it was then) most renowned city of the world. But since those days it has known many different masters and has passed through various ups and downs.

Baghdad must be one of the oldest cities in the world, for a place of some importance, called Bagh-da-du, existed near (if not actually on the same spot) as early as 2000 B.C., and there are proofs that even this was *not* the earliest city but was built on the site of a still older one.

However, all this belongs to a very dim and legendary past—the interest for us begins with the rise of the

historical city, as we may call it, so we will pass on to about the middle of the eighth century, when this, like the older one, was founded on a bank of the river Tigris. The name had evidently taken firm possession of the site, and was inherited by the new city in the slightly altered form of 'Baghdad.'

It was planned and built by the Arab caliph, El Mansur, who was the second of the 'Abbaside' rulers—a name they derived from Abbas, uncle of Mahomet the Prophet, and the founder of the dynasty, or line, who ruled as Caliphs* of Baghdad from that time onward for about five hundred years.

But before describing the place itself, let us see where it is to be found. We must look for it in the south-western part of Turkey in Asia, in the plain which lies between the two historic rivers, Euphrates and Tigris—Mesopotamia, as it is called (a word meaning 'between the rivers'), and, according to our Bible, the land which was the cradle of the human race and the first inhabited part of the world.

El Mansur built his city on the western bank of the Tigris. It was circular in form and enclosed by three walls and a ditch. Between the outer wall (which was about four miles round) and the second one, there was an open ring which could be patrolled, the object of this arrangement being, we are told, 'to prevent enemies or traitors outside from communicating with their friends within.' Between the second and third walls were the houses of the city, while inside the third was yet another space, sufficiently large for troops to manoeuvre in. The centre of all was occupied by the mosque and the caliph's palace, or 'Golden Gate.' There were four gates, looking to the four points of the compass; roads ran from these to the centre, dividing the city into four quarters. Upon the opposite, or east bank of the river, a suburb rapidly sprang up; this speedily developed such prosperity that soon it outrivalled in importance the round city on the western side.

The new Baghdad continued to grow and prosper, until by the time Haroun Al-Raschid became Caliph it not only contained something like two million inhabitants but, with the additional improvements made by him, became the greatest and most renowned city in the world, celebrated for its splendid mosques and palaces; its luxurious gardens; its flourishing colleges; its bazaars, or shops, thronged with merchants; its carpet looms, and its wonderful canals; while under Haroun Al-Raschid, as well as under his son and successor, it became the centre of Arabic learning and science, for here were gathered clever men in all branches of knowledge. Among the things they gave to the world were Algebra and the Arabic numerals (0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9); names of many of the groups of stars in the heavens; while to descend to something less important, though decidedly useful, it is to them we owe the gilding and silvering of pills. And Baghdad, the wonder city, had but one rival in the arts of literature and science—that was Cordova, which, however, it far surpassed in wealth.

But Haroun Al-Raschid conjures up also the Baghdad of the *Arabian Nights*, for numbers of the tales contained in it are supposed to belong to the times of the Caliphs, and especially to his reign. Indeed, he took an

important part in many of the stories, for, we are told, it was the custom of the Caliph 'Alraschid the Just' to walk at night time through the city, attended by his grand vizier and his chief of household (all disguised as merchants), in order to see for himself the condition of his people and to hear what was reported of his court and government. Very familiar to most English children are most of the tales in which he figures, and perhaps none more so than 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves' and 'Sinbad the Sailor.' Although many of the stories of the *Arabian Nights* are purely fairy tales, those which relate to Haroun Al-Raschid are really historical and have the further value of helping, beneath their amusement, to give us some idea of Eastern manners and customs, and also of the splendour which once marked out the *Arabian Nights'* city.

Baghdad not only continued to flourish, but also remained, from the time of its foundation in 763 (except for an interval of some fifty years) the seat of the Caliphate. As might be expected, however, so beautiful, wealthy, and famous a city was the envy of many nations, and about the middle of the thirteenth century a powerful enemy appeared at its gates—Hulaku Khan, the Mongol, who stormed and entered the city, taking prisoner the last Caliph and eventually putting him to death, thus bringing to an end the Abbaside dynasty.

Very tragic too is the account of the city itself at this juncture when, in the height of its prosperity, it was attacked and pillaged by its fierce enemy, who demolished mosques and palaces, and after torturing and murdering thousands of its people—not even sparing its learned men and professors—destroyed or carried away its priceless treasures.

Nor was this by any means all the damage done by Hulaku—in one single year he ruined their wonderful artificial waterways, or canals, thus destroying, we are told, 'the work of three hundred generations.' As we have already seen, Mesopotamia is a large flat, treeless plain, to the level of which its rivers rise during the rainy season. Being a hot climate, the irrigation, or watering, of the soil is of supreme importance. In ancient days its irrigation systems (dating back to the time of Abraham) were not only most carefully attended to but were very perfect, with the result that this otherwise dry plain became so fertile that it gained the name of 'the granary of the world.' Owing to the destruction, by Hulaku and his Mongol hordes, of the watering systems, this again became a desert.

For one hundred and fifty years Hulaku and his descendants ruled over Baghdad, and then they, in turn, were driven out by a still stronger enemy—Timur the Lame (or Tamerlane).

From this time onwards Baghdad became a mere bone of contention between the Turks and Persians, owning sometimes one as master, sometimes the other, finally falling, in 1638, into the hands of the Turks, in whose possession it remained until that memorable moonlight night in March, 1917, when, as a result of the fine leadership of General Sir Stanley Maude, and bravery on the part of the troops under his command, the historic city of Baghdad was captured (in spite of great difficulties) from the Turks and their allies, the Germans. It is a victory that will live in history on account of the heroic valour of our army in crossing the Diala River, crew after crew pushing forward, without wavering, to certain death.

(Concluded on page 35.)

* A title given to the successors of Mahomet. The Caliph, as well as being the head of the religion, was also supreme governor.



"It was the custom of the Caliph to walk at night-time through the city."



CHATTERBOX.

COMRADES IN ARMS.



"Frederick sat staring up into the wild man's face, speechless."

CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 26.)

THE three children stared back at the man, a good deal alarmed. There was something fierce and threatening in his attitude. He looked as if he might attack them on the smallest provocation. They waited anxiously for what should happen next, and were still waiting when, all at once, the cliff edge gave way beneath Frederick, and he slid, much to his dismay, almost to the wild man's feet, and sat staring up into his face, speechless.

As quickly as they could Nancy and Brian followed. But, before they could reach the bottom of the ravine, the little man began to smile. And all the fierceness went from his face, and he looked so completely good-tempered instead, it was impossible to be afraid of him any longer. And he began to talk so quickly that it was difficult to understand what he said. But here and there the children captured a word, and gathered that he was asking them to whom they belonged, and from whence they had come.

'We came down the big river,' said Nancy, and pointed in the direction in which she thought the river must lie. 'We were carried away by a flood, and we don't know how to get home again. We belong to the white people.'

'The white people,' the little man repeated doubtfully. 'I have heard that such there be; but, in truth, I had thought it a tale merely.'

'It isn't a tale. There really are white people, and they are very great and powerful,' said Brian, wishing to make an impression. But in this he was not successful.

'It may be so,' said the little man, indifferently. 'In their own country, perchance. But here it is I, Chinna, who have power.' And he beamed upon them all, and proceeded promptly to chant his own praises, unabashed.

'A great hunter am I,' he said. 'And Chinna is my name. I sell the flesh of the beasts that I kill to the people of the villages near. And I weave spells so that the spirits of the forest shall do them no harm. Always have I and my people served the forest spirits, and therefore do those great ones listen when we call.'

He paused for breath, and Nancy seized the opportunity to ask for help. If this little man believed himself so powerful, he would surely be willing to assist them. 'We want to get home again as quickly as possible,' she began. 'Would you, please, help us? Or would you tell one of the villagers to go with us, if you haven't time? If we haven't a guide, we might lose our way again.'

She waited for an answer, but, to her surprise, it was a long while before it came. Chinna looked very perplexed, and stood on one leg and scratched the calf of it with the toes of the other. And at last he said slowly, 'I do not like strange places, nor strange people. We forest folk go seldom far from our home. Come with me now to my house, and we will consider the matter later. And to ask the villagers for help would not be good, for they are a treacherous folk.'

He stooped to pick up the bow and arrows; and, as he did so, the goat, which had been browsing on the scrubby bushes, peered over the edge of the ravine. And Chinna, at sight of her, called joyfully, 'And have ye brought this goat with you? Indeed, this is good.

We will all drink of her milk before we take the homeward way. Without doubt ye are bringers of good fortune whom my spirits have lent to me because of the faithful service I have rendered.'

He climbed up the side of the ravine, caught the goat by the ear, and led her downwards, and milked her into a small brass bowl which lay beside the fire. There was enough milk to fill it several times over, and the children and Chinna drank in turn. And then the small man produced some parched grain from a corner of his waist-cloth, and divided it amongst the whole party. And, finally, he scattered sand over the still smouldering fire until it was extinguished.

'Tis not well to leave a fire burning lest a wind should arise, and the fire catch the grass and the bushes, and follow in pursuit,' said Chinna, with a wise shake of his head. 'Now I will take you to my home.'

And he began to trot across the ravine, and to climb its further side with the children and the goat after him.

CHAPTER III.

ON Chinna trotted. He did not go very fast, but at so steady and unvarying a pace that it was difficult for the children to keep up with him. He soon noticed, however, that they lagged behind, and at once suited his speed to theirs.

Across the country behind the ravine they went, straight towards the dark mass on the horizon, which now showed plainly as a dense forest. Chinna was apparently following a path which led thither, and which was quite clear to his eyes though the children could not perceive it. Once he stopped, signing to them to keep very still, while he crept behind a big bush, moving most silently. And then there came the sharp twang of a bow-string—a squawk and a flutter; and Chinna returned in triumph, carrying a peahen he had shot with an arrow. And he slung it over his shoulder, and on he trotted.

(Continued on page 47.)

THE PROTECTING CAT.

MRS. BOWDITCH, the mother of the celebrated African traveller, had two pets. One was a cat, the other a canary. The lady used to allow the bird to fly about in her bedroom, but the cat was always shut out. One morning, however, the cat somehow got in, and Mrs. Bowditch, looking up from her work was horrified to see the canary perched on the cat's body, but soon found that there was no call for alarm. Pussy was purring loudly, and the canary seemed fearless, comfortable and happy. After this, the cat was admitted to the bedroom; she and the little bird became great friends.

But one day Mrs. Bowditch had another fright. Hearing a low growl, she looked round, and saw her canary in the cat's mouth! The cat was in a state of great excitement, with glaring eyes, swollen tail, and hair standing on end. The reason of her anger was not far to seek. Accidentally, the door had been left open, and a strange cat had entered the room. It was to protect the canary that pussy had taken it into her mouth. The stranger having been driven away, the good cat released her little friend, quite unhurt.

LITTLE DEEDS ARE LITTLE SEEDS.

A CHILD one day an acorn found,
And straightway sowed it in the ground,
And by the time that child had grown
To middle age, the seed he'd sown
(When but a child so young and small)
Had grown into an oak-tree tall,
With widespread boughs, beneath whose shade
His little sons and daughters played !

* * * *

A lesson here is writ for you,
Dear boys and girls : for all you do,
Your thoughts and words and daily deeds,
Are like that acorn—tiny seeds
That soon will grow, or right or wrong,
Into a tree of Habit strong.
Then take good heed what seeds you sow,
Remembering whereunto they'll grow.

KATHERINE E. SHERIFF.

BAGHDAD.

The Fairy City of the 'Arabian Nights.'

(Concluded from page 31.)

II.

WHEN dusty and battle-stained the British troops in 1916 entered Baghdad (which they did in the early morning), its inhabitants crowded out to meet them. The road by which the city is approached runs between palm groves and orange gardens; down this they came—women in their holiday dresses, children dancing and singing in front. The people lined not only the streets, but also the roofs and balconies, and the air resounded with the clapping of hands and hurrahs.

Rather unusual surely, such great rejoicing by a captured city ! Why was it, think you ? It was because the people knew that the victorious army had come as liberators—to set them free from the hated Turkish yoke. They had confidence that at the hands of the British they would have justice, and that this confidence was not misplaced all the world could tell when they read in their papers the 'Proclamation to the People of Baghdad.' The able commander who had led his troops to victory, also worded this State document in language so beautiful and so appropriate to the Eastern people he was addressing, that it has been well described as 'a last chapter added to the enchantments of the Arabian Nights.' He began by saying that our armies had not come into their cities and lands as 'conquerors or enemies, but as liberators.' After sympathising with what they had suffered and how, since the days of Hulaku, they had been 'subject to the tyranny of strangers,' he goes on to assure them in the name of his King, and the great nations with whom England is allied, that it is the wish of all that Baghdad should flourish once more as in the past; that their land should again be fertile, and that the Arab race should rise to 'greatness and renown among the peoples of the earth.' Perhaps most beautiful of all is the concluding sentence, which begins, 'O people of Baghdad,' and goes on to say how the writer is commanded to invite the Arabs, through their nobles and elders, to unite with 'the

political representatives of Great Britain who accompany the British Army, so that you may be united with your kinsmen in north, east, south, and west in realising the aspirations of your race.' A noble document indeed, and all Britons may well be proud to have had a hand in its making.

In addition to freeing the Arabs from Turkish rule, several other objects have been attained by the British with the capture of Baghdad—one is that they have made themselves masters of the rich Persian petroleum fields; another, and even more important one, is the re-establishment of British military prestige, or reputation, in the East, which, in simpler words, means that this great success wiped out the remembrance of the unfortunate loss of the city of Kut, lower down the river.

Yet a third object attained is that we have dealt our chief enemy in the Great War a crushing blow. It has shattered a dream he had been dreaming for over twenty years—conquest in the East. His route there is now blocked, for the terminus of the famous Baghdad Railway (whose farther end was—in this German dream—to be Berlin) is in our hands, and a very valuable possession it is. Included in the booty taken at Baghdad were five German locomotives intended for use on the famous railway, so you see the 'dream' was evidently expected soon to become a reality.

Having already given some idea of the city as it was in the days of its ancient prosperity, let us take a look at the Baghdad of to-day.

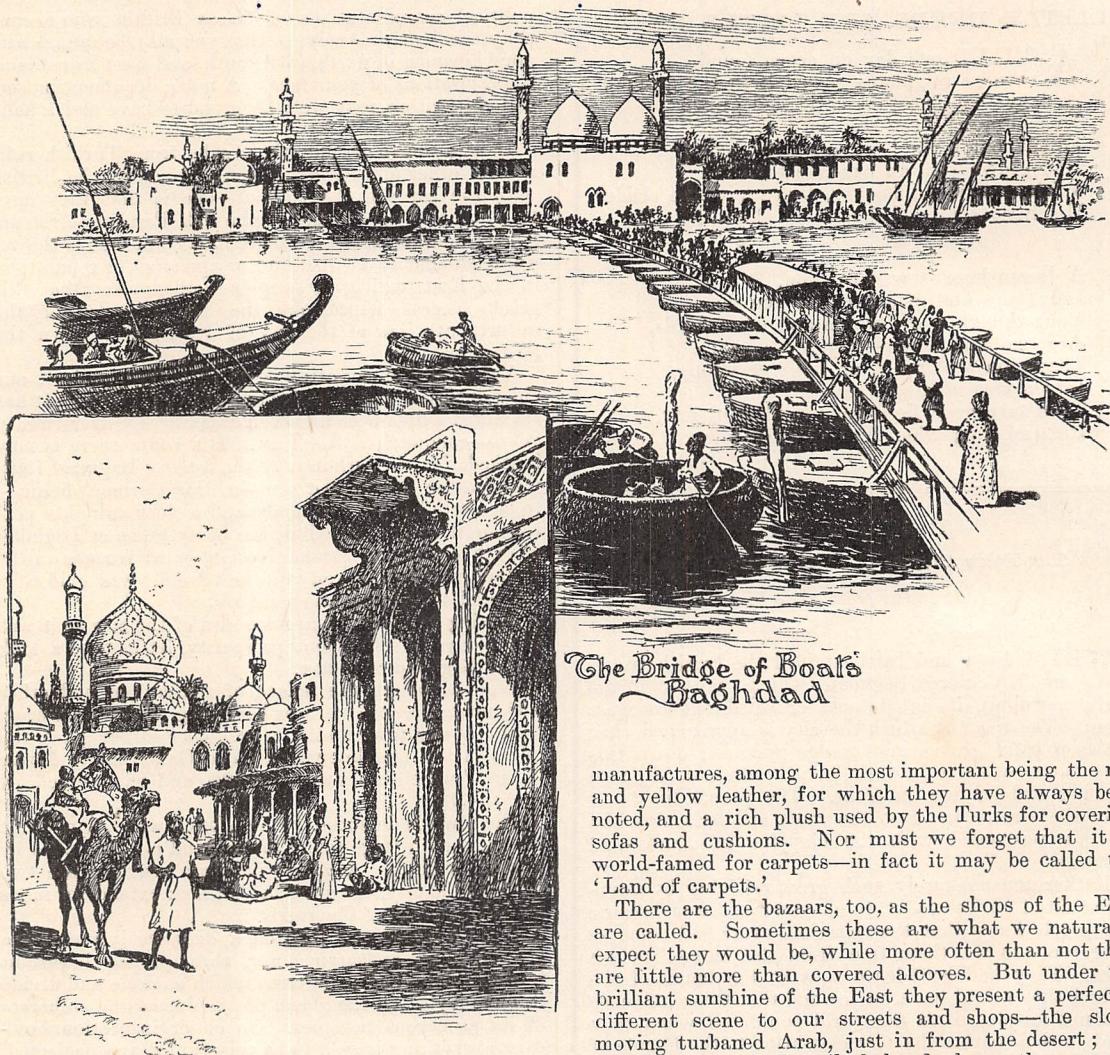
Well, although the palace of the caliphs and other such magnificent structures have long since disappeared, the gates and towers still exist. Of the four gates, the finest is the one known as 'The Gate that is Never Opened,' which bears the date 1220 and has been closed since 1638.

The town is defended by high brick walls, flanked at intervals with large round towers, and is surrounded by a fosse, or ditch. A bridge of boats connects the two parts of the city, the suburbs of which extend for miles along the banks of the Tigris.

Upon approaching it from a distance it presents a very striking appearance, for, through the luxuriant forest of date- and palm-trees which encircle and divide it, one may catch the gleam of the domes and minarets of its numerous mosques. On closer inspection, however, everything is seen to be very ruined and neglected. The streets are found to be not only narrow and crooked but unpaved and very dirty, being, furthermore, strewn with refuse, which is chiefly removed by the only dustmen of the East—the dogs.

The houses for the most part present a somewhat mean appearance. Those of the richer class are built round a court, ugly to look at from outside, as they have no windows to the street. All the magnificence is kept for within, where the gorgeous decorations, vaulted ceilings, inlaying and gilding, recall to mind our old friend Haroun. The roofs, which are all flat, are surrounded by a parapet of a sufficient height to protect from the observation of the next-door neighbour. In the summer the inhabitants use these flat roofs as an extra floor, both sleeping and dining entirely upon them.

Formerly the city of Baghdad itself, like the surrounding country, was well watered, being crossed and re-crossed by numberless canals and aqueducts, which carried the waters of the two great rivers through the



*The Bridge of Boats
Baghdad*

*Bab-el-Khadem Gate
and Mosque of Ahmed Kiaia*

streets and actually into the houses. But all this has long since vanished ; now only one aqueduct remains, and that carries water straight to a shrine ! The inhabitants have to draw their water direct from the river, and it is dealt out to the city in goatskins, these being carried on the backs of either men or asses. There are, of course, no sewers, so anything which is not consumed by the dog-scavengers is washed down into the Tigris at the same spot from which the drinking-water is drawn. We are hardly surprised to hear that, as a consequence, the death-rate is very high.

Although Baghdad is no longer, as in former days, the chief trading centre of merchandise between the surrounding countries, yet it still carries on various

manufactures, among the most important being the red and yellow leather, for which they have always been noted, and a rich plush used by the Turks for covering sofas and cushions. Nor must we forget that it is world-famed for carpets—in fact it may be called the 'Land of carpets.'

There are the bazaars, too, as the shops of the East are called. Sometimes these are what we naturally expect they would be, while more often than not they are little more than covered alcoves. But under the brilliant sunshine of the East they present a perfectly different scene to our streets and shops—the slow-moving turbaned Arab, just in from the desert ; the veiled women ; the heavily-laden donkeys ; the gorgeous materials ; the piles of melons and oranges and the beautiful carpets, &c., all go to make up a wonderful and brilliant picture. The seller of sherbet calls attention to his wares by the clinking of saucers, while nowhere can better coffee be found than in Baghdad.

And what of the Baghdaids themselves—of whom do these consist ? Though the greater number of its people are of Arab blood, there are many thousands belonging to other nations, and the crowds who came out to meet the troops upon their entry were very representative ones, comprising (in addition to Arabs) Persians, Jews, Armenians, Chaldeans, and Christians.

But although in the Baghdad of to-day little remains of the splendour which once marked the city of Haroun Al-Raschid, yet nothing can destroy the glamour of its fame, and even with the British flag floating above it and British troops marching through its streets, it will always remain—to young and old alike—the fairy city of the *Arabian Nights*.

C. M. FOOT.

THE HOME TOY-SHOP.

II.—SOME USEFUL TOYS.

A COLLECTION of comical animals can be quite easily made with odd pieces of cardboard, the method of making being shown in the illustrations.

The head, front legs, and long body, A, are cut out of two similar-shaped pieces of stiff cardboard, which are glued together with the exception of the hooves; these being turned outward to form a support. Two coloured beads act as eyes. A length of stout thread doubled, and knotted at one end, is passed through a bead. Then with a large needle the thread is taken through the

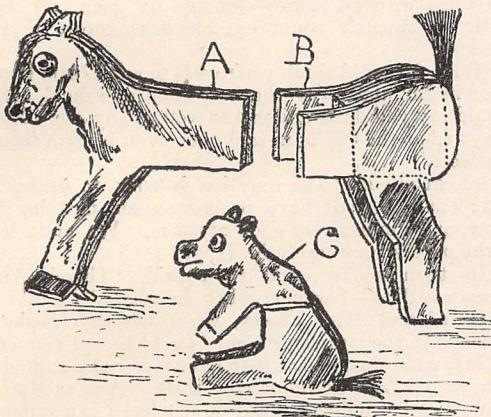


Fig. 1.—A Home-made Horse.

animal's head, another bead is pushed on, and the thread is again knotted, so that the beads cannot possibly slip away (see fig. 1).

The hind legs and back portion of the animal also consist of two similar-shaped pieces, but between these two there must be fixed two smaller pieces of the same

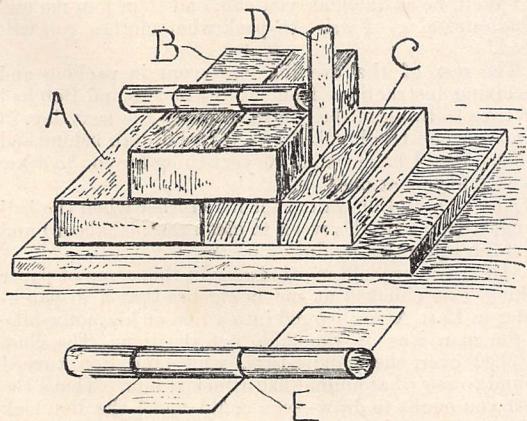


Fig. 2.—A Toy Cannon.

cardboard, an opening being left at B, the legs also being free and apart, not gummed as in the fore part. Dotted lines show the extent of the two small pieces. Before fixing together the four pieces which make up the hind

portion of the animal, it would be as well to lessen the thickness of the two small inside pieces, either with a piece of glass-paper, or by scraping with a knife-blade. This will reduce the width of the opening at B, and

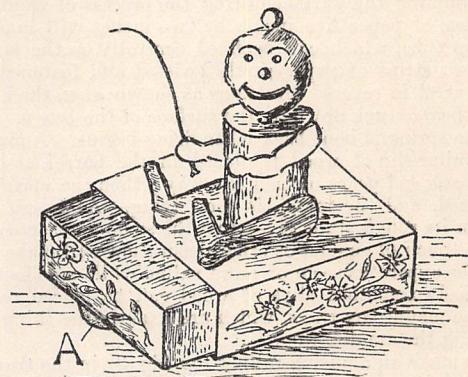


Fig. 3.—A Rolling Toy.

when the double thickness A is inserted, the two parts of the animal will fit neatly. A bent pin or wire through the join (through all four thicknesses at A and B) keeps the two halves together. A bushy tail of un-twisted string and a few markings on the body complete the animal.

The two parts being movable some strange positions can be obtained, the extra width of the hind part allowing the animal to be seated, as shown at c. Improvements will of course suggest themselves to the makers—

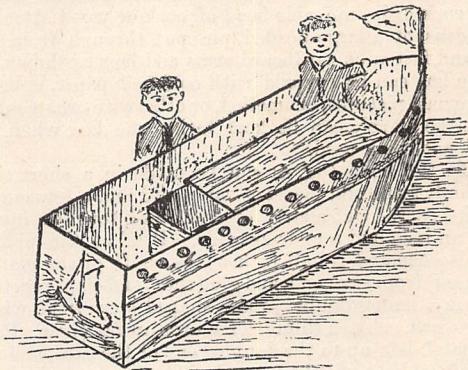


Fig. 4.—A Toy Boat.

for instance, strips of paper to hide the rough edges, a touch of enamel, and quaint markings on the body.

It is quite easy to make a useful cannon for toy soldiers (see fig. 2). A piece of thin wood, like that used for making cigar boxes, about four inches long, three inches wide, forms the base. A match-box is fixed near one end, as at A. Half-way over on top of A is fixed another box, B. Beneath the overhanging portion of B, a piece of wood of exactly the same thickness as the box A is fixed by means of nails or screws from the under side of the base. A second block, C, of the same shape is also fixed to the base, close alongside the block covered by the overhanging portion of the box B. Between these two blocks

a short length of stout clock spring, D, is tightly wedged, pressing on the side of the box B. A cardboard tube about the length of a match is formed by twisting a piece of paper several times round a lead pencil, pasting or gumming the surface during the process of winding. A piece of paper five inches by two inches will make a strong tube, which can be fixed centrally on the box B by two strips of paper partly twisted and fastened on the barrel in reverse directions as shown at E, the loose ends being stuck down on the surface of the box B.

The spring is bent back when firing begins. A match or similar slip of wood is placed in the barrel, so that the back end peeps out a little way; then the spring is released, and the match is sent flying. Although the toy in its rough state gives just the same amusement, a little touch of enamel or other decoration will make the simple apparatus seem of more value, while a collection of nicely smoothed slips of wood can be placed ready in the match-box trays, which are exactly the thing for holding the ammunition.

To make an amusing rolling toy (fig. 3), in the tray of a match-box at one end, on the bottom, fix a strip of very thick cardboard, or thin wood, about one inch wide, and long enough to reach from side to side of the box. Now when a marble that goes easily within the box in the ordinary way is placed on this step portion, and the tray is closed until the marble prevents it going further, the marble will come beyond the top edge of the tray, and consequently when the box is turned over that portion of the marble comes below the level of the box, as shown at A in the illustration.

The over-turned box is placed on a piece of board, which is then tilted to set the box in motion, as it will travel along the board according to the direction of the slope. On the surface of the box fix a comical figure with cork body, movable head of cork or wood attached by means of a large-headed pin put through from the top, and fasten on cardboard arms and legs as shown.

The box can be covered with coloured paper, covered with small pictures, enamelled, or otherwise ornamented, while the marble can be kept inside the box when the toy is not being used.

A fleet of boats (fig. 4) can be made in a short time with only some odd pieces of cardboard and a few empty match-boxes. Cut a strip of cardboard fourteen inches long, an inch and a quarter wide. Bend at the middle, and also one and a half inches (the width of the match-box used) from each end, and glue these end-flaps together to form a strong double square-shaped stern; the whole is then rather like a thinnish flat-iron, or fat cigar. Push the match-box up to the doubled end of the card, and the bow of the boat will be formed. The box must be fixed to the cardboard sides so that it rests on the table at the bottom edging of the boat. The tray can be pushed out towards the square stern, and can be used for containing cardboard sailors. The outside provides a good even surface for decorating with scraps or for enamel.

J. C. NELSON.

THE DRAWING COMPETITION.

I SAY, Bob, here's a chance for you!

Bob looked up from the floor, where he was lying face downwards trying to learn some history for the next day. He was licking a stump of a pencil, and on the margins of his book were endless little drawings of kings and queens and knights in armour. It may be

that he found these drawings an aid to learning, but I am inclined to doubt it.

'You really must go in for this,' continued Hugh, breathlessly. 'This magazine offers a prize of a guinea for the best drawing of something which happened in the War—it doesn't matter where, so long as it's a true anecdote.'

'Let's look,' said Bob, tossing his history aside. 'H'm! There's no time to lose—they want all contributions in by the twenty-eighth. A guinea, Hugh! Just think what we'd do with it!'

'You could get that guinea paint-box,' suggested Hugh.

'Not I!' said Bob, firmly. 'If by any chance I got the prize we'd go shares—ten-and-six each, my boy. Still, we mustn't count our chickens before they're hatched.'

'Why, I should think you're safe to get it,' said Hugh. 'You're far and away the best chap at school, and I should say you draw animals as well as any one. Don't forget what the Old Man said about you being a second Landseer.'

Bob grunted. 'The question is what to draw,' he said; 'and I shall have to bring some men in, you know, and I'm not very good at them. We must look at the papers very carefully, Hugh.'

His twin nodded, and then said, 'There's Aunt Eleanor calling—I wonder what she wants.'

'Boys,' said Miss Emery, when her two nephews appeared in the drawing-room, 'I sent to tell you—oh, Robert, what dusty boots!—I have received a summons from an old friend of mine who is ill. And as Martha is away on her holiday, and I do not feel I can summon her back before her time, I have arranged with Mr. Everard for you to board at school during my absence. I do trust that you will be good and obedient, and that you will give no trouble. And do not forget to brush your teeth at night as well as in the morning.'

The old lady paused for breath, and Hugh asked, 'When are we going, Aunt Eleanor?'

'To-morrow; have you prepared your lessons?'

'I haven't quite finished,' said Bob.

'Well, be as quick as you can, and then join me and Hugh upstairs. I want to pack what clothes you will need.'

The rest of the evening was spent in packing and receiving instructions from Miss Emery; and Bob had no time to think of the competition till the next day, in school, when Hugh poked him from his desk behind and whispered, 'I have found the very thing for you to draw—wait for me at one.'

Accordingly Bob waited for his brother when the bell rang, it being Hugh's week to clean the blackboard and perform other trifling duties.

'Here you are, old man! I saw in this scrap of paper which Tait chucked at me in algebra that a dispatch-rider in East Africa barged into a lion on his motor-bike—the man was on the bike, not the lion. The chap pitched over the handle-bars, while the lion turned round to see what animal had attacked him. That's the part you ought to draw—you could make the lion look all surprised and angry.'

'Yes, the lion would be all right,' agreed Bob, but a motor-bike's rather a big order, and the soldier's uniform will have to be correct.'

'Oh, they don't wear anything very elaborate out there,' said Hugh; 'let's ask Barlow major to let us have another squint at that snapshot of his pater which

was taken out there. I think he had a sun-helmet on and no tunic—just a shirt and breeches. As for the motor-bike, you can study the build of the Old Man's. Hullo, there's the dinner-bell—it seems funny us staying, doesn't it?

'Yes; the only thing is, I hope I shall get time to draw it. The other chaps seem to play cricket most of their free time, and there's always some one in charge in prep., so I shan't get much chance then. And the latest it can be posted is four o'clock on Saturday.'

'Great Scott! And this is Thursday. You'll have to look sharp, old man!'

'I know,' said Bob; and he meant to. But things were against him that day, for when he came into afternoon school after cricket, his neighbour informed him, *sotto voce*, that they were to have 'prep.' directly after tea, instead of their usual free hour, 'because some old boy is coming to give us a dull old lecture about something.'

The lecture was by no means dull, but it meant that Bob could do no drawing that day. When tea was over on Friday, however, Bob felt that his chance had come, and before he could be snapped up for cricket, he stole away in search of the Head's motor-cycle. He went very cautiously, fearing detection, for the private side was strictly out of bounds; but on gaining the house-door, he saw, to his joy, that the machine was in the drive. Hurriedly Bob sketched an outline, then, thrusting his note-book into his pocket, he glanced anxiously at the windows around. There was no one in sight. If only he dared get astride that saddle and throw himself forward as if he were falling, it would be such a help. He would be able to see how his arms and legs went, at any rate. Was that some one at the window?—no, it was his own reflection.

'H'm,' mused Bob, 'that's rather a dodge; if I get on and throw myself forward, I can see what it looks like in the window.' And he suited his action to his words.

Thus it was that the Head, emerging from his front door, perceived a small boy astride his motor-cycle, and evidently, from the way in which he was bending forward, trying to start the machine. As for Bob, he was considerably startled when an angry voice inquired what he was doing; and he could give no explanation, while he had to admit that he knew the private side to be out of bounds.

'I will give you something to keep you out of mischief,' said the Head, generously, and Bob followed him with a sinking heart, and was forced to spend the rest of his free time in writing out some lines from *Cæsar*.

When the bell rang for evening preparation, and Bob gave up his imposition to the Head, he felt almost desperate. How was he to get that picture drawn? He might do some of it in prep., but he must read through to-morrow's lessons, at any rate—it would never do to get his half-holiday cancelled for a returned lesson. So Bob settled down quietly enough at first, though several of the others were proceeding to test the power of endurance of a new master, one Mr. Lyon, who was taking Preparation for the first time.

Mr. Lyon took little notice at first, except for an occasional 'Less noise, there!' but a rising titter made him glance in Bob's direction. That young gentleman was diligently practising the head of his lion, and the boys in the desks around were following the results with keen interest, most of them thinking that a fancy portrait of the master in charge was intended.

This was Mr. Lyon's opinion, too, when Bob, at his request, brought the drawing up to him.

'An excellent study, Wilmot,' he said quietly; 'but this is the time, you know, to devote to preparation. Suppose you return to that now—you can bring your books to the front row—and to-morrow afternoon, if you come here to me directly after dinner, I can promise you a couple of hours for your innocent pastime.'

Bob's jaw dropped, but he took his place in the front row without a word, and bent over his books, reflecting gloomily that there was now no chance of his entering the competition.

But as they trooped in to prayers, Hugh whispered to him, 'Cheer up, man, I have thought of a way out. I'll take your place to-morrow!'

Bob gasped. There was no time to say more then, but before they went to bed Hugh propounded his plan in full: ... The twins were absurdly alike, and were often mistaken for one another, particularly by strangers. Their flannel suits were exactly the same, too, so they resorted to wearing ties of a different colour. It was, however, an easy matter to 'swop' ties in moments of stress, and it answered very well with people who had not discovered that Hugh had three freckles on his right cheek, forming a triangle. ... Now, Mr. Lyon, as has been said before, was new that term, so the risk seemed worth taking.

'But it seems such a shame to do you out of a half-holiday,' said Bob; 'weren't you going to play cricket?'

'Oh, I can do it after tea; but look here, old man, don't let Lyon spot you drawing, or the cat will be out of the bag. You had better go to the gym, I should think, and get some chap to keep *cave*.'

'Well, mind you let me take your place the next time you get detention.'

'Oh, rubbish! Considering you're going to give me half the prize. ... But I say, Bob, suppose old Lyon really makes me draw by way of an impot. He won't get anything very grand! ... There's the bell! We'll settle it, then, that we swop ties at one o'clock.'

'All right—only I jolly well shall take your next detention!'

The next afternoon Bob, having polished off his drawing, and got it off in good time for the four o'clock post, made his way back to school to see how his twin was faring. As he approached his Form-room he heard Mr. Lyon's voice raised in considerable wrath.

'Absolute obstinacy!' he was saying. 'I tell you to draw what you did last night, and you produce a scribble like this! I consider it a gross impertinence—just as much as if I had given you some *Cæsar* to write out and you had produced a quotation from *Punch*. I think the Head had better see this.'

All this Bob heard as he came down the corridor; and without any hesitation he marched into the room and explained things to the astonished master. He quite expected to be taken to the Head, but to the twins' astonishment Mr. Lyon laughed heartily, asked why Bob hadn't asked to have his detention postponed—whereat Bob gasped—mentioned that he had corrected an exercise of Hugh's and had meant to return it, so that Bob could wipe off his score after tea, if he liked, and finally sent the twins off with a parting request that he might know the result of the competition.

And he seemed as delighted as any one when Bob really did win the guinea prize.

N. M. LA TOUCHE.



"The lion turned round to see what animal had attacked him."



"Nobody recognised us, though we knew lots of the village people by sight."

ROLLER SKATES.

BARNES had been spending the holidays with me, and we had had some ripping times on the rink at the pier—roller-skating, you know—and we were both something of a dab at it before term came round again.

‘It’s a jolly pity that roller-skating isn’t on the time-table at St. Cyprian’s,’ said Barnes to me as we trundled back to school on the first day of term. ‘Rollers and Rithmetick! Look well—what?’

I was inclined to agree; and I agreed pretty fully when, walking up from the station, we discovered that there was a rink in the town. It had been built in the holidays, and it was a slap-up place—longer than the pier rink by a full fifty yards.

‘Let’s ask the Head whether——’ began Barnes.

‘No good!’ I said. ‘He’d only glare at you from behind his glasses. Let well alone.’

Barnes took my advice, and we reserved our energies for games: it was footer term, and we were both keen. We hardly spoke of rollers again till it was about half-term, and then Barnes came to me in a perfect frenzy. ‘I say,’ he said, ‘what on earth do you think?’

‘I don’t know,’ I said.

‘There’s to be a skating carnival, if you’d believe it, to-night, and Jones has just told me that he wanted to invite you and me to go with him—as he is a day-boy, you see. But the Head’s forbidden it; he’s put the place out of bounds, and even the day-boys aren’t to go, and——’

‘What a downright swizzle!’ I said.

‘Swizzle! Well, I’m going!’ Barnes was wild. ‘I’m going, to-night. The Head won’t know, and——’

‘Won’t know, old chap! We can’t—we shall be spotted; the whole village will be there. The Head would know.’

‘Not he! I have an idea. Haven’t you twigged that it’s a *carnival*? Fancy dress, old chap! No one’ll know us!’

‘But I’ve got no jolly fancy dress,’ I said.

‘Of course not—till I get you one. But—what do you say to going as a pair of Charlie Chaplins? I heard the Traceys saying that they’d got dresses. They had a Red Cross Fête in the holidays, and they wore them then. And I have asked them to bring them round; said we were going to have a lark, and—we’ll go!’ Barnes slapped his leg.

‘It’s jolly risky; but—all right!’ I said.

But it didn’t seem so risky as I’d expected it to when we had made our plans. We slipped out of bed when the other chaps were snoring, and donned the Chaplin togs—eye-glasses, and canes, and big boots, all complete. We started off, and were greeted at the door of the rink—after we had nearly broken our necks climbing down the ivy from the dormitory (luckily there was a moon to guide us)—with roars of applause. Nobody recognised us, though we knew lots of the village people by sight.

‘I say, this is a top-hole night!’ said Barnes.

The only drawback was that we couldn’t stay the full time; we had to be back by ten-thirty, or the gate of the grounds would be shut. We just did it, and wriggled up the ivy and back to bed, fairly chuckling with the success of our evening; but if we had known what would happen next morning we mightn’t have felt so jolly pleased!

‘Hum!’ said the Head after prayers the next morning. ‘I have an announcement to make,’ and he glared

through his spectacles, while Barnes and I stared at our boots.

‘I regret to read in this morning’s local paper,’ he went on, ‘that two of my scholars were at the carnival last night against rules! Even though they are day-boys the rule is the same, and——’

Barnes and I looked up from our boots. Whatever did he mean? We weren’t day-boys, anyhow! ‘And how on earth has he twigged *anything*? muttered Barnes. But we soon knew, for at that minute the Head proceeded to unfold a page of the weekly rag. ‘I see that the first prize for fancy costume is awarded to the Messrs. Tracey,’ growled the Head, ‘for costumes representing Charlie Chaplin! “Charles Chaplin,” whoever he may be—not an historical person, I imagine!’ The Head grunted again, and some of the chaps tittered; but Barnes and I were mum.

For, do you see what had happened? In our awful cleverness in wearing the Traceys’ costumes we had never thought that they would be *known*. We never guessed that some of the very people who were at the carnival would also have been at the Traceys’ Red Cross Fête in the holidays. And, of course, seeing the Charlies again, they evidently thought that the Traceys were inside them. And, as for prizes, why we had never twigged that there were going to be any! We had come away early, of course, before the voting, and—well, here we were in a jolly mess!

‘Come on,’ said Barnes suddenly; and he marched up to the Head’s desk, and, of course, I went too; and, while the Traceys were still staring with amazement at the idea that they had been at the carnival when they had really been snoring in bed, we blurted out the real truth before every one.

And then—well, the Head was jolly decent, and we didn’t get worse than we deserved; for, to tell the truth, we felt more than a bit ashamed.

ETHEL TALBOT.

A FAIRY LULLABY.

EASTWARD, over skies of grey,
Baby mine,
Breaks the burning kiss of day,
Baby mine;

And the world with music rings
To a song the skylark sings,
As he soars on dewy wings,
Baby mine.

Soon the lilies of the lake,
Baby mine,

From their slumbers will awake,
Baby mine;

Soon the petals will unclose,
Cream and gold and old sweet rose,

Freckled like your tiny nose,
Baby mine.

Dreams of bliss each hour beguile,
Baby mine,

Till the stars of silver smile,
Baby mine;

And the restless moths of night,
Guided by the glow-worm’s light,

Silky wings unfold in flight,
Baby mine.

MARIE ROSE LIVESEY.

A JOURNEY TO GO.

[Second Series.]

II.—LONDON TO EASTBOURNE.

A JOURNEY from London through mid-Kent and Sussex seems to carry us into the heart of Saxon England, for the district of the Weald, as it is called, was formerly the great forest of Anderida, and among its swamps and tangled thickets, old names, customs, and legends were preserved.

While the original Celtic inhabitants of our country opposed all invaders with stubborn courage, and, when finally defeated, either fled into remote fastnesses or died fighting in their wonderful entrenched camps, the Southern Saxons did not offer any very strong resistance to the Norman conquerors. Thus, instead of being exterminated, they were left to a great extent, undisturbed in their forests. In the reign of Elizabeth, peasants of pure Saxon blood were tending their herds and burning charcoal in the Weald Valley, and even to this day they keep many of their old characteristics, and are considered stolid and ignorant by their more alert and up-to-date neighbours.

'Toads' was the nickname given to the men of this region, and it is possible that the climate may have tended to make them slow and torpid. Even now, although the great forests have disappeared, the temperature is warm after more bracing districts, and an old writer, Lambarde, tells us that 'The aire seemeth somewhat thicke.'

It is difficult now to realise what the isolation of this huge woodland must have been in Saxon times, when it was described as 'that boundless wood which men call Andred,' and even in the Middle Ages its more remote districts were almost entirely unknown.

There were no large towns built in Anderida, and few villages, while the only roads were those made by the Romans, which gradually fell into disrepair, and the Pilgrims' Way, leading to Canterbury from the South.

In consequence, indeed, of the nature of the country, and its long neglect, Sussex has always been noted for its bad roads, and Walpole, writing in the eighteenth century, says, 'If you love good roads, never go into Sussex. The whole country has a Saxon air, and the inhabitants are savage, as if King George II. was the first monarch of the East Angles. Coaches grow there no more than balm and spices.'

At that time the journey from London to Brighton occupied the whole of two days, but things are very different now, so we will return to London and take a train southward, making Croydon, where once a battle was fought between Henry III. and the army of the barons, our first stopping-place.

From Croydon we go on, through the picturesque Kentish scenery, and come to Hever, where there is an old castle dating from the reign of Edward III.

It is, however, with later times that we connect this place, for it was here that the beautiful Anne Boleyn lived, and was first seen by her royal lover, while after the marriage and terrible death of Queen Anne, her unfortunate successor and namesake, Anne of Cleves, died in the same old mediaeval mansion.

Not far from Hever we reach Groombridge, and then branch off to Tunbridge Wells, now one of the largest towns in Kent, but of comparatively recent date, for it was not until Stuart times that its mineral waters made it famous as a health resort.

This place was first called Forest, and then it was given the name of Queen Mary's Wells in memory of a visit paid by Henrietta Maria. The account of this royal sojourn is amusing, for there were no suitable houses for guests in those days, and the Queen with her fine court ladies lived in tents, which were pitched on Bishop's Down.

After the restoration Tunbridge Wells, as it had by then come to be called, prospered, and became well known, but it seems still to have retained something of its primitive and picturesque character, and instead of shops there were stalls set up under the trees with which the road had been planted.

A French visitor, Count Grammont, has left a vivid description of the town as it was in those gay Stuart days when, as he says, 'Everything breathes of mirth and pleasure; the place consists of a long walk shadowed by pleasant trees, under which the company walk while they drink the waters.'

The earliest name for Tunbridge Wells reminds us that it was situated on the edge of the wild forest district of the Weald, and when the town first became a fashionable resort its neighbourhood was infested by robbers and highwaymen, who used to plunder the wealthy invalids and other visitors as they made their way to and from the wells.

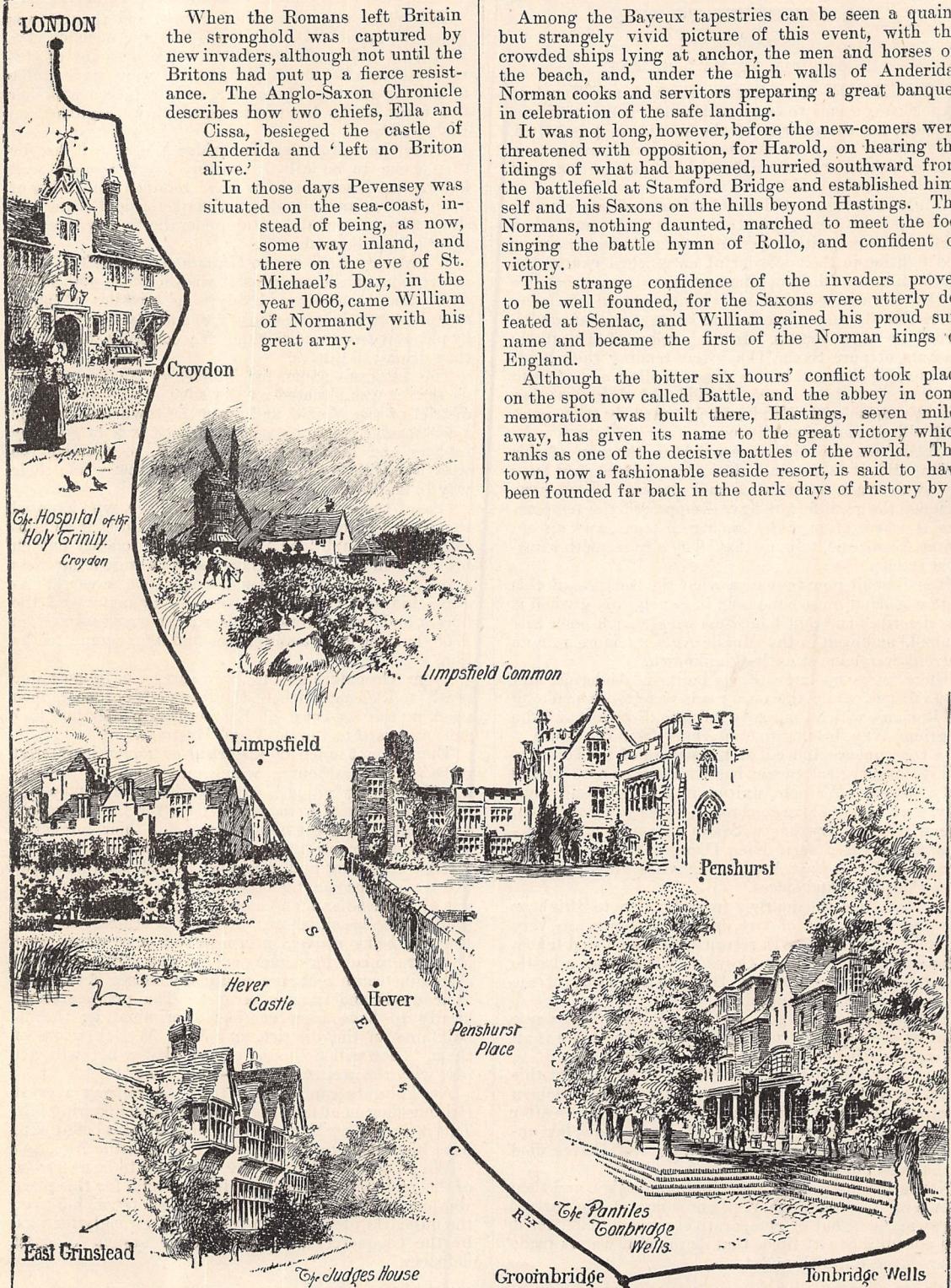
One of these thieves was William Page, who haunted the road leading to London, and it is said that he himself lived at Tunbridge Wells, and used to start out on his raids in his own carriage as if he were a harmless traveller. On reaching some lonely spot he would disguise himself, conceal the vehicle, mount one of the horses, and set to work. This robber was captured in 1758, but not until many crimes had been committed by him.

From Groombridge the train carries us almost due south to Polegate, where the line divides, one branch reaching the sea-coast at Eastbourne, while the other runs eastward to Pevensey and Hastings.

There is not much of historical or romantic interest to be seen at Eastbourne, which only a century ago was a mere fishing village. It was, however, famous, or rather notorious, in those old days for its smugglers, who found excellent hiding-places for their cargoes of contraband among the hollows and caves of Beachy Head. So daring and audacious indeed did these lawless traders become, that they fixed a crane on the summit of the headland, and used openly to haul their goods up from the beach below. All this south-east coast of England being conveniently near to France was a great hunting-ground for smugglers in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and many stories are told of their deeds and narrow escapes. The practice seems hardly to have been considered criminal by the inhabitants of the district, and John Wesley wrote of them, 'They will do many things gladly, but will not part with the accursed thing—smuggling.'

At Polegate can be seen from the railway a great striding figure cut into the chalk of a neighbouring hill. This is the 'Long Man of Wilmington,' and is believed to have been made by workmen of the Neolithic Age.

We go on now to Pevensey, where are to be seen some of the most interesting ruins in England, for this place was once Anderida, a Roman British town, built on the outskirts of the great forest and strongly fortified by the conquerors as part of their system of coast defences.



A Journey from London to Tunbridge Wells and Groombridge



Danish pirate, who ravaged the country round, and erected a small fortress on the hill where the ruins of a later castle now stand.

It was here that William I., twenty-four years after his accession, assembled the English nobles and bishops and made them do personal homage to him before his departure for Normandy.

Beyond Hastings, travelling north-east, we come to the two strange, decayed towns, Winchelsea and Rye, which now lie inland, perched on meadow-surrounded hills, but which at one time were flourishing seaports, so that Queen Elizabeth, when she visited the former, gave it the title of 'Little London.'

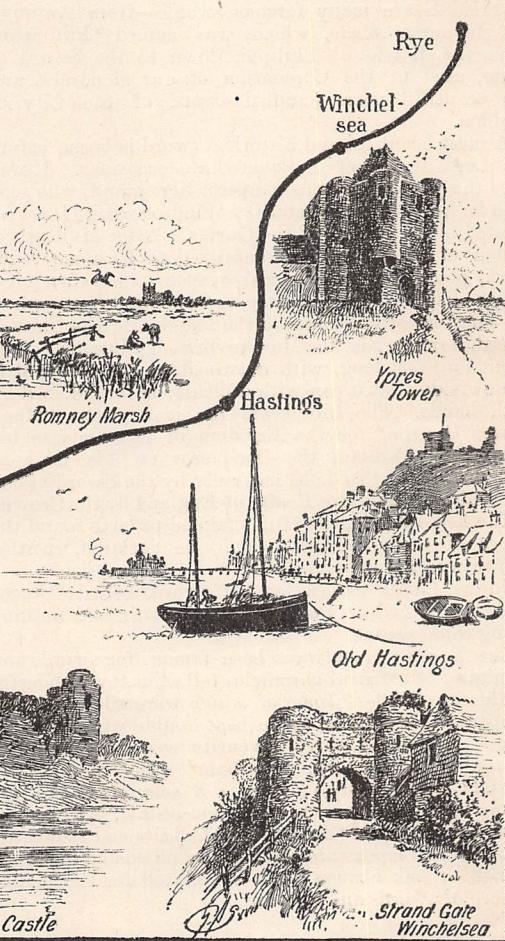
This town was built to take the place of an older Winchelsea, which was destroyed by the sea in the thirteenth century. Writers

of that time describe what happened in those stormy days, and how, on one occasion, 'The sea flowed twice without an ebb, and the roaring of the waves could be heard at a great distance.'

That was in 1250, and thirty-three years later another tempest finished the work of destruction. The inhabitants of Winchelsea, driven out of their flooded homes, took refuge in the new town, which soon became one of the chief ports in the south of England. The prosperity of the place, however, did not last long, for the sea, upon which its welfare depended, once more proved a deadly enemy. This time, however, it receded instead of encroaching, and the town, left high and dry, fell slowly into decay.

The sister town of Rye, not many miles away, shared the glory of Winchelsea and now shares its desolation. It is a quaint, picturesque place, and here may be seen the old turret, called the 'Wipers' Tower,' which was built in the reign of King Stephen by William de Ypres, Earl of Kent.

At that time this tower was the only defence of the town, but it does not seem to have been a very effectual one, for in 1377 we find that five French



—and from Groombridge to Eastbourne and Rye.

ships attacked Rye, burnt and plundered the houses, destroyed the church, and departed in triumph with prisoners and booty.

Beyond Rye, jutting boldly out into the Straits of Dover, is the great headland, Dungeness, where, so legend tells us, the two shoemaker saints, Crispin and Crispian were wrecked and drowned. There seems to be little foundation for this story, but at the neighbouring village of Lydd a pile of stones used to be shown which, it was said, marked the grave of the saintly brothers.

And now we have come to the last stage of our present journey, for before us lie the Romney Marshes, a district so strange and remote that, although within sight of the French coast, it seems almost like the world's end.

'A bad place in winter, worse in summer, and at no time good,' so the old writer, Lambarde, describes this region, and it is said that its inhabitants, realising their isolation, declare that the world is divided into five parts: Europe, Asia, Africa, America—and Romney Marsh.

A. A. MUTHLEY.

SWORDS IN STORY.

THERE are many famous swords—from Antony's favourite blade, which was named 'Philippa', from the Battle of Philippi, down to the Sword of State, used at the Coronation of our monarchs, and the beautiful pearl-handled sword of the City of London.

A most beautiful and historical sword is borne before the Lord Mayor of York on State occasions. It was once the property of the Emperor Sigismund, who sent it to be hung above his stall at Windsor when Henry V. created him a Knight of the Garter. After his death, a Canon of Windsor, who happened to be a native of York, presented the Imperial weapon to his own city, which disputes with Chester the honour of possessing the finest Sword of State in the kingdom. The Chester sword, however, is now in the British Museum. It is about four feet long, with a two-edged blade; but it is so unwieldy that it can with difficulty be brandished by both hands. The hilt bears the inscription: 'Hugo Comes Cestriæ' for the Earldom of Chester was bestowed by William the Conqueror on his nephew, 'Hugh Lupus,' 'To hold as freely by the Sword as the King himself held the Realm of England by the Crown.'

The fierce Attila, the Hun, claimed to have found the sword of the god Mars, which, he declared, entitled him to world-wide dominion.

Julius Cæsar had a famous sword, called 'Crocea Mors,' or 'Yellow Death,' which it was said nothing living could escape.

The Turks have always been famous for swords and scimitars. Mediæval chronicles tell of many wonderful 'Damascus blades,' some of which were so beautifully tempered that they could be bent double without snapping. Mahomet's three favourite weapons were 'Al Batter' (the Beater); 'Medham' (the Keen); and 'Halef' (the Deadly); besides a scimitar, 'Dhu' el Fakar' (the Trenchant). His son-in-law, Ali, had a great sword named 'Zulfagar.' The hilts and scabbards of Oriental weapons are often richly inlaid and jewelled. Damascus has always been celebrated for the manufacture of swords and scimitars.

The heroes of mediæval tales were said to own wondrous swords. Charlemagne had two—made by Galas, one of the three celebrated cutlers of his day. It is said that Galas, Ansias, and Munifacan each made three splendid swords—it took three years to complete each one! Galas made 'Joyeuse' and 'Flamberg' (Flame-cutter) for the Emperor, and 'Haute-claire' for one of his valiant knights, Closmont. Ansias made 'Baptism,' 'Florence,' and 'Graban' for the heroic 'Strong-i-th'-arm,' while Munifacan fashioned 'Durandal' for Roland, and 'Sauvaine' and 'Courtain' for Ogier, or Holger the Dane, the hero of so many legends, but all these were hacked to pieces by Oliver's magic sword, 'Glorious.'

Sir Launcelot's sword was 'Aroundight,' and King Arthur's the famous 'Excalibur,' or 'Caliburn.' According to one legend, the Lady of the Lake gave him this weapon; another tale asserts that at the death of Uther Pendragon there were many claimants for the crown. They were told to assemble in 'The Great Church of London' on Christmas Eve. On arriving, they found a sword stuck in a stone anvil, with this inscription: 'He who can draw forth this sword, the same shall be King!' All the knights tried vainly to do so, but one day young Arthur, needing a weapon for a tournament, found and took this sword, not knowing it was enchanted, whereupon he was acknowledged to be the King. 'Excalibur' means 'Liberated from the Stone.'

In *The Faery Queen* the poet Spenser tells of Prince Arthur's sword:—

'Thereby his mortal blade full comely hung
In ivory sheath, ycarved with curious sleights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold; and handle strong,
Of mother-pearl, and buckled with a golden tongue.'

Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and Manx legends tell of magic weapons, forged by great smiths of olden times. In Ireland many wonderful swords are said to have been wrought by a famous blacksmith, the 'Goban Soar,' who resembles 'Wayland Smith,' or 'Wieland,' the Scandinavian Vulcan, who appears in English and Northern legends. His 'cave' is still shown in Berkshire. Wayland is said to have made the famous 'Balmung,' for Siegfried. The so-called 'cave' is really a cromlech.

The Bardic tales of Ireland speak of many swords, which only the true King could draw, or wield. There is a story of a dispute between the soldier Socht and a noble named Duibhrean, concerning the ownership of a sword with a hilt of silver and wards of gold. It was so flexible that the point could be brought round to the hilt, and when released, it sprang back like an ash-bow. It flashed light in the darkness, and would cut a hair placed on the water. Duibhrean got it by trickery, and Socht summoned him before the great council of chieftains, nobles, and bards, proving his right to the precious claymore by his ability to decipher the antique inscription within the hilt. The mythical heroes, Oisin, or Ossian, and Fionn Mac Cumhal, were also said to have had magic swords, and another wonderful weapon belonged to the King Brian Boru, who was a real monarch, and fell fighting the Danes at the Battle of Clontarf, in 1014.

Three other swords, besides the famous pearl one, are connected with the City of London. Queen Elizabeth gave the pearl-handled sword to the City when she opened the first Royal Exchange. It is carried before

the Lord Mayor on great occasions, and is presented to the Sovereign when he enters the City, a ceremony which took place at Temple Bar during the State Drive taken through London by King George and Queen Mary on the day after their Coronation.

The old sword of the English Kings was called 'Curtana,' a name now applied to the blunt sword, emblem of mercy, carried before the monarch at the Coronation, and said to have belonged to Edward the Confessor.

The Sword of State borne before the Lord Mayor of London is the second of the City swords, and is an emblem of his authority; 'The Black Sword' is used in Lent, or on other times of fasting, or on the death of a member of the Royal Family; the fourth of the City swords is laid before the Lord Mayor's seat at the Central Criminal Court.

When King Edward, as Prince of Wales, visited India in 1875, he was presented with a magnificent sword by the Maharajah of Cashmere. It is richly set with emeralds and diamonds, the value of the stones being computed at 8000*l.*, one solitaire diamond in the sword-belt being worth 4000*l.*! All Oriental rulers possess splendid jewelled weapons of great value.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 34.)

IT was the best part of an hour before the edge of the forest was reached, and then the path twisted amidst a thicket of trees until it ended abruptly in a small clearing. A sunny, pleasant place it was, with a shallow stream bordering one side. At the far end was a neat hut made of interlacing boughs, with a roof of thatch. And, close to the hut, was a huge tree, hollow half-way up the trunk. And around the base of the tree was a big heap of stones, piled thus for no purpose whatever, apparently.

Chinna stopped and pointed to the hut, and, very solemnly, he said, 'My house is your house. Here ye are welcome to remain as long as ye please. And I will see that ye want nothing. But touch not the tree, neither the heap of stones. Should ye do so, very surely evil will befall—a great evil that none may avert.' And then he began to smile again, and to call, 'O woman, come hither, and see what I have brought! Three white children whom the spirits have sent of their kindness to bring us good fortune.'

And from out of the hut a small, squat woman came running. She was as dark as Chinna and quite as ugly. She raised one hand to shelter her eyes from the glare of the sun, and stared with open mouth at the group facing her.

'Here is also a peahen for the pot,' Chinna went on. 'Make ready food. We are hungry.'

And, thereupon, he dropped the peahen on the ground as though he considered he had now explained everything sufficiently. And the little woman came running to pick it up, and gave a joyful squeak at the sight of the goat, which had hitherto escaped her notice.

'She also is the gift of the luck-bringers,' said Chinna. And then he strolled towards the wood fire which was

burning merrily at a safe distance from the hut. And he squatted down beside it, drew one of the rolls of tobacco from his hair, and began to smoke contentedly with half-shut eyes, very pleased, it seemed, with his morning's work.

The little woman stood silent for a moment, facing the children and grasping the hair of the goat's neck. She seemed almost afraid to address them at first, but at last she ventured timidly: 'Are ye, then, spirits walking the earth in children's shape? Can ye eat and drink as we eat and drink?'

'We certainly can eat,' the three chorussed immediately, conscious suddenly that they were extremely hungry.

'And we're just like anybody else,' Brian added. 'Only we're white.'

But the little woman was not even yet quite convinced that they were indeed mere human children. And she stretched out a stumpy, square-tipped finger cautiously, and touched one after another as though to reassure herself, until Chinna called out from his seat by the fire, 'Must we all starve while thou dost stand idle, woman? Make ready food quickly, as already I have ordered.' And at that she scuttled back to the hut, and began to pluck and prepare the peahen. The children followed her, and she talked to them as she worked.

'Where is your father, and where your mother?' she asked. 'Tis strange, indeed, that if ye be human children ye should be allowed to wander thus with none to care for you, and he so young.' And she pointed at Frederick.

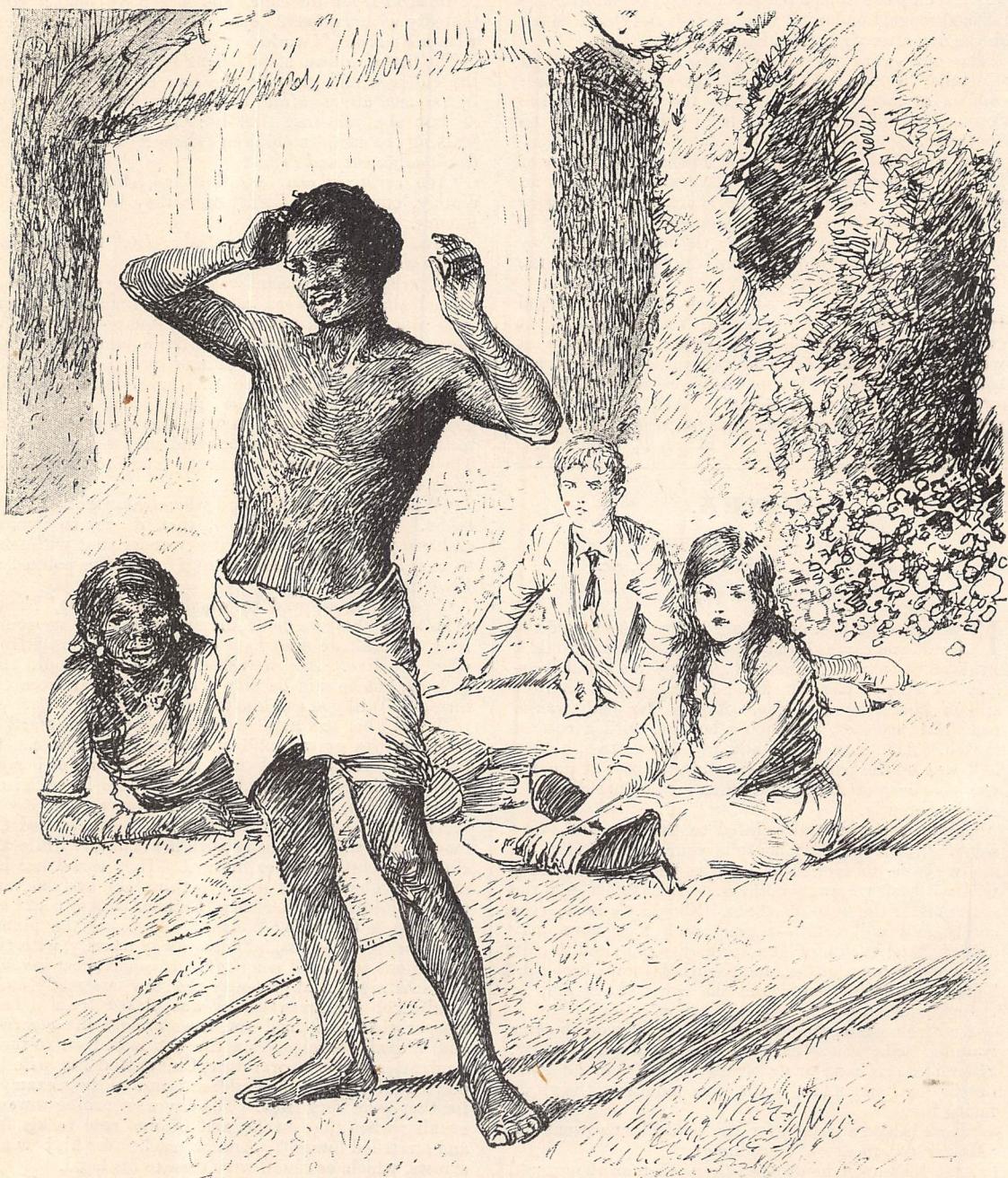
'We're not allowed to wander—we're lost,' Nancy explained; 'and we don't know how to get home again. And we think we must have come a very long way from where we live. And we asked Chinna if he would take us back, but he said he didn't like to go far from the forests. Will you ask him to help us?'

But at this the little woman looked much startled, and her eyes grew round with alarm. 'How can he leave the forests?' she asked. 'Here the water is good and the air is good, and of food there is sufficient. 'Twere foolish, indeed, to go on a far journey.'

And she seemed to think that this quite settled the matter, and went on busily with her cooking, while the children questioned her in turn. They asked her her name, but she did not seem to think she had one, and they decided to call her 'Mrs. Chinna,' as they could not well imitate Chinna's 'Woman.' And soon the peahen was in a big brass pot, bubbling away merrily, with rice and onions to keep it company. It smelt most savoury and inviting. And presently the stew was ready, and a handful of big green leaves was picked from a huge creeper that festooned the trees around the clearing, and liberal helpings from the pot ladled on to them. And, after the meal was over, Chinna and his wife lay down to sleep, and the children followed their example, for they were very tired. The day was turning towards evening when they awoke, and Chinna rose to his feet and stretched himself. And he reached for his bow and arrows, which, as usual, were close to his hand.

'I go hunting in the forests,' he said, and smiled at Brian. 'Thou shalt come with me, boy,' he added; 'and I will teach thee how thou must walk—lightly, very lightly, as do the jungle folk, so that none may know of thy coming.'

(Continued on page 50.)



"Chinna rose to his feet and stretched himself."



"She brought out a little wooden comb, and began to pass it through her long black hair."

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of '*The Secret Valley*,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 47.)

CHAPTER IV.

MOST eagerly Brian jumped up to follow, but Chinna stood considering him for a moment, and then pointed to his feet. 'Take off those leather coverings,' he said. 'And bind thy feet with soft cloth only. To-morrow I will make thee shoes of grass, meet for a hunter's work.'

And while Brian, nothing loth, pulled off his shoes and wound his stockings round his feet, Chinna disappeared into the hut, and came out again, carrying three or four arrows of an unusual appearance, for the head of each was smeared with some dark substance. Chinna wrapped a green leaf around these arrows to keep them apart from the others; and then, picking up a stone, he flung it on the heap at the foot of the tree. And, afterwards, he signed to Brian to follow him, and the two disappeared into the forest.

'Why did he throw a stone on that heap?' Frederick asked of Mrs. Chinna immediately.

'It was an offering to the spirits who live in the tree-trunk,' Mrs. Chinna explained. 'That there might be success in the hunting. And, always, morning and evening, do we add a stone that nothing may come near to harm us. And ever have the spirits granted us their protection, and made the tree their home. When they are angry, then harm will befall the tree, and they will depart. Thus we shall know.'

And she stooped and picked up a stone, and flung it on the heap. 'Lest I should have given offence,' she added hastily, 'by talking so freely of such great ones. It is lonely in the forest when my man goes hunting,' she went on presently. 'Glad am I, very glad, that ye have come to keep me company.'

It certainly did not seem a good moment to suggest again that they should take their departure, and so Nancy asked: 'Have you lived in this clearing for a very long time? Where are your own people?'

'They live in the forest also,' said Mrs. Chinna. 'But not too near, that each may not spoil the other's hunting. And this has been our home since my man bought me from my father. Proud was I that so great a hunter should choose me as his wife. Proud was my father also, and he paid much money that I should be duly decorated for the honour.'

And she pointed to her bare legs which were covered with the most elaborate patterns, tattooed on the skin, and then painted blue. So interwoven were the many lines that, at a little distance, Mrs. Chinna seemed to be dressed in long blue trousers beneath the short blue skirt she wore. In addition to this skirt she had a piece of white cotton cloth loosely draped round her shoulders, one end of which she sometimes threw over her head. She was also bedecked with a quantity of cheap Indian jewellery, and had huge earrings in her ears, and a hoop ring in her nose.

She began now to busy herself with various tasks, bustling hither and thither like a cheerful, fussy, black ant. She collected the best of the peacock's feathers, and laid them aside carefully that they might be used later for winging arrows. She scrubbed the big brass pot in which the stew had been cooked until it shone as

brightly as a piece of glass. And, lastly, she brought out a little wooden comb, and began to pass it through her long black hair with one hand, while she rubbed cocoanut oil into the roots with the other. And, all the while, she found breath and leisure to ask Nancy a stream of questions, and listened to the answers as Frederick would listen to a fairy tale.

'And ye live in a house far bigger than ours,' she said. 'With many rooms? And ye have servants to wait upon you? Without doubt ye are the sons and daughter of some great king. Presently, will your parents send to fetch you? Indeed, there is no need that my man should leave the forest as ye did wish him to do.'

'But they won't know where to look for us,' Nancy objected.

Whereupon Mrs. Chinna shook her head vigorously. 'Never will they be content until they find you again,' she said. 'Lo, children draw the heart after them as the flower draws the bee to its honey. Would I not seek for a lost child of mine until I found it, living or dead? Be content then. All will be well. And now we will gather wood for the fire that it may be warm and pleasant against the return of the men.'

And Mrs. Chinna began to trot about the clearing, or, rather, round the edge of it, collecting armfuls of dry wood; and Nancy and Frederick, much amused that Brian should be called a man, helped to collect wood also. And Nancy, as she worked, thought of what Mrs. Chinna had said, and more and more reasonable did it appear. Surely, the search for them would never be abandoned until their fate was definitely known? Surely, a search party might at any moment appear? They could not be far from the main course of the river, as the forest had been visible from its banks. In any case, it seemed that the most foolish thing that they could do was to wander off again alone, and lose their way as they had lost it before, and get further than ever from the river, and find no kind Chinna to feed and protect them. And be cruelly treated, perhaps, by the treacherous villagers of whom he had spoken.

'Nancy,' called Frederick at this point in a startled voice. 'There's things in the trees. I expect it's Chinna's spirits. Come and look.'

He had wandered a little way from the clearing, and now came running back again. And, from the trees above his head, broke out a loud clattering and chattering, and a shower of leaves and twigs came fluttering down. But, before Frederick had time to be really frightened, Mrs. Chinna called, smiling, 'It is but the monkeys, little one, who guard our home for us. They are our sentinels. Always they give us warning of anything strange or dangerous. They have been all day feeding in the forests, and so they do not know as yet that ye are our friends. But, soon, they will understand.'

She went into the hut, and brought out a handful of grain, and threw it on the ground. And, from the trees, the monkeys came swarming, pushing against each other, snatching at the food, quarrelling and capering. They were of every size and every age, from the huge leaders of the flock to the tiniest babies. These last were boldest of all, and sidled nearest to the hut, until their mothers caught them, and shook and scolded them. And then the whole troop scuttered into the trees as a shout came from the darkening forest.

(Continued on page 63.)

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

IN the streamlet that gently flows on through the mead,
In the song of the wind, there is music indeed;
In the hum of the bee and the carol of birds
There are melodies sweet, there are songs without words.

In the tones that for pity and tenderness plead,
In the word that forgives, there is music indeed;
In the sighs of compassion from Love's tender chords,
There are melodies sweet, there are songs without words.

FRANK ELLIS.

HOW SOME REGIMENTS GOT THEIR NAMES.

THERE are some regiments whose names are easy to explain, while others are more difficult. For instance, any boy could say why one regiment is called the Northamptons or the Dorsets; but not so many would be ready with a reason for the name Hussars. Then, why should some be called Guards and others not?

The Guards are so named because originally it was their special duty to guard the person of the prince or king, from which it will be easy to understand the meaning of Life Guards. Another name for these regiments is Household troop, and in the British Army there are six regiments, some cavalry, others infantry, whose peculiar duty is to attend the sovereign and defend the metropolis.

Of these the Grenadier Guards are well known because of the song, 'The British Grenadiers.' There are two lines in it which indicate how the name came to be given. They are—

Our leaders march with fuses
And we with hand grenades.'

The Grenadiers, years ago, were the men who went in front of the infantry and threw grenades or bombs at the enemy. As the better the thrower, the more the destruction done, the very strongest men were picked for this. A champion cricket-ball thrower would have stood a good chance. Grenades, which are small shells of iron or glass filled with explosives and bits of iron, are still thrown in war, but not by any special regiment. Most of our men in the trenches have tried their hand at throwing, and some have even made grenades out of jam tins.

The word 'Dragoon' would suggest to a thoughtful boy the other word, 'dragon.' It is thought by some that they are so called because in olden times they had a dragon on their standard, others suggest that it is because they were armed with a short musket called, in French, dragon. A dragoon used to be a soldier trained to fight either on horseback or foot: now the term is used for heavy cavalry as opposed to hussars and lancers. The famous Scots Greys was the earliest dragoon regiment.

Of course, every boy knows why the Lancers are so called, but clever men have found the word 'Hussars' one difficult to explain. It was thought by some to be due to the fact that in olden times in Hungary one horse-soldier had to be provided from every group of twenty families, the word for twenty being *husy*. Others have considered it due to the raiding horse-soldiers of a king of Hungary, named Matthias Corvinus,

who lived about the time of the Wars of the Roses. This troop was nicknamed 'the gooseherd,' or 'hussar.' Others, again, believe it to be an altered form of the same Latin word from which our word 'corsair,' meaning 'pirate,' comes.

Fusiliers, like the word Grenadiers, is one which has gone out of date. In olden times, the men who belonged to these regiments were armed with a fusil, a gun with a piece of flint in the hammer for striking fire and lighting the powder. It would go hard with the Fusiliers to-day if that was their only weapon. The rifle which is now in common use gave its name to several regiments, as the Rifle Brigade, the Royal Irish Rifles, and King's Royal Rifle Corps.

One of the Guards, the Coldstreams, got its name from a small Scottish village on the River Tweed. Here, General Monk, who had a great deal to do with the return of Charles II., raised a troop of soldiers, and the name has kept with them ever since.

Other names are easily traced. The Sherwood Foresters reminds us of Robin Hood and his merry men; the Welsh and Scottish Borderers take us back to the times when the land between England and Scotland, and Wales and England, was the scene of many a fierce fight; whilst the Highlanders are an evidence of the wisdom of the great William Pitt. You remember how in olden times the daring inhabitants of the Highlands were ever ready for a fight. They were always a trouble to the officers of the law until Pitt thought, if they loved fighting so well, they would make good soldiers of the King. He started to enrol them in 1757, and two years later they were amongst the first who scaled the cliffs at Quebec and followed Wolfe to victory and to death.

But whatever the origin of the names of our regiments, we know the soldiers in them will carry out the spirit of Nelson's command, 'England expects every man to do his duty.'

P. HAWKINS.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

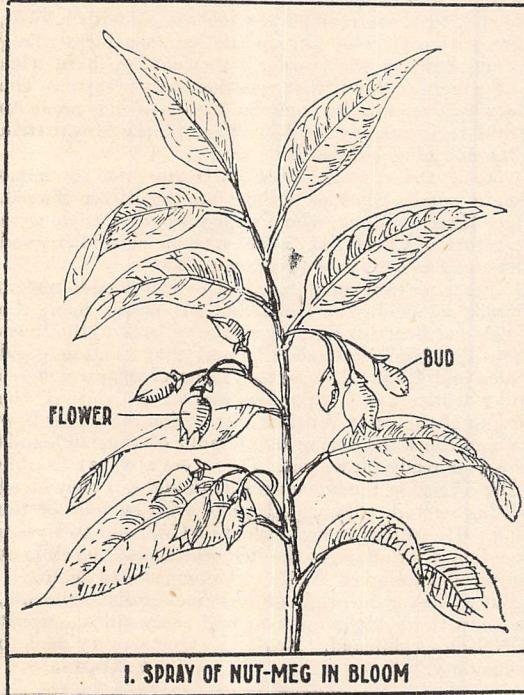
SO plentiful is the provision made for man that harvesting is always going on in the world, in one place or another. In January, wheat is being cut in New Zealand and in the vast fields of the Argentine. During the two following months it is cut in Egypt and the East Indies. In April, Asia Minor, Cyprus, Cuba, and Persia have their harvest. China and Japan have theirs in May. Reapers in Turkey, Greece, Spain, southern France, and most of the southern States of America, are cutting wheat in June, which is the busiest harvesting month of the year. July is harvesting-time in the more northerly American States, also in Germany, Austria, and some parts of Russia. August is our own harvest season; that of Sweden and Norway is September and October. Pera and South Africa gather in their corn during November and December. Thus harvesting goes on all the year round. E. DYKE.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SPICE TRADE.

II.—THE PEPPERERS AND THE NUTMEG.

IMUST tell you now what the shops of ancient times, where our spices were sold, were like. It seems that when our cities and towns were first built, very little thought was given to the necessity for shops! They developed gradually from the markets of which I

have already told you. Trades began to separate from one another, like trades seeming to attract one another, so that in certain parts of cities or towns you found them living as neighbours. This seems strange to us now, because we do not usually find a number of drapers, say, taking up their residence in the same street.



I. SPRAY OF NUT-MEG IN BLOOM

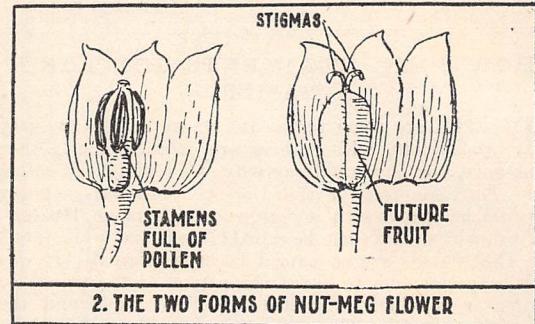
But so it was in olden times. A tradesman and his family would reside in the upper floors of the house (which generally had overhanging floors), and he would manufacture his goods or store his merchandise on the ground-floor and in the back premises. He generally had several apprentices, who had to serve for a number of years under their master, thus thoroughly learning the trade. (I will tell you more about apprentices later.) For shops the trader then had narrow trestle-tables outside his front windows, or in the road in front of his house. Here the goods were introduced to the passers-by by the apprentices, who would vie with one another in trying to obtain the custom of the public, making, I fear, a terrible noise with their shouts!

I always think of those times when I pass that quaint bit of old London known as 'Holborn Bars.' There you can picture happening just what I have told you. There are the overhanging floors, and the low shops with very unimportant windows; no doubt these were very fine shops in Elizabeth's day!

The gathering together of tradesmen of like trades is even in these days indicated by the names of streets, not only in London, but in many other cities and towns. In Westcheap (now Cheapside) and Eastcheap were to be found what we should now call provision merchants, that is, they sold cheese, spices, bread, &c. Eastcheap was the home of the most important butchers. Part of Cheapside, still called 'Poultry,' tells its own tale. In Chester, a most delightful old city, where are many

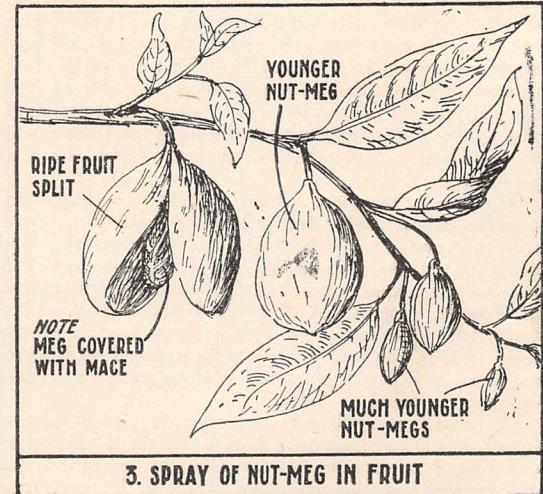
examples of ancient shops there called 'Rows,' you find a Pepper Street; in Norwich there is still a Spicery Row, and in Dartmouth there is a Butter Walk. There are lots of reminders of old business ways in ancient towns, and the names of streets will often reveal to you much interesting history.

With the increase of trade and the establishment of shops came the formation of craft-gilds. In early times there were many gilds, their work being to regulate the rules of their trade and see that they were kept; and to see, also, that no one was allowed to trade unless he had served his proper number of years of apprenticeship.



Then, too, a person in some cases could not just come into a town and set up a shop for his trade; he had to be formally admitted, and supported by six men of the town, who undertook that he was of good character and a desirable addition to the town!

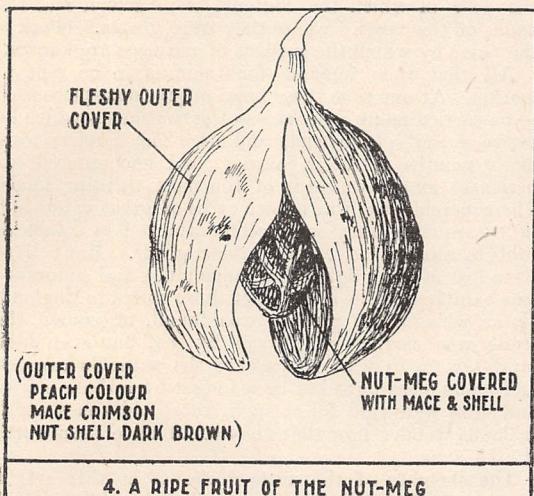
Now the spice trade at this time was conducted by Spicers and Pepperers. It seems queer to us in these times that people should actually make their livings, and good livings, too, by dealing only in spices. As I have said before, we do not lay so much store by spices in these days—they are more common. But you must understand that in early times the food of the people



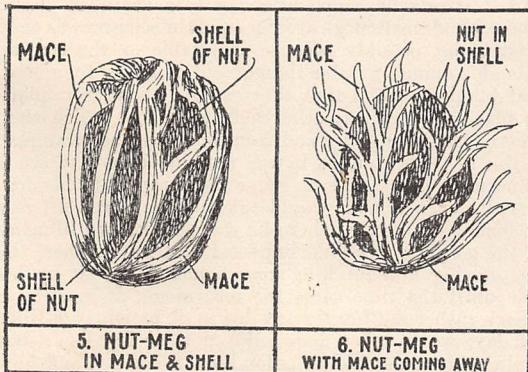
was very rough and very unappetising, and so, to make it more acceptable, it was often highly spiced. Thus you see spices were of greater concern then than now. These spices were brought great distances by land and

by sea at immense expense and peril, and were sold at very high prices. Among the rich, too, spiced drinks were very popular; in fact, spices were among the chief luxuries of the time. With these explanations, it is easy to see how the trade of the Spicers came about, and consequently Gilds of Spicers arose in different parts of the country.

But an older and more important gild than the Spicers



was the Pepperers, though it is very difficult to make out what was the difference between their trades. In a very interesting book, called *The Grocery Trade*, by J. Aubrey Rees, I found a copy of certain rules which the Pepperers made and enforced, with the help of the



Mayor of London and his Aldermen. I copy them here, as they give you a very good idea of the power and importance of the Pepperers' Gild. Here they are:—

'That no one in the trade, or other person in his name or for him, shall mix any of the wares, that is to say, shall put old things into new, or new things with old, by reason whereof the good thing may be impaired by the old; nor yet things of one price, or of one sort, with other things of another price or of another sort.'

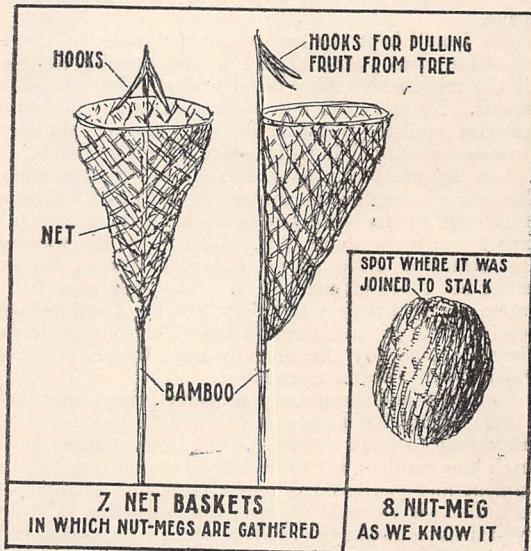
'That no person shall sub any manner of wares' (that is to say, to arrange various bales so as to make the ends

of the bale contain better goods than the inner part, and thus deceive the buyer into thinking the whole bale of one high quality).

'That no one shall moisten any manner of merchandise, such as saffron, alum, ginger, cloves, and such manner of things as may admit of being moistened; that is to say, by steeping ginger, or turning the saffron out of the sack and then anointing it or bathing it in water, or any deterioration arise to the merchandise.'

'That every vendor shall give to his buyer the thing that is on sale by the hundredweight of 112 pounds to the hundredweight, 16 ounces to go to every pound, save (that) things confected and powdered are to be sold by the 12 ounces to the pound, the same as always been the custom. Also that all their weights shall agree the one with the other.'

You will see by this that there were some rogues in trade in those days, as always! The reason for the first part of this document was to prevent adulteration.



Then the next part refers to the fact that deceptions were often practised on buyers. This happens now sometimes. Take the case of strawberries: you will sometimes get a basket with beauties on the top, but rubbish at the bottom! Then as to 'Moistening': this is an old trick for making things *weigh more*, and thus the trader would get more money for his goods.

Now, as I have already said, the Banda Islands were the chief centre of the Nutmeg trade many years ago. I want you to fully realise the size of these islands, so please refer to the large map again (see page 12). There are really ten islands in this group, but some are so small that I have not put them in. The largest island is Lonthor or Great Banda, and it is more or less crescent-shaped; its greatest length is six miles, and its greatest width is one mile and a half; so you see even that largest island is quite small. Nutmegs grow and have grown for hundreds of years there quite *wild*; they require practically no cultivation and no manure. They never develop any forms of disease, as

plants usually do when they are made to grow away from their native soil.

In Bickmore's *Travels in the Eastern Archipelago* I read that during most of the sixteenth century the Portuguese were masters of Banda, but in 1609 the Dutch made up their minds that *they* would take possession. So they went out with what was then a great force, of seven hundred men; but they had a very warm reception. Though Banda is only a very small bit of the world, the then occupants fought very hard to keep their rich possessions. It took the Dutch eighteen years to conquer the Portuguese, but when they did finally manage it they had killed quite a quarter of the natives, and the remainder went away to other islands. So the Dutch had to find people to work their gardens, and to do this they first of all brought slaves, and later (when slavery was forbidden) they had convicts to do the work. When Mr. Bickmore visited these islands, many of the people he could at once recognise as convicts, for they were compelled to wear iron rings round their necks.

The Dutch kept the entire nutmeg trade to themselves for many years. To do this they used to destroy all the trees which they could find growing on other islands. Nutmegs are now cultivated largely in South America and the West Indies, but nowhere do they grow so perfectly as in their native islands of Banda.

Now let me tell you what they are like growing. The proper name for the nutmeg is *Myristica fragrans*. It belongs to the same family as the Myrtles, which I expect you know quite well. Like them, the nutmeg has beautiful clear green, glossy, evergreen leaves, rather like those of our laurels. The trees when fully grown are from twenty to thirty feet high, and branch nearly to the ground, forming beautiful compact trees. They are generally sheltered by huge Canari trees, of which I will tell you more later.

To understand the nutmeg properly I must introduce a little botany, but I am sure you will forgive me. You know that to form a fruit, pollen from stamens must reach the pistil of a flower. Now, the nutmeg has its stamens and pistils on different trees, and so some of both kinds have to be grown; the proportion is about two-thirds pistil-carrying, and one-third stamen-carrying, so you see that not all the trees carry fruits.

In fig. 1, I show you a spray of nutmeg in bloom. The flowers are of a deep cream colour, and they have only three petals; but the details here are too small to show which form of flowers they are. In fig. 2, I give a drawing of each kind cut open. The climate in these spice islands is so hot, all the year round, that flowers and fruits in various stages are always to be found.

The fruits when ripe are very like peaches both in size and colour. When quite ripe they split into two equal parts, showing within a dark brown nut covered with a beautiful tracery of crimson. Fig. 3 shows a spray of nutmeg in fruit, carrying fruits in various stages of ripeness. The crimson tracery on the nuts is what is known in commerce as Mace. Fig. 4 shows a ripe fruit with nut within. Fig. 5 depicts the nut and mace without the outer cover. Fig. 6 represents a nut from which the mace is separating. The ripe fruits are collected from the trees in a sort of net bag suspended on bamboos, something like my sketch in fig. 7.

The outer cover is removed and the mace stripped from the nut. The mace is dried in the sun in baskets till quite light yellow in colour. It is then ready for

use, and is packed in casks and shipped off to commercial centres.

The nuts are spread out on trays under which is a slow fire by which they are dried. When they are quite dry, the kernel rattles in its outer cover; this cover is removed by hand, and the nutmegs, as you know them, are the kernels (fig. 8). These are sorted out in sizes and packed in teak casks. These casks are marked with the year in which the contents were grown and the name of the 'park' where they were grown. (Park is the name by which the gardens of nutmegs are known.)

All that then remains for them is to be sent to market. At one time these bales of precious spices used to be carried many miles across the continents which lie between the spice islands and us. The carriers were many months on their journey, and encountered experiences and adventures of the most thrilling kinds. Their merchandise was known to be of great value and, in consequence, they were often attacked by bands of robbers anxious to capture their goods. Many lives were lost in these fights, and much pluck and endurance was exhibited in the bringing of those spices to England. Later, when a sea passage was found, of course the trade was carried on always by sea, but even here pirates were in wait to capture the valuable cargoes, and many a sea fight has been fought over these spices, and sums were paid for them in those old times which make us wonder now that they could have been worth it all!

The sketches of the nutmeg shown in this article were made from illustrations kindly placed at my disposal by the authorities at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

E. M. BARLOW.

BLIND MEN'S DOGS.

WE still sometimes see a blind man led along the streets by a dog attached to a chain or leash. These blind men's dogs are not so often seen now as they used to be, possibly because the traffic of the streets, though so much greater than of old, is better regulated, and blind men find that they can get about from place to place without any other help than that which they receive from the police and from kind-hearted strangers.

But in years gone by it was not uncommon to see a blind musician or a newsvendor accompanied by his dog. Usually such a man would take up his stand all day at some busy corner, where he was well known to many of the people who regularly passed that way. There the dog, having brought him from home, would sit by his side until the time came for returning. It must have been a rather sad life for any dog to sit patiently on duty all day, while other dogs enjoyed their freedom; but knowing how much dogs enjoy human society, and how much they are attached to their masters, the lot of the blind man's dog was, perhaps, not so hard as we might think it to be.

The use of dogs as guides and protectors of blind men goes back to remote times, and, with the exception of hunting and watching, is one of the oldest uses to which they have been put. In one of the manuscripts in the British Museum there is a picture of a blind beggar being led by a dog. This picture is nearly six hundred years old, and the man is dressed in a long cloak with hanging sleeves, and a hood which covers all but his face. He wears long shoes with pointed toes, and carries a staff as tall as himself. He looks, in fact, just like a pilgrim;

and it is quite possible that he journeyed from town to town like the pilgrims, begging by the way, and lodging at night in the inns or in the guest-houses of the monasteries, just as the pilgrims did. His dog, which looks rather like a fox, is held by a long leash.

In St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, there is a window known as the 'Pedlar's Window.' The church is nearly five hundred years old, and it is said that about the time when it was new a pedlar left an acre of land to the parish of Lambeth, on condition that a window should be set up in the church, and that he and his dog should be represented in the window. As time passed, the acre of land became more and more valuable, and now, it is said, the rents from it amount to a thousand pounds a year. Some years ago the Pedlar's Window was removed, and another one was put in its place; but the change aroused the indignation of many people, who thought that the pedlar's memory ought to be fully respected, and these people raised such an outcry that the old window had to be restored.

In the time of Shakespeare the city watchmen were often accompanied upon their rounds by dogs. In the dark and narrow streets, full of corners, arches, and passages where thieves and other evil-doers might lurk unnoticed by the passing watchmen, alert dogs must have been very useful, both for finding the hidings and protecting the watchmen. At the present time watchdogs are being used for the same purposes upon our docks and also in the streets of many foreign towns. The watchdogs of Shakespeare's time sometimes followed at the heels of the watchman, and were sometimes led by a chain.

W. A. ATKINSON.

THE PHANTOM FUNDS.

A School Story.

TREACHER was not a popular boy at Longford's. Not that he ever interfered with any one or complained of the unjust way in which many treated him; but the fact that he found his own society sufficiently entertaining was regarded by the community of which he was a member as a distinct insult.

'I can't do with a silent cove,' said Kenneth Watson to his chum, Galloway. 'One never knows what he is going to be up to next.'

Galloway quite agreed; but it must be pointed out that these two boys were over-sensitive concerning the secret actions of others, because they had a weakness themselves for forming secret societies. In a single term Kenneth Watson had been known to establish at least twenty clubs with mysterious rules and still more unaccountable names. To none of these would Treacher seek election, and his willingness to hold aloof was very galling. Treacher did not care for secret societies; Treacher had other matters to occupy his mind, and on one occasion he stung the president and secretary into a state of fury by informing them that he objected to the noisiness of their secret doings. After that they let him go his way, but without forgiveness.

One afternoon when the Christmas term was drawing near its close, Treacher made a strange and wonderful discovery. In the course of a lonely 'mooch' about the deserted quarters of Longford he found himself in a ruinous out-building, the history of which gave much room for speculation to the more imaginative scholars of the old school. It was the general impression among such antiquarians that this building represented the

sole remaining fragment of a mediæval castle with a past far more glorious than its present. The gardener at Longford disagreed entirely with such romantic notions, and found it necessary to express his views pretty strongly at times in order to stop 'them interfering boys' from meddling with his tools and various garden produce, which he kept in the two gloomy, stone apartments furnished by the 'Conqueror's Keep'—as Treacher and Co. insisted on calling the place.

On the afternoon in question, Treacher had come with more than his usual enthusiasm to investigate the walls of the larger of the two chambers: an enthusiasm stimulated by an exciting story he had lately read concerning a quantity of treasure hidden away within the walls of an ancient stronghold, and only revealed in modern days by the stroke of a workman's pickaxe.

'Ten to one,' said Treacher to himself, 'that something of the sort is hidden here. Anyhow, it'll be a bit of a lark to search for it.'

So he began at once the engrossing task. In true and proper style he walked round the chamber, tapping each of the four walls with a stout stick. He tapped them up and he tapped them down, scarcely missing a single stone, and at last the sound he expected fell on his ears.

'There's a hollow here,' said Treacher, 'or why is the sound so dull? There's a secret space behind this stone!' The spot referred to was hardly a foot above the ground, and was in the wall which divided the two chambers. Treacher whipped out his knife. Immense was his delight to find that by a little scraping of the mortar he could loosen the stone. A moment more and it slipped bodily from its position to reveal a cavity that made Treacher gasp. He had provided himself with one of those delightful little electric torches, so useful when peering into sombre nooks and corners. He turned a brilliant beam into the cavity, and what he saw was nothing short of bewildering. A number of ancient-looking coins lay before him, resting comfortably on a crumpled document of weather-worn appearance. Treacher's mouth watered. Here was matter for investigation: here was mystery of the most captivating order!

With a greedy hand he swiftly took possession of the treasure, but had hardly made it his own when a babel of voices on the further side of the wall filled him with dismay. His alarm was all the greater when he recognised among them the strident tones of Galloway and Watson. Clearly enough they had chosen the second chamber in the Conqueror's Keep as the trysting-place for their secret society. With cautious hand Treacher slipped the stone back into its place; worked in a quantity of mortar and dust to hide all signs of its recent removal, and stole silently away.

'This is business!' said he to himself when far enough off to feel safe. 'Little do the boobies guess what they might have found if they had had the sense to look.'

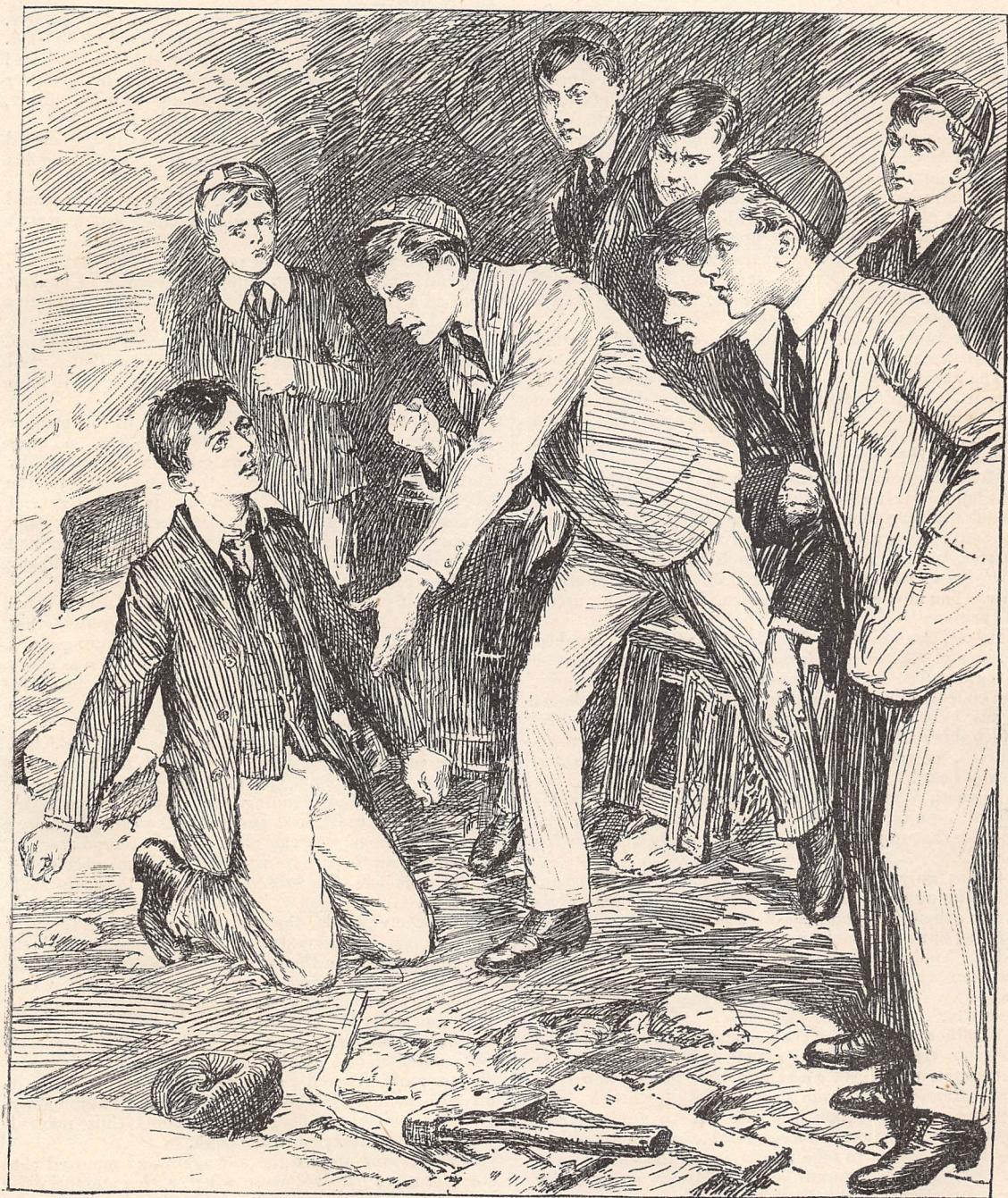
Clutching the treasure in the crumpled document, he hurried to a secluded corner of the common-room, and here, secure from prying eyes, he unfolded the wonder for closer inspection.

Then did the unmistakable signs of disappointment, concern, dread and fear, take possession of Treacher's face. Leaping to his feet, he thrust the treasure-trove deep into his pocket, and sped from the room, eager to compose himself before any one could detect his confusion. His subsequent actions were circumspect in the extreme.

(Concluded on page 58.)



"A number of ancient-looking coins lay before him."



“‘Fork it out!’ cried Watson.”

THE PHANTOM FUNDS.

(Concluded from page 55.)

MEANWHILE a lively scene was taking place in the Conqueror's Keep. Treacher had been correct in his surmise. The noble order of the Ku-Klux-Klan had assembled under the chairmanship of Kenneth Watson to consider the future actions of the Society. A roll-call having proved that every member (nine in all) was present, Kenneth, assuming a function not usual with chairmen, exclaimed in a loud voice: 'I now propose that Mr. Treasurer (his real name was Potter) be called upon to produce the cryptic charter of the Society and its total funds, as they at present stand.'

'Nothing simpler!' came the voice of Potter, with just a dash of defiance in its tone. 'But you always seem jolly anxious about the coin.'

'Prevention is better than cure, my man,' retorted the Chairman.

The insinuation was more than Potter's temper could support. Turning sharply upon Watson, he flung an old dinner knife at his feet. 'There's the key of the bank!' he cried. 'Open it yourself. I resign the treasurership!'

Kenneth eyed him sternly. For a moment his wrath was impressively silent, then in withering tones he said: 'You're talking tommy-rot. You can't resign till I kick you out; for every one knows that by the cryptic charter, once a member of the Ku-Klux-Klan means always a member, unless the will of the Chief is otherwise. You have committed treason. Mr. Sergeant, arrest the prisoner!'

Potter, assuming a Napoleonic attitude, laughed derisively. A pale-faced, timid little boy, named Power—the smallest of the nine—marched on the treasurer, and endeavoured to do his duty. The utter fruitlessness of his efforts aroused a titter among the assembly, which broke into unseemly laughter when Potter exclaimed, jocosely, 'Now, Mr. Sergeant, leave off tickling, do you hear!'

Kenneth Watson, red with fury at the insult to his official dignity, bore down upon the rebel, and the smother that followed led Galloway to raise his voice for 'order.'

It was only adding fuel to the fire, for the chairman, still hanging on to the treasurer's neck quite regardless of the apoplectic symptoms he was inducing, yelled out hotly: 'Shut up, can't you! It's my place to keep order. You're only secretary.'

'Then why don't you stop this rotting?' retorted Galloway. 'We shall have half the school in here presently.'

Whether wounded by the evidence in this speech that his most trusted ally had ratted, or impressed by the warning it contained, we cannot say; but certain it is that Kenneth suspended hostilities forthwith, and donning the air which we are led to suppose was assumed by Cromwell on a memorable occasion, ordered the timid sergeant to take up the key of the bank.

Silence followed tumult, as little Power, acting under the instructions of the chairman, made his way to the wall at one side of the chamber, and, inserting the key between two courses of the masonry, coaxed a large stone from its position. The members (with the exception of Potter, who was searching the dirty floor for his collar stud) gathered round, but a moment later all

stepped back with an exclamation of concern. The cavity was empty!

Kenneth walked through the cordon of onlookers, smiling triumphantly. 'Just as I thought,' he said. 'Every penny gone, and the charter into the bargain! Close the bank!' he added, grimly; and little Power replaced the stone with melancholy deliberation. 'Now, Mr. Treasurer, what have you got to say?'

Potter, still on all fours, looked up at the crowd around him in speechless amazement, transferring his gaze to each face in turn.

'Fork it out!' cried Watson. 'I guessed you would be up to some hanky-panky if a close watch wasn't kept.'

Potter's presence of mind returned. 'Say that again, you cad!' he shouted, springing to his feet. 'I haven't touched a penny. It was safe in there twenty minutes ago. I saw it. So did Galloway.'

'Sh—h! Don't make such a row!' cried two or three.

'A row, eh?' sneered Potter. 'I like that. Tell this beggar to eat his words. If you don't, I'll push 'em down his throat.'

There was so much righteous anger in his manner that even Watson quailed before him, but oil was poured on the troubled waters next moment by Galloway. 'I move a resolution,' said he, 'to the effect that what Mr. Treasurer says is quite right. I remember seeing the funds of the society in the bank twenty minutes ago, together with the charter, and since that time the treasurer has been in my company all the while.'

'Then if you are not sharing the plunder,' said Watson morosely, 'I suppose we must take it for granted that some bounder has discovered our secret hiding-place. Don't be so touchy,' he added, as Galloway was about to interrupt. 'Upon my word, I shall resign the chairmanship of the society if I can't express an opinion without being jumped on.'

The apology was understood, and the Ku-Klux-Klan, as became a discreet society, proceeded to discuss the situation reasonably. The final outcome was an elaborate scheme for running the culprit to earth by placing some ink-stained pennies in the bank as a lure; and so ingenious was the plan, so great the prospect of entertainment in the result, that not a member could deplore the loss of a subscription likely to secure such sport.

'Mark my words, the plot will pan out A1,' cried Watson, as the discussion reached a close. 'We put the enticing bait in the bank, keep away from the place for a time, and I'll undertake to say that no fellow can touch the stuff without leaving a dye mark on his hands that time only will get rid of.'

While speaking he drew a little bottle from his pocket (its contents had been used to engross the cryptic charter), and allowed a drop or two to escape from it on to a penny. Galloway, Potter and Power readily made a similar sacrifice, and the coins thus marked were forthwith carried to the bank.

Little Power applied the key again and removed the stone, but had hardly done so when, with a startled cry, he leapt to his feet. 'Look! Look!' he exclaimed, pointing into the cavity. 'There it is! Watson, Potter—all of you—look! How on earth did it get there?'

With tingling nerves, the members of the Ku-Klux-Klan crowded their heads together, and stared into the mysterious bank. There was no doubting what they

saw. The cryptic charter, with the Society's funds, lay in the accustomed place. Astounding! Unaccountable! Marvellous in the extreme! They looked at each other in bewilderment. Who could explain such a remarkable occurrence? No one. It was not to be explained, and so impressed were the Ku-Klux-Klan by its uncanniness that they agreed to withdraw their funds and dissolve the club.

This resolution might not have been so unanimously supported if, during the sitting, they had seen Treacher (after putting the money back in the hole of the dividing wall) steal softly from the companion chamber of the Conqueror's Keep, and had heard him mutter: 'That was a narrow squeak of tumbling into hot water, upon my word!'

JOHN LEA.

A POINTED ARGUMENT.

S AID the pencil to the rubber,
‘Your manners I deplore;
The lines I drew were beautiful—
I won’t draw any more;
I think it’s most impertinent
Such drawing to erase;
The members of the pencil-box
All think it’s a disgrace.’

Said the paper to the pencil,
‘I think the rubber’s right;
Your marks were very heavy, when
They should have been quite light;
I hope you’ll beg his pardon, and
Just draw them once again,
For when you scratched my tender face
He rubbed away the pain! ’

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE DUTCH WINDMILL.

HOLLAND is the country of the canal, the bulb, and the windmill. The last-named has a great deal to do; for it not only does the usual grinding work of a mill; it has also to act as a news-giver. The births, marriages, and deaths which occur in the miller’s family, instead of being announced in a newspaper, are notified by the mill. When the miller is married, the mill is stopped with the arms of the wheel in a slanting position, and with sails unfurled. To announce a birth, he again stops the wheel in a slanting position, but at a more acute angle than that of the wedding-day, while the two upper sails are unfurled. When a miller dies, *all* the sails are unfurled. The wheel is turned round until the arms form an upright cross, and in this position they remain until after the funeral. If one of these mills could talk, it would perhaps say something like this (but of course it would speak Dutch):

‘I am the mill; your bread you owe to me,
And very much obliged you ought to be.

‘I am the mill; of wedded love I tell,
Less noisily than clash of marriage-bell.

‘I am the mill; my upper sails unfurled
Tell that a child is born into the world.

‘I am the mill; I mourn my master’s loss;
But bid his friends find comfort in the Cross.’

E. D.

FROM OUR READERS.

I.—THE CUCKOO.

D OWN in the dark, deep, silent wood,
Deep in the thicket green,
There you will hear the voice of a bird,
But the bird itself’s unseen.

Long may you hunt to find the bird,
Long, may it be, in vain,
Till one day a glimpse you may catch,
But fleet as of falling rain.

But the glimpse of the bird long will stay,
Stay in the inward mind,
And you will remember the cuckoo
When blows the winter wind.

GERALDINE HAMILTON (*age 12*).

A YEAR IN A GARDEN.

II.—FEBRUARY.

ONE of the seed-boxes was used for mustard and another for cress. But the mustard was sown a few days later than the cress, as it grows much more quickly. Both boxes were placed in a warm cupboard in the kitchen and covered with glass. Billy had also bought a packet of cos lettuce seed, and some of this was mixed with a little silver sand, and then sown rather thickly in another box. This lettuce seed would be grown in exactly the same way as the mustard and cress, and would be cut and eaten when it would be about three inches high. As soon as the first little seed leaves appeared the boxes would be brought out into the light. In another packet of seed Billy had centred very high hopes; these were Ailsa Craig tomato seeds. They were in a deeper box, one inch apart, so that the little plants would have plenty of room to grow. Afterwards the children washed and scrubbed clean a number of little three-inch pots, into which the tomato seedlings would be pricked out in April.

A fine half-holiday towards the end of the month gave them a chance to do some work outside, and they made a bed for shallots. This bed sloped a little and faced the east, so that it got all the morning sun when there was any. It was about a yard wide, and, with a straight strip of wood, it was marked off in rows nine inches apart; then the bulbs were just pressed down into the soil, not buried at all, one at a time, six inches from each other. As they worked, the children felt that spring had really come. The sun was shining; bees were coming out of their hives at the bottom of the garden; a lovely little hose-in-hose was out in the polyanthus bed; and the tulips were beginning to push up their pointed leaves impatiently into the light. But, unfortunately, that night a frost came and loosened all the bulbs, and when it thawed Billy and Babe had to spend an hour settling them back into their holes again. Once more trouble happened to the bulbs before they got a chance to start making roots; it came the last week of the month. Early one morning Babe ran to her brother to say that a lot of the bulbs were out of their holes again. There had been no frost, and it was only after some discussion and thought that the children discovered that this time worms were the culprits. With their heads the worms had pushed up some of the bulbs and tipped them right over.

That morning, as they left the garden to go to school,



The Yellow Bunting.

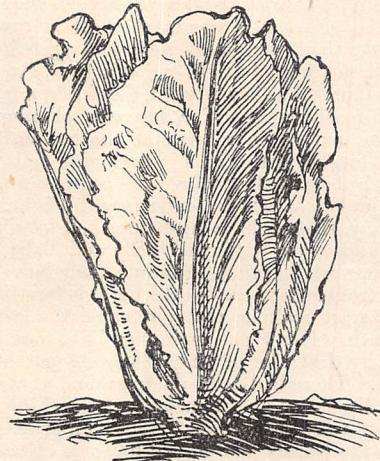
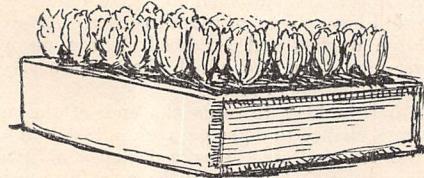
a little yellow bird hopped on the path in front of them. Then it flew away to the hedge.

'Billy, a canary!' Babe exclaimed.

'No, only a yellow bunting,' he replied. 'Now, keep very still and listen! Perhaps it will sing a few notes.'

But it was too early in the year, and the day was still too wintry.

'But it will sing soon,' Billy said. 'And when it does

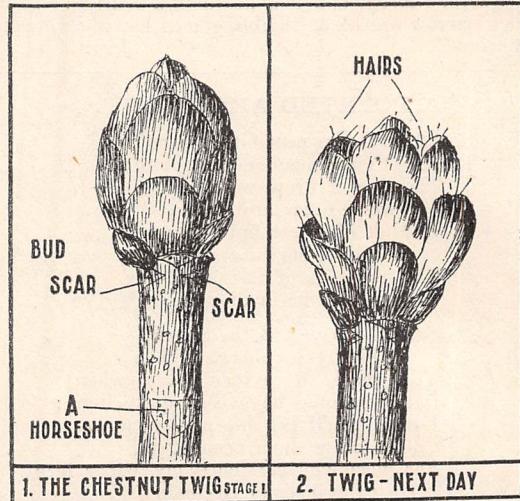


Cos Lettuce grown from Seed in a Box.

sing, if you listen carefully, you will hear it say, 'A little bit of bread and *no* cheese.' But you will have to listen carefully, because it has not got a very strong voice.'

MY CHESTNUT TWIG.

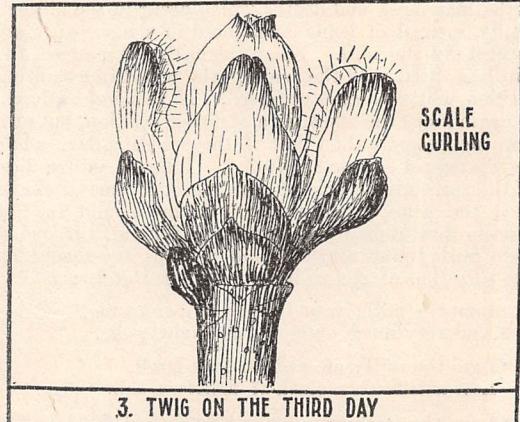
HAVE you ever tried to persuade a horse chestnut twig to go on growing in water *after it is gathered*? When I was first told that it could be done, I was, I am afraid, rather unbelieving, and I may have even smiled. However, the friend who told me it could be



1. THE CHESTNUT TWIG STAGE I

2. TWIG - NEXT DAY

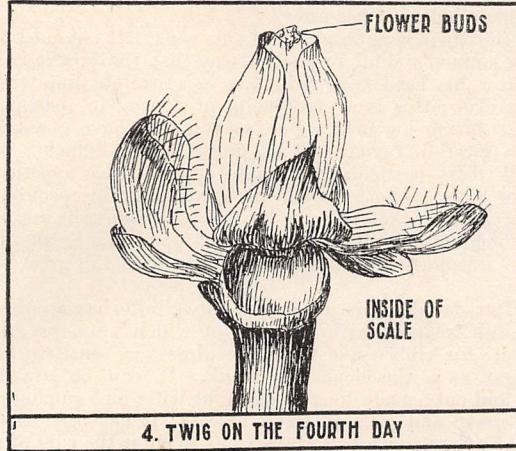
done, thinking, I expect, that '*seeing* was *believing*,' brought to me a few days later several twigs in order that I might try for myself. Well, I put them in specimen glasses in a warm sitting-room, and made up my mind I would take note of what happened each day—if anything *did* happen!



3. TWIG ON THE THIRD DAY

I had sufficient faith in the word of my friend to think that, after a time, perhaps the twig might open a little; so I got out my sketch-book and made a sketch of the jolliest-looking twig, and here he is in fig. 1.

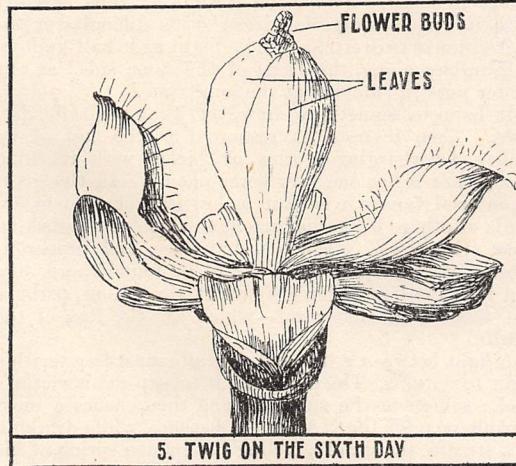
The stem was of a brown colour on which were many tiny dots. At A is to be seen the reason why this tree is called a *horse* chestnut. This funny little mark is the scar left by the leaf of last year; this is where it was attached to the stem and those little dots on it are the places where certain ends of veins broke off when



4. TWIG ON THE FOURTH DAY

the leaf fell last autumn. As the shape suggests a horseshoe, and those dots the nail-holes, some one, years and years ago, called it a horse chestnut tree, to distinguish it from a sweet (or Spanish) chestnut tree.

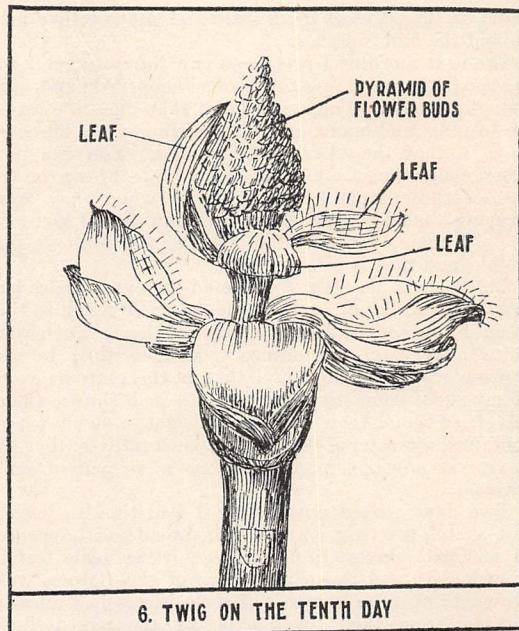
Now, close up under the top bud, on either side of the stem, you will see parts of two more scars, also another in the middle above, and on the left a tiny almost black



5. TWIG ON THE SIXTH DAY

bud, which no doubt would have developed later. The big top bud was just a close mass of red-brown leaves all shiny and a little bit sticky. If you look at the tips of twigs on trees in spring, especially chestnuts, you will find they are generally shiny, and often sticky.

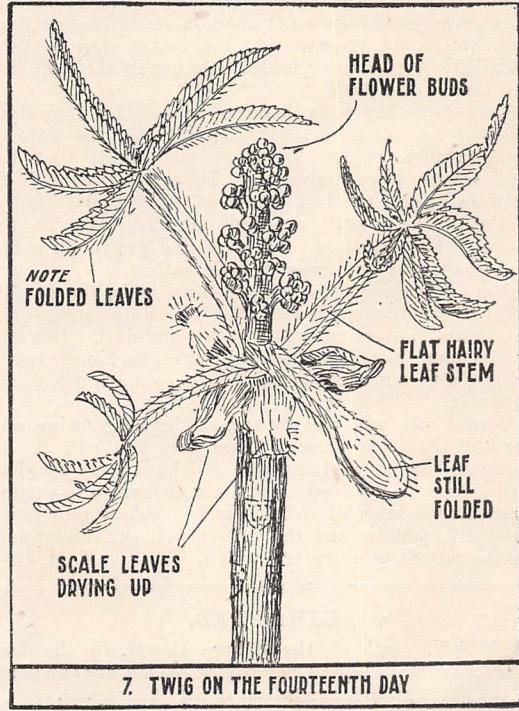
The next day, I found to my surprise that something had happened already. So I drew the twig again, and here he is in fig. 2. The warm room had so heartened him up that he had started to open; the leaves ('scales' or 'scale leaves'—they are, you know, not the ordinary



6. TWIG ON THE TENTH DAY

leaves) had begun to lean back, so to speak. When this happened I found that these scales were not brown all over, but only in the parts that were visible when the bud was shut up tightly, as in fig. 1. With the opening out, I could see a greenish-white colour appear below.

Then, too, I was greatly struck by the hairs which I



7. TWIG ON THE FOURTEENTH DAY

found on the edges of these scales. I suppose they help to hold the bud together.

The next morning I was quite in a hurry to get down to see whether anything further had happened; and, sure enough, it had! You see in fig. 3 that the scale leaves are leaning back more, and also curling up a bit sideways, so that the tops become pointed. You can now observe also that there is only very little brown on the tips of those scale leaves, because when they were clasping the bud only just the top showed. If you look at fig. 1 again, you will find that the top scale is just visible, and that is all.

On the next day (fig. 4) I found the outer scales had most of them fallen back considerably, so much so that I could now see the *insides* of some of them, which were quite silvery in appearance. Besides this, I was tremendously excited to find that at the extreme point of my shoot some tiny pink lumps had shown themselves, so that I then knew I had got a shoot which contained a cluster of flowers! I must tell you that the shoot was now covered by only one more pair of scale leaves.

Two days passed now before I had time to inspect and sketch my twig, so that a good deal had happened, as you will observe in fig. 5. A further scale leaf in front had turned down and more of the flowers were showing; also the last pair of scale leaves had released the bud from their clasp, exposing the naked shoot, consisting of a cluster of flowers surrounded by the tiny leaves *proper*, but all a mass of wool, almost as though they were made of white felt.

Now four days passed before I could again sketch my twig, and here in fig. 6 you see the four leaves (three visible and one hidden behind the flowers) have opened out and exposed to view the little pyramid of flower-buds. The four leaves, with many hairs round the edges, were still very woolly, but on very close examination you could observe that the leaves were perfect, each little leaflet being folded together in the bud, like the leaves of a book.

Once more my twig had to be left for four days without my attention; but then I found the state of things shown in fig. 7. Here you notice that the real leaves have unfolded. They were of a very delicate green; the leaf stems were thick and woolly, and many hairs still remained on the backs of the leaves. The pyramid of flowers had grown up a bit, and was just a pink mass of little balls.

Here I am sorry to say my story ends, for at this point I could persuade the twig to do no more. The leaves and flowers gradually wilted and died. But still I was more than satisfied with my twig, and greatly surprised that it could be made to do so much when only in water.

Now I hope you will get some twigs next spring, and try this little experiment. I am sure you will be interested. Ever since I first tried it I have every year had some twigs in my study, and I am always quite excited to see how many will contain flowers. Select your twigs carefully, picking out the fattest you can find; and, having put them in water—watch. E. M. B.

GIRAFFES.

A WAY, south of the Sahara Desert, lie the deep forests of Equatorial Africa, which are the home of the great giraffe, the tallest of all quadrupeds.

Its name is derived from the Egyptian sorape, or 'long neck,' and is gained from the prominence of that distinctive feature, the giraffe's most remarkable possession. For the head of the great animal is sometimes as high as eighteen feet from the ground, while, strange to say, the number of vertebræ, or spine-joints, in its neck is only seven—the same number that every other quadruped possesses.

But there is more to say of this neck. It is joined to the animal's skull in such a way that the giraffe can throw his head back till it lies in a straight line with his neck; this is a great help, of course, in reaching and seizing his food. For, as you may have guessed, the giraffe's favourite food grows high; branches of tall trees—particularly acacias—appeal to his appetite, and with his long mobile neck, aided by his peculiar upper lip—which projects far beyond his nostrils and is strong and muscular—he can reach up to, and break off, the strongest branches in the forest with the greatest ease.

But besides the upper lip, the giraffe has another useful weapon, with the help of which he seizes his food: his ribbon-like tongue is almost as sensitive an organ as is the elephant's trunk. It can be drawn in and out; made long or short, at will; and employed to grasp and pick up small objects; it has been said that 'the tip can be so tapered as to enter the ring of a small key.' I have read, too, that by the help of this clever tongue and upper lip the animal is able to pick off the leaves of its favourite acacias and other thorny plants so carefully that he swallows the foliage and leaves the thorns behind.

You might imagine that the giraffe would be a fierce animal, but it is not. It generally feeds in quiet herds of about forty or fifty, and if it be attacked it seeks safety in flight. And when it runs, it runs speedily with its 'wide straggling legs'; it is difficult for the fleetest horse to overtake it in its flight as it half-gallops, half-amble along, the 'legs of the same side,' as one writer puts it, 'moving at the same time.'

It happens sometimes, however, that a giraffe does fight. Then it uses its resources to the best of its ability, 'discharging storms of kicks' with its hind legs! For it has one very fierce enemy. In the great Equatorial forests where it makes its home there are herds of other 'big game,' amongst which come crashing great rhinoceros, elephants, buffaloes, and numerous species of antelopes; lions are to be found there, too, and it is the lions—fierce South African lions, perhaps the fiercest in the world—which are the foes of the giraffe.

A fight between a lion and a giraffe must be a terrible sight to witness. The lion's aim is to leap on his victim's back; sometimes he succeeds, and then ensues a most terrible race for life. Attacked, perhaps, while drinking at a stream, the giraffe, feeling the sudden spring of his enemy and its fierce claws in his back, sets off at a mad gallop, trying meanwhile to shake the tyrant to the ground and so to rid himself of his terrible burden as he goes.

But it is of no use; he may run for miles, at each stride his strength grows less, for the lion 'rides proudly, tearing as he goes':

"Tis vain—the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood, his strength is sinking
He falls, and with convulsive throes,
Resigns his throat to the raging foe"

There is one point that may be of interest to you, though it bears but indirectly on the subject of this article. The home of the giraffe, situated as it is in the haunts of the 'greatest game in the world,' is also, strange to say, the home of the tiny dwarf tribes that hide in the identical forests where dwell their stronger and fiercer neighbours. How strange that the same part of the world should shelter the giraffe, tallest of all quadrupeds, and the smallest race of pygmies known to man.

ETHEL TALBOT.

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.
(Continued from page 50.)

'THAT is the voice of my man,' said Mrs. Chinna. 'And, from the fashion in which he calls, I know that the hunting has been good.'

And she ran to throw more wood on to the flames; and, a moment later, into the circle of firelight came Chinna and Brian, looking extremely pleased with themselves. And over Chinna's shoulder was slung the carcase of a barking deer. And he called gaily to Mrs. Chinna: 'See what further good luck the white children have brought us. Here is meat for all without stint.'

And Brian ran to Nancy and Frederick to tell them of his adventures; but he had to cut the story short to help Chinna in the skinning of the deer, which was another adventure in itself. The soft brown pelt was separated very carefully from the underskin, rubbed with wood ashes, and pegged out on the ground to dry. And a goodly portion of the meat was cut into pieces with the little axe, and packed into the pot. The remainder was hung across the branch of a tree to keep it safe from jackals, and other sly thieves of the night. And then, while Mrs. Chinna cooked and Chinna smoked, the three children talked by the fire.

'Chinna taught me how to walk very, very softly,' Brian began. 'So that the leaves and twigs shouldn't crackle underfoot. And, once or twice, he let me use the bow and arrows. Not the poisoned arrows, but the other kind. I didn't hit anything, but I'm sure I could if I practised a little.'

And he went on to describe how cleverly Chinna had tracked the barking deer. How a bent twig, a tiny chewed piece of grass, were sufficient to guide him. 'Often I couldn't see the things to which he pointed,' Brian went on. 'But sometimes I could. Oh, Nancy, it really will be fun if we have to stay here for a little while. If we could only let them know at home where we are, it would be the nicest thing that has ever happened to us.'

'It is the nicest thing,' Frederick affirmed. 'It's a story come true.' He was quite as firm a believer in Chinna's powers by this time as was Chinna himself, and was looking forward hopefully to an exciting future. Chinna, no doubt, could make spirits actually appear; now he, Frederick, would find out all about them, and might perhaps be allowed to capture a little tame spirit for himself. And he would take it home with him, for, of course, eventually they would return home. Of this Frederick had no doubts at all. In fact, already he

pictured himself relating his adventures: first to Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith, and then to the servants, who would sit round him in an admiring circle, and listen most intently to all that he had to say.

'It is nice here,' Nancy, too, agreed. And planned that she would ask Mrs. Chinna to teach her how to cook, and would help the little woman with all her work, which was just the kind of work that Nancy liked best. Often she had played at housekeeping, and persuaded Brian and Frederick to eat imaginary meals she cooked for them, and to live in an imaginary house of which she was the housekeeper. Now she could keep house in earnest; it was a most delightful prospect, dimmed only, as Brian had said, by the thought of the anxiety that those at home must be suffering. But to leave this refuge they had found was, Nancy reasoned again, more likely in the end to increase that anxiety than to diminish it. And she began to tell Brian all that Mrs. Chinna had said, and the conclusion at which she herself had arrived, a conclusion with which Brian was in complete agreement.

And then Mrs. Chinna announced that the stew was ready, and, with a long iron spoon, she fished venison chops out of the pot, and very good they tasted. All the better, perhaps, because there were no knives and forks, but only fingers, to help in the eating. And when bedtime came, Chinna made a great mattress of springy green boughs with dry grass heaped on the top for the children. And so comfortable was this bed, that very soon they were asleep.

It was the turn of Chinna and Mrs. Chinna to talk now by the fire of the strange guests the day had brought them. Mrs. Chinna was fully convinced by this time that the children were indeed human; but Chinna still inclined to the theory that they came from another world.

'The spirits have sent them to us to bring us luck,' reasserted; 'in reward for the faithful service I have ever rendered.'

But, though they were not altogether in accord on this point, the little couple were otherwise in complete agreement. Chinna and Mrs. Chinna were equally sure that to leave their forests was the one thing that was not possible. They would guard the children, and look after them to their best ability. They would share with them food and shelter. But the world beyond the forest they deemed a place full of dangers and pitfalls into which no sane person would venture far. Though Chinna would boldly face the most savage of savage beasts with only his little bow and axe as weapons—though Mrs. Chinna would remain unafraid for days alone in the clearing, the very thought of an unknown country set them quaking. Their mothers and fathers, their more distant ancestors, had never left the forests for more than a few hours at a time. Therefore it seemed plain to these two that they could act in no other fashion.

'The children have come to us. It is well; very well. The children shall stay with us as long as they will,' Chinna concluded finally, and stretched himself comfortably to sleep. And, when Mrs. Chinna had arranged the burning brands so that they should keep aglow until the morning, and had tethered the goat securely within the hut lest it should wander in the night, she too slept, wrapped in the cloth she usually wore across her shoulders.

(Continued on page 66.)



"The skinning of the deer was another adventure in itself."



CHATTERBOX.

BOUNCING.—(A CANADIAN WINTER SPORT).



"Chinna hauled the nets on board."

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 63.)

CHAPTER V.

IT was very early next morning when the children woke, for, no sooner was the sun above the horizon, than Mrs. Chinna was bustling about, scrubbing and clattering her pots and pans. And the monkeys began to chatter and to leap joyously from bough to bough, and the goat baaed loudly for her breakfast.

There was a deep pool at the edge of the clearing, into which the little stream fell sparkling, and this made an ideal bathing-place. And Mrs. Chinna produced a spare comb with which Nancy was able to tug the knots from her hair. And then all three were ready for a drink of the milk which had been heating meanwhile over the fire.

'We will go and look in the nets for fish,' said Chinna, presently. And Brian jumped up eagerly, very anxious to show that he remembered all he had been taught on the previous night, and equally anxious to learn more.

It was still so early that many creatures of the dark were yet abroad. Strange rustlings came from the undergrowth. From bush to bush, and from tree to tree, stretched a network of spiders' webs, in the corners of which crouched huge spiders, hairy and sullen. Chinna, with quick glances from right to left, led the way through the forest, until presently the trees ended abruptly on the edge of a very blue lake which was bounded on the further side by a low, green shore.

'There are my nets,' said Chinna. And he pointed to a line of floats, bobbing about in the water a little way out. And then, from beneath the bushes which clustered round the bank, he pulled a small raft made of bamboos, tightly lashed together. On to this he and Brian clambered, and Chinna, with a little wooden paddle, guided the raft towards the floats, hauled the nets on board, and emptied out the fish that they contained. There was quite a large pile, and he smiled, well pleased, more firmly convinced than ever that his visitors were bringers of good fortune.

He sat down to smoke after he had shown Brian how to string the fish on a piece of stick by passing it through the gills. And, presently, he pointed to an island which rose from the lake about half-way between either shore. It was small and rocky, and covered with low scrubby growth.

'That is the place to which the messengers come,' said Chinna, nodding mysteriously. 'When we have finished our work we will go and see if there is need of me to-day. On the other side of the island do the messengers wait. I have forbidden that any should watch my comings and goings.' And he puffed out his chest, and stuck his chin in the air, and looked immensely important.

'For what would you be needed?' Brian asked, as Chinna began to paddle again, and he himself tried to help the raft along with a spare paddle he had found. His efforts were not altogether successful at first, but he soon got the knack of it.

'For many things I am needed,' Chinna answered.

'Sometimes they call on me to work a spell. Am I not Chinna, the spell-worker, as well as Chinna, the hunter?' And he looked, if possible, yet more important.

'What kind of spells do you work?' said Brian. Perhaps there was a shade of doubt in his voice, for Chinna answered severely, and somewhat sharply: 'All manner of spells do I know. But mostly the village people come to me to cure them when sickness descends on their villages.'

'How do you cure them? Do you give them medicine like a doctor does?'

'Sometimes I give them medicine; very good medicine. But medicine is of little use unless the angry spirit, which sends the sickness, is duly appeased. I make offerings, therefore, of rice and mohwa spirit; and, at times, of a white cock. And I sing the song of banishment that my father taught me, and his father sang before him.'

'And is the sickness cured when you have finished?'

'If still it persists,' said Chinna, 'I take a white kid, in all things perfect. And I tie a garland round its neck, and let it go free. And it takes away with it the wrong the people have wrought, and by reason of which the spirit is angry. But, if even this is not sufficient, then it is plain to all men that the evil is altogether too great for forgiveness. That is not my fault, but the fault of those who have sinned.'

(Continued on page 78.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE SPICE TRADE.

III.—THE FIRST GROCERS: THE CLOVE.

IN my last article I spoke of the ancient Gild of Pepperers. Well, after a long and varied career, this gild died out. Many of its members had been ruined by Edward II., who got very large 'loans' out of them. So for some years nothing much seems to have been known about them.

In the meantime other trades began to separate themselves into parties, and to form a sort of brotherhood for mutual help. They found that it was a desirable thing to have meetings from time to time, so that they could talk things over and discuss the trade generally. So in 1345 the London Pepperers had a little conference, starting with a dinner to put them all on good terms with each other. At that conference they decided to ask two other bodies of traders to join them, viz., the Canvassers and the Spicers. The canvassers were traders in all kinds of shipping necessaries, and as both the pepperers and spicers were powerless without means of obtaining their goods by sea, naturally the canvassers were people to be cultivated. This combination of trades formed the 'Fraternity of St. Antony.' They were very particular as to whom they admitted to the rights of this fraternity; they had to be quite respectable and of very good character. They paid thirteen shillings and fourpence yearly subscription and a penny a week for a priest to pray for the fraternity. These sums seem absurd to us now, but you must remember that the value of a penny was very, very much higher then than it is now.

The fraternity made all kinds of rules, and also established charities to be dispensed to any members who might meet with bad luck in the course of their business. The conditions of apprenticeship also were

considered. The apprentices in those days had to wear a uniform. They had blue cloaks in the summer and gowns in the winter. They also had white breeches and stockings and flat hats. One often sees this costume depicted in old prints, and you can always be pretty sure the persons so dressed are apprentices. An apprentice was considered a member of the family of his employer, but I have always thought that he had a mighty poor time of it in most cases. He seemed to be a sort of extra servant who could be called upon to do almost anything which the family chose to ask of him. He had to wait at table and attend his master as 'link-man' (that is, carry a lantern or torch to light his master on his way at night, before the days of street-lighting. He served for seven years, and often a large sum of money was paid as premium to the master by his parents. Young men of good birth came to London as apprentices in those days, and the fact of their being 'in trade' did not in any way prevent them from holding high positions in after-life, and being greatly respected. The objections to trade seem to have come about later, and it is a great pity that they ever came about at all.

Now, as time passed, these traders who were members of the Fraternity of St. Antony began to get into trouble with other traders, because they gradually introduced into their shops merchandise other than was generally acknowledged to belong to their trades as pepperers, spicers, and canvassers. This kind of thing still goes on, you know, even in these days, for you will find grocers selling wines and spirits, and other things which really seem to belong to other trades. Also all the companies of other trades, as well as those in which we are particularly interested, were jangling about their representation on the City of London Common Council. So you can guess they were pretty busy when they had their meetings. These great traders felt that as they were leaders of business in the City, they ought to be well represented on the councils which managed the affairs of the City. They therefore were occupied with these matters as well as with their own business.

Then the Fraternity of St. Antony changed its name and became the 'Grocers' Company.' The reasons for the change are not at all clear, nor is the meaning of the word 'grocer.' The best explanation seems to be the fact that these merchants bought their goods in very large quantities, that is, 'in gross.' We have the verb 'to engross,' one meaning of which is, to take the whole of, to monopolise. This seems to suggest that these grocers were very jealous of their trade, and even, perhaps, that they tried to take the whole stocks of merchandise which were not necessarily theirs—to corner the market, as business men would say nowadays. Well, whatever the reason, sure it is that our pepperers and spicers became grocers. But we still find that their chief stocks were the valuable spices which were mainly used only by the richer folk, because they were so expensive!

In the fifteenth century, Mr. Rees (in the valuable book I have already quoted) tells us that the chief spices used were 'ginger, mace, cloves, cinnamon, almonds, raisins, prunes, dates, figs, rice, comfits, and nutmegs.'

Shopkeepers of to-day have many rules and regulations to put up with, but I do not think, as far as I can make out, they have nearly such a bad time as did the shopkeepers of early times. They were constantly being

visited by 'searchers,' and if they were found to be adulterating the goods, they were heavily punished. Not by fines! No; they were put in the public pillory, and often their bad merchandise was burned under them! Then another rule they had was, that before they were allowed to sell their goods to the public, they had to allow certain 'big-wigs' to come and have their choice—and they did not get very wonderful prices either!

One of the practices of the dishonest spicer was to sell his goods in an unclean state, thus getting payment for dirt, for all was weighed up together. The Grocers' Company therefore established an official 'Garbler' for London—that is, a cleaner or sifter. This gentleman was a very powerful person and could demand to examine the stock of any trader in spices at the time. Then, in 1447, the King made the Grocers' Company official garblers for the United Kingdom. If these garblers found unclean goods, they seized them, and half went to the King's exchequer and the other half to the Grocers' Company. You see this was profitable, and brought in money to the Company!

Another source of revenue was the care and working of the King's Beam. This was a weighing-machine, a 'steelyard,' in fact, with official weights. It was ordered that at certain times various articles must be weighed in this machine, and, of course, there was payment according to the value of the merchandise. The management of the King's Beam remained with the Company until quite lately.

Now let me tell you of some of the adventures of those who, in Tudor times, 'went down to the sea in ships' to obtain these valuable spices.

I have already told you the history of the nutmeg. I suppose there is no doubt that the clove is the next most important spice after the nutmeg and mace. Now the original home of the clove seems to have been the Moluccas group of islands, and, like the nutmeg, it seems to have had a long and romantic history. Cloves were certainly known to the ancient Romans during the early Christian times; the Emperor Aurelian had them, and they were carried overland at great expense, and were, of course, a luxury only within reach of the wealthy. They were also much valued by the ancient Chinese.

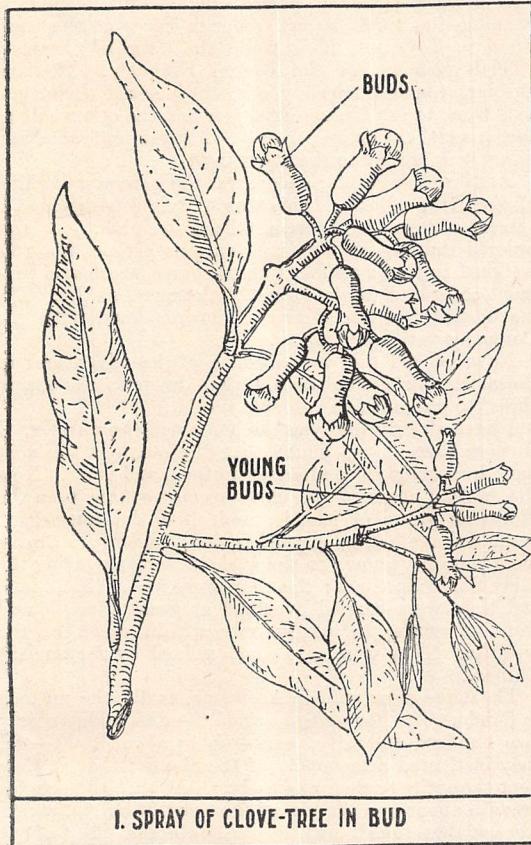
The clove grew wild in Amboyna, as did the nutmeg in Banda. The Portuguese owned the East Indies nearly two hundred and fifty years—up to about 1600—and they instituted a monopoly of the cloves; that is, they kept the entire trade to themselves. At that time cloves grew in about five islands off the coast of Gilolo, which were at that time known as the Moluccas. But about 1600 the Portuguese were driven out of their possessions by the Dutch. They went further than the Portuguese in the matter of the monopoly, for they systematically destroyed all cloves except in the Island of Amboyna. Thus they kept the monopoly of the clove right up to 1770. About that time, however, the French managed somehow to take some plants of clove to the Mauritius and other parts. In something like ten years later they were planted in the West Indies, and now for many years they have been cultivated in Zanzibar, where the climate seems to suit them uncommonly well and fine harvests are gathered.

Many people have described clove-trees at different times, and all agree that they are very handsome. An old writer, named Rumphius, says of it that 'it is the most beautiful, most elegant, and most precious of all

known trees.' This is indeed high praise, but, from all I can find out, I do not think it was much too high.

The proper name for the tree is *Eugenia aromatic*, and, like the nutmeg, it belongs to the Myrtle family. It grows to a considerable height, perhaps forty or fifty feet, with a thick trunk, the bark being olive colour. The branches are spreading, and the leaves dark and glossy and of a clear green colour. The flowers are carried at the ends of the branches in clusters of about fifteen or twenty.

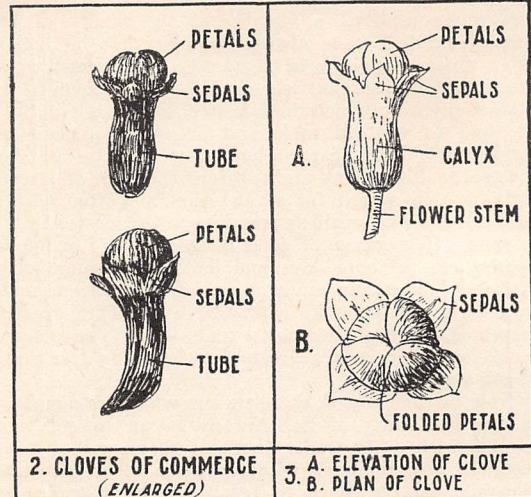
Now, I wonder whether when you have carefully picked out the cloves from your apple pudding or pie, and put them on the edge of your plate, you have ever



realised what they really are? I have read of them often as 'fruits.' But they are not fruits; they are *flower-buds*!

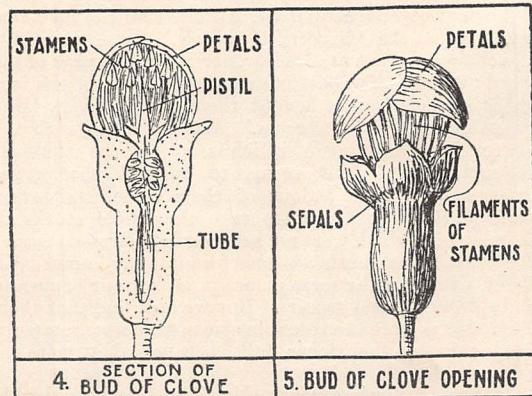
In fig. 1, I show you a nice spray from the clove-tree in bud. It has leaves and buds in various stages of development, but no *open* flowers. These I will show to you later. You see the leaves are very like laurel leaves, and also like the nutmeg's. The clusters of buds are at the ends of the twigs, and, if this sketch were in colour, you would see that according to the age of the bud, it would be either white, green, or red. When red, the buds must be picked, or they would be useless for the spice trade. They are gathered into spread cloths, being knocked from the trees with long bamboos. They are then dried, when they turn nearly black, as we know

them, and as I show one in fig. 2. At fig. 3, I have an enlarged clove bud in two positions, A and B. Here you notice the flower has four sepals which stand out round the four petals, which fold over, forming a kind of cap. If you cut a bud down the middle, you would



find the state of things shown in fig. 4. The flower you note has a tube-shaped formation, with a pistil in the middle, and a number of stamens all round. If the bud is left on the tree too long, the petals get pushed off, as seen in fig. 5. The stamens then spread out and form a fluffy cluster (fig. 6). These sketches are from certain drawings at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

Clove-trees yield two crops a year, one about Christmas and the other near St. John the Baptist's Day (June 24th). The whole tree is very aromatic in scent. A valuable

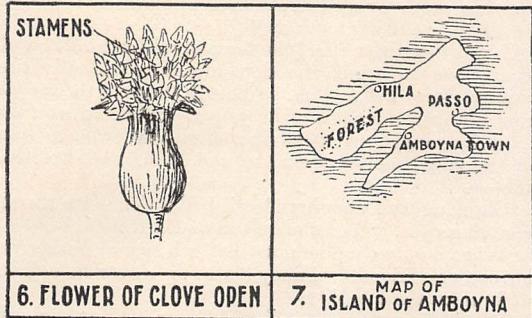


volatile (that is, evaporating) oil, oil of cloves, is extracted from the clove. The trees do not produce cloves till they are from eight to ten years old, but they go on for something like a hundred years when they once make a start.

In the fifteenth century the price of cloves was very high, costing as much as thirty shillings a pound, and

of course thirty shillings in those days was worth much more than now.

The origin of the name Clove is very interesting, but rather involved. However, all authorities point to its likeness to a nail. The native name for it is 'chenki,' which it is thought comes from the Chinese 'theng-ki,' which means sweet-smelling nails! The Dutch called



it 'nagelenboomen,' which also means nail-trees. The Spanish used the word 'clavos,' again meaning nails, and this is probably the direct origin of our word, clove.

The Island of Amboyna, where the Dutch made their monopoly of cloves, is very beautiful. If you look at my first article (page 12) you will see the island just below the western end of Ceram. Fig. 7 shows a little

map of it. It is composed mainly of two big peninsulas, and Amboyna town lies in the bay between the peninsulas. Amboyna is really the capital of the Moluccas, and a very ancient settlement. It is lucky in having no active volcanoes, but the island often has earthquakes. I have read that if ten months passed without any shocks, the people knew they were in for a big one.

Mr. Wallace (whose great book on the Malay Archipelago I have mentioned already) gives a very long and interesting account of Amboyna, and makes you want to go there, even if they do have earthquakes! He says the harbour is like a fine river, and the sea is very clear and full of beautiful and wonderful things. The whole island is covered with a wealth of foliage—ferns, palms, and rattans in great profusion. Rattans are a sort of climbing palm, from the stems of which rattan canes are made.

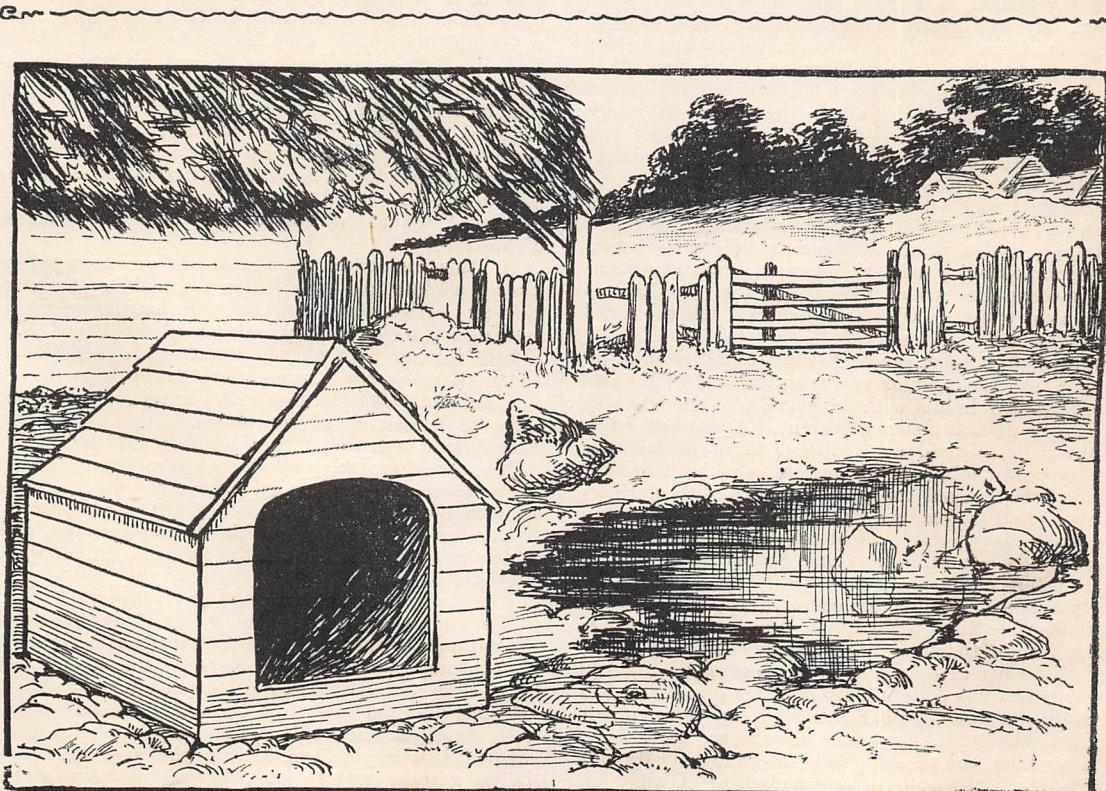
E. M. BAREOW.

THE MEDAL.

A Tale of Reprisals.

ON the morning of Saturday, November 12th, 19—, Scorby (with his chum, Callaway, kneeling beside him) was in the act of lifting the lid of his locker in the common-room at Rutherford College, when he suddenly assumed an expression of alarm, and gripping Callaway's wrist, muttered sepulchrally: 'Sh-h-h! Did you hear that?'

'Hear what?' growled Callaway, snatching himself



A PICTURE PUZZLE.

The Farmyard: Find the Farmer, his Dog, his Duck, and his Pig.

free with an injured look. 'Another of your silly bogies, I suppose.'

'Shut up! There it goes again,' continued the other. 'Just as I guessed. It was the door of Cumberland's study opening and shutting, and, mark my words, the bounders mean to carry out their threat, for no honest person would have entered the captain's den as stealthily as that.'

'I didn't hear anything,' reiterated Callaway. 'Here, stop a bit! Give me my paint-box before you go! There won't be time after school, as I want to get away early.'

But Scorby was tip-toeing towards the door, holding back a warning hand. 'Come lightly!' he whispered, as Callaway drew alongside. 'You don't know what I know. You didn't hear Warden and Green make a solemn vow the other day, that if Prince's House won the river medal they would take jolly good care that we didn't keep it many days.'

Callaway coughed scornfully. 'Warden and Green?' he cried. 'Bosh and nonsense! Who stoops to notice the sayings and doings of such a booby gang as theirs?'

'I do,' retorted Scorby. 'My head is screwed on better than yours, old man, and I consider it my duty to save Prince's House from losing a medal that it took so much trouble to win.'

'Very well,' sighed Callaway. 'I'll stand by in case of need; but don't forget I'm off by special permit for the week-end, and must have that box of paints you borrowed before I go.'

Scorby treated such trivial matters with silent contempt. Scorby's loyalty to his House was far too exalted to be interfered with by borrowed paints, and paltry permits for week-end leaves. Engrossed by the conviction that rival candidates for river honours had raided the captain's study, and carried off the precious medal lately enshrined upon his mantelpiece, Scorby pursued the path that led to the rifled apartment with the determination of a sleuth-hound.

Occupying as he did the important position of captain's fag, he entered Cumberland's study without much ceremony, and a glance at the mantelpiece confirmed his fears. 'There you are!' he gasped, pointing dramatically across the room. 'What did I say? Gone as clean as a whistle. Oh, the bounders! Oh, the cads! I'll let 'em jolly well see!'

With face afame, and bristling at all points, he ramped into the corridor again, waving off Callaway's efforts to restrain him with the gestures of one who was swimming against a strong current. A moment later, plunging headlong down a distant flight of stairs, a mighty clatter telling of his descent came back to Callaway, who greeted the uproar with a sigh of resignation. Full well he knew that all chance of obtaining his paint-box was at an end for several hours, since there would be no time to bring Scorby up to scratch again before classes met.

It was, no doubt, due to a consciousness of this pressure of time that the captain's fag took immediate action, and on rounding up the enemy (which there was little difficulty in doing), he opened communications in a way which was certainly direct, if not diplomatic.

Green, Warden, Fisher, and two or three others received him with expressions of wonder.

'Now then, you sneaking cads,' he panted. 'Hand it over! Don't let us have any nonsense! I know all about it!'

He thrust out one hand so close to Warden's waistcoat

that Warden bent himself double from a pardonable desire to avoid being hit below the belt.

'Get out! Be off, you nasty little boy!' he cried with a laugh, as if Scorby were a noisy baby. For he saw that Scorby was in a rage, and consequently a fit object for persecution.

'What's the little chap so hot about?' sneered Green, stepping suddenly up and stroking the back of Scorby's head with insulting tenderness.

Galled to greater fury, the fag poured forth a flood of accusations in which he denounced individually the smiling crowd before him. 'You have taken the medal from Cumberland's study,' he yelled. 'I heard you do it. I heard you all sneak in a minute or two ago like the thieving cads that you are, and I followed directly, and—'

'Oh, naughty! naughty!' cried Warden with round reproofing eyes. 'You mustn't say such things!'

'What a cute chap he must be,' whispered Fisher in the ear of a friend. 'Fancy his being clever enough to catch us on the hop!'

'Who'd have thought it?' said Green. 'But he must be punished, all the same.'

Green's reputation for gentleness and intelligence was decidedly poor, and as he made a sudden dive at Scorby, his face assumed an expression which left no room to doubt that the punishment would be as severe as he could make it. The next moment a lively scuffle was in progress. Scorby's arms were whirling like the sails of a windmill, and Scorby's head ducked and dodged and jerked about with bewildering agility. So rapid and unexpected were his movements that Green had some difficulty in breaking through his first line defences, and indeed might have been held longer at bay had he not called for support from his allies. The response was unanimous and enthusiastic, but before the campaign could be carried to a successful issue, the sudden appearance of a powerful neutral brought the war to an end.

'Cave! Cave!' whispered some one. 'Here comes Prince!'

At this announcement the battle disintegrated as though a bomb had exploded in the midst of the contending parties, and where the strife had been fiercest, nothing but a cloud of dust remained.

Still fuming with what he considered to be righteous indignation, Scorby stormed back to his fag-master's den, and flung open the door with a brusqueness justified only by harrowing circumstances. As he expected, Cumberland was in. 'They've taken it!' he panted. 'They came here this morning when you were out. I heard them creeping in, and they've stolen it. I knew they would!'

Cumberland gazed upon his dishevelled fag with silent wonder. 'Stolen what?' he asked presently in bewildered tones.

'The medal,' said Scorby. 'Our river medal.'

The captain wheeled round in his chair, roused to wakefulness by this dread announcement. But his alarm was instantly dispelled, for there, on the mantelpiece, propped in its velvet case, stood the medal as usual. The gasping, fiery fag saw it too. As Cumberland's spirits rose, Scorby's sank. He mopped his streaming brow with his handkerchief and looked again. Yes; there could be no mistake, and to the captain's inquiring glance he could only stammer out: 'How did it get there?'

'You are in a fever,' said the other. 'Over-study, or

not enough, has brought on some illness. You had better see the matron.'

A wan smile broke on Scorby's face, and while it burned more hotly than recent hostilities could account for, he told his story.

'Run away, run away!' said Cumberland, with a wave of the hand. 'You deserve what you got. It was I who took the medal away and brought it back. None but an ass would act upon the evidence of his ears alone.'

Scorby retreated, rubbing his neck with his handkerchief, and engrossed by conflicting thoughts. In considerable mental turmoil he went to classes and, much to his subsequent detriment, was not among the first to arrive. The form-master's disapproval expressed itself in the shape of an imposition to be worked out in the early hours of the afternoon; but as the morning progressed, Scorby displayed such remarkable deficiencies as a member of that particular form, that he was called upon to forfeit the whole half-holiday—a most lenient punishment he was assured by the long-suffering master.

The news of his misfortune was quickly carried into the enemies' camp, and was hailed with songs of triumph; for Warden, Green, and their allies, were bent upon making ingenious reprisals, as we shall shortly see.

A few hours later, when Scorby was in the act of commencing his weary term of imprisonment in detention-room, he happened to glance through the open door. A boy was standing in the passage performing extravagant antics. It was Callaway. Without the aid of speech, it requires some artistic skill in pantomime to convey the information that 'I want my paint-box.' But by dint of tucking his thumb through an imaginary palette and vigorously painting on the passage wall, Callaway at last had the satisfaction of seeing his chum begin gingerly to respond. He lifted the lid of his desk, turned over the contents with the air of one who was looking for something, then snatched up the required article, thrust it into his coat-pocket and closed the desk again. This action being accompanied with sundry mouthing and nods, Callaway finally gathered that he had received Scorby's permission to open his locker, and take out the property of which he was in quest. With an inaudible acknowledgment he stole away, and the melancholy Scorby turned to his task.

Fuming at the delay all this had caused, Callaway bent his steps to the common-room, and was soon prosecuting a diligent search. But the chaotic condition of the locker, together with the small amount of time at his disposal, brought on a fit of despair, and to avoid further hindrance, he abandoned all hope of obtaining the paint-box. Perhaps it was by way of compensation that he helped himself to a treasure which was likely to be of service during his absence. This was nothing less than a silver watch and chain, which lay in a conspicuous position on the pile of rubbish that Scorby had collected.

'He wouldn't leave it here if he wanted it very badly,' said the conscientious Callaway as he slipped it into his waistcoat pocket and button-holed the chain. 'If he misses it, serve him jolly well right for keeping me here so long. Besides, I can tell him I took it as security for my paints.'

He gave the watch a wind or two on departing, and paused for a moment in the entrance-hall to put it right with the great clock that stood there. Comforting him-

self with the assurance that, checked by this glorious timepiece, he might safely make a *détour* on his way to the station, he left the precincts of Rutherford on a pair of lightsome heels. Alas! no sooner were all possibilities of verifying the correctness of the watch left behind, than Callaway discovered that it had stopped. He shook it; he wound it; he held it to his ear; but the only result was a feeble, irregular tick, and then silence. Realising that it was impossible to tell how much time had elapsed since the suspension of animation took place, Callaway was seized with panic, and quickened his speed to a sharp run.

The path he was now following was in the open country, a good mile from the station, and bordering a large private park, well known to the boys of Rutherford College as a forbidden region. Under the shadow of its tall oak fence our hero was hurrying along, when suddenly, at a sharp bend, he ran plump into the arms of a crowd of boys coming from the opposite direction. A shout of derision greeted him.

'Stop thief! It's Callaway of Prince's!' cried Green. 'Old Scorby's chum,' yelled another.

'Grip him tight! Don't let him go!' was the general chorus, led by Warden, who spread out his arms, and dodged from side to side.

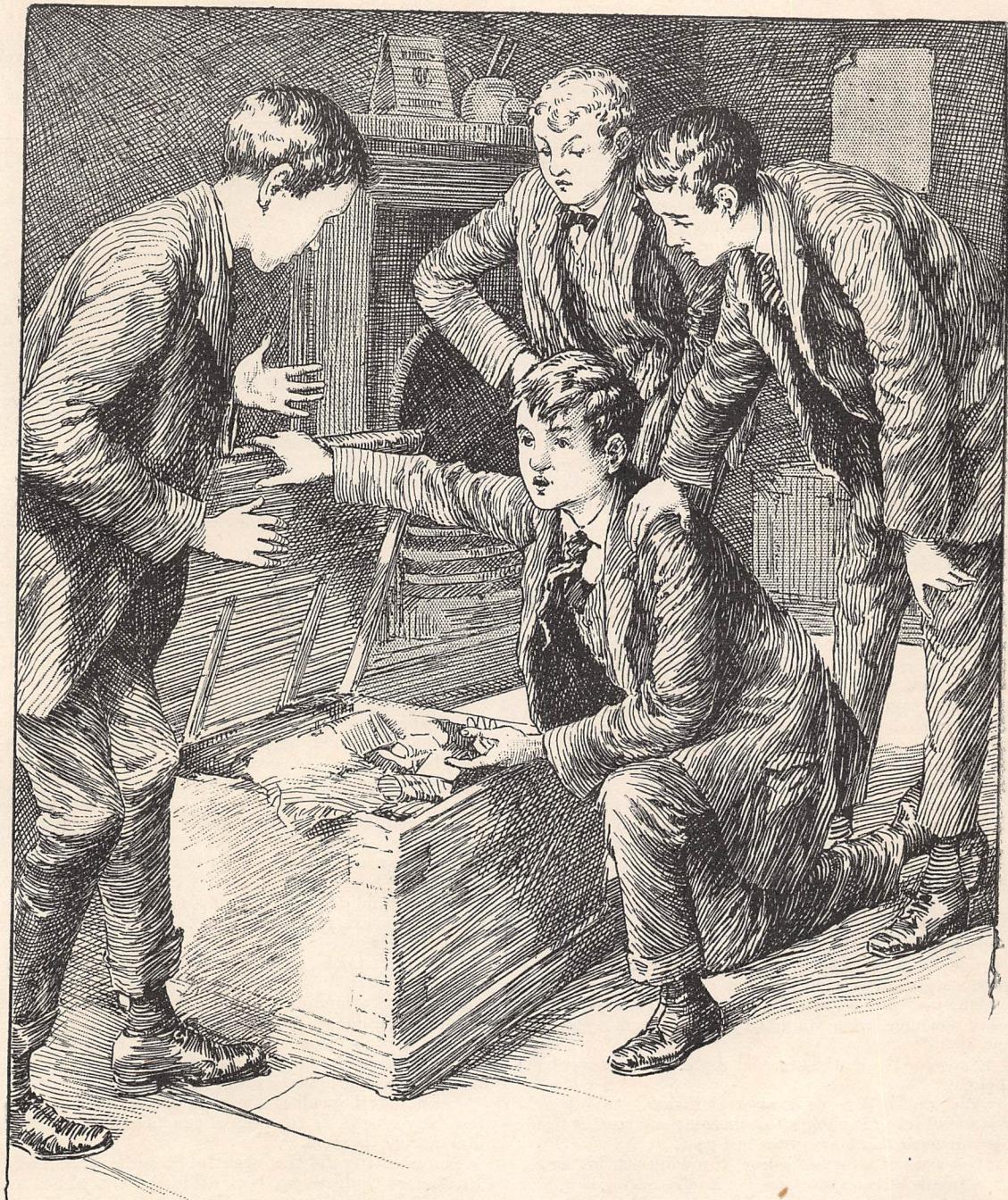
Callaway sought in vain to avoid him. He pleaded by look and word. He explained the necessity of haste on his part, but the laughing, persecuting gang had no pity. They hustled him, punched him, turned him about, and finally one of their number, snatching his cap from his head, tossed it into the branches of a tree that grew on the further side of the park fence. It lodged high up on a bough near the trunk, and next moment, uttering wild shouts of hilarity, the crowd decamped, capering joyously away like so many frolicsome sheep.

Sorrowfully Callaway pondered the situation. There was nothing for it but to scale the fence, and climb the tree with as little delay as possible. And this he did. The trunk was large, and difficult to negotiate on account of several little spurs and knots protruding from the bark. But desperation drove him on. At last the bough was reached and the cap secured. He was on the point of beginning the descent when a distant rustle of dead leaves fell on his ears, and glancing earthwards he saw a keeper approaching in a deliberate way. This was too much. Why should he lose more time by stopping to explain: he who was entirely the victim of others' evil deeds? He simply would not do it—not for all the keepers who ever carried a gun. Setting his teeth with determination, he descended the trunk at a run, pained and scarred by the rasping protuberances. They scraped his legs and chest with a viciousness that brought a pucker to his brows, but, ignoring such minor distresses, he scrambled over the fence, deaf to the call of the man in velveteens. A moment more and he was scurrying along the path like a rabbit, and ten minutes later burst tempestuously into the ticket office at the station almost too breathless to explain his wishes. It was some consolation, however, to find that he had not missed the train, though it was at the platform as if waiting to receive him. The guard's whistle rang in his ears. He plunged into the first compartment that offered; the door banged behind him, and he sank exhausted into a window-seat, every pulse throbbing with the exertion he had made.

(Concluded on page 74.)



“‘They’ve taken it!’ he panted.”



"The watch and chain were not there."

THE MEDAL.

(Concluded from page 71.)

CALLAWAY had scarcely recovered his normal condition when the home station was reached, but he bucked up a bit on entering the town, for the annual fair was in full progress. Surging throngs of people began to press around him. A fascinating uproar fell on his ears. Stalls radiant with gas-flares, though darkness had scarcely fallen; glittering merry-go-rounds pursuing their circular journey to the accompaniment of strident music, greeted his sight in all directions. Small wonder, then, that the boy home for the week-end pressed his way into the densest throngs, peeped at the gaudy show-pictures, and lost himself for a time among the shooting-galleries, the swing-boats, and other attractions. The events of the afternoon faded from his memory. Rutherford College and all it contained sank into the background of life, and not until he was actually retiring to rest for the night did recent circumstances obtrude themselves upon him. Then, when in the act of removing his coat and waistcoat, he made the shocking discovery that the watch and chain he had taken from Scorby's locker were gone—completely gone!

With wide-open eyes and dropped jaw he sat upon the bedside. Oh, what a fool he had been! What a gaby! What an ass, to moon about at the fair without realising that pick-pockets were on the look-out for what they could take. What should he say to Scorby? How on earth . . . Why in the world . . .

But we must leave Callaway to chaotic thought and a restless night; for events at Rutherford College demand our attention.

Since good times and bad times and all times get over, there is no cause for astonishment that the moment at last arrived when Scorby was at liberty to leave detention-room. But rejoicings over freedom are not always immediate, and it was with a gloomy aspect that he wandered into the corridor. Scarcely had he shown his solemn face there, when he was surrounded by the most unwelcome company.

Warden, Green, and Fisher had evidently been lying in wait, and now lost no time in carrying into execution a deeply-laid plot. Seizing their victim firmly among them, they hustled him away in spite of protestations, till the common-room was reached.

'Now, you sneaking cad!' cried Green, echoing Scorby's words of earlier in the day, 'hand it over! Don't let us have any nonsense! I know all about it!'

'You leave me alone!' growled Scorby, feeling, however, the weakness of his position.

'Oh, yes, my beauty!' put in Warden. 'We will leave you alone when you have given me back my watch and chain.'

'Nonsense!' was the scornful reply. 'I've never had them.'

'We don't believe you,' asserted Fisher. 'We heard you crawl into his cubicle this morning and steal it from his waistcoat, hanging on the bed-post.'

'Get away!' retorted Scorby, throwing out his arms and kicking at the same time. 'You're telling lies!'

But he was dragged irresistibly toward his locker and commanded to open it, for nothing but a thorough search would satisfy his captors. So the lid was lifted, and Green, eager-eyed, stood ready to pounce upon the treasure that would prove Scorby's guilt.

But his face fell—the triumphant accusation died upon his lips; for, at the first glance, he saw that the watch and chain were not there. So unmistakable was his embarrassment that Scorby's indignation put on a defiant aspect.

Red with anger Green turned upon him. 'You've taken it away!' he cried. 'You *must* have done, for I put it there my *very* own self this afternoon. That's enough alone to—'

But he was interrupted by a confusion of tongues—denunciation from Scorby, reproach from Warden, and a roar of laughter from Fisher.

'You've given the show completely away, old dunder-head!' gurgled the last-named. 'What an ass you must be.'

'How? Why? What's the matter?' blin e l Green. 'What I said was perfectly true.'

But to save the situation, his friends bore him away, and for the next quarter of an hour he enjoyed a dressing down that left him in little doubt as to his own imbecility.

'What I want to know is how you are going to get my watch and chain back?' cried Warden, when the storm of vituperation had spent itself a little. 'I don't mean to take such foolery lying down, so you need not think I do.'

'You can take it standing on your head, for all I care,' retorted Green. 'How can I know where the trumpery rubbish is gone? You agreed to putting it in the locker.'

'And the silly suggestion was your own,' shouted Warden. 'Let's have no wriggling to shift the blame.'

Green, with hands thrust in trousers' pockets, tossed his chin, coughing out a smiling expression of indifference. 'Blame!' he echoed. 'I don't mind blame when it comes from a chap like you, Teddy Warden. It would take a lot more than that to bend my spine.'

It was apparent to the most obtuse that the tirade administered to Green had been an overdose. A trifle more leniency would have secured his complete humiliation, but you can over-goad the driven horse, and the more Warden railed the more ungovernable became the prancing spirit of Green. At last the watch-owner changed his tactics, and closed the argument by sighing in despairing tones, 'All right, old man, I see that you have done me; for clearly enough it was a trick to get hold of the property for yourself.'

'Draw it mild!' put in Fisher, speaking for the first time. 'You are making a lot of fuss, aren't you, over a tin-pot ticker?'

'It wasn't yours, so of course it had no value,' retorted Warden. 'What I say is full of reason. We know that Scorby didn't take it out of the locker, for he was in detention all the afternoon, and *you* know that *I* didn't. At the same time Green was the only other person who knew that it was there. I'll thank him when he has the honesty to return it.'

With that he walked away, in too bad a temper to hear any rebuke in the peal of laughter that followed him out of the room.

Thus stormily did that eventful Saturday close, and at Rutherford College two boys at least went to bed in a state of mental disturbance almost as great as that of Callaway. Throughout the following Sunday, whenever Green and Warden met, their intercourse was of the sulkiest kind, and the clouds had by no means cleared away when Monday morning came. But before

the hour of noon had struck, a remarkable circumstance took place which changed the whole aspect of affairs.

Our two friends were sitting in class when the door opened and the Head came in. After a few words with the Form-master, he turned to the assembled company, and, sweeping it with a critical glance, called for attention. 'I have had a watch and chain brought to me this morning,' he said, 'and shall be glad if the owner will acknowledge the property.'

With these words he held out for general inspection the very identical articles that the scheming Green had placed in Scorby's locker. Warden gazed in speechless amazement, too confused to take in clearly what followed.

'They were found on Saturday afternoon,' continued the Head, 'hanging on the trunk of a tree in Silwood Park. The keeper, very good-naturedly, brought the things to me an hour ago.'

Warden rose with much hesitation. 'They belong to me, sir,' he stammered.

'Then, at the end of morning school, be so good as to come to my room for them. I should like a little explanation, which doubtless you can give.'

As Warden sat down, he was conscious of a mocking smile from Green, and as soon as the moment of liberty arrived, he made overtures to that youth for assistance in solving the mystery. But Green's sole reply was, 'It's a conjuring trick. Shows what magic power I have for spiriting back a stolen watch.'

With no better backing than this, Warden presented himself in the Head-master's room, and was greeted with the ominous words:

'This should be a lesson to you, my boy. It should make clear that the laws of the school cannot be secretly broken with impunity. Silwood Park is well known to be prohibited ground, yet you—'

'Please, sir,' broke in Warden, 'I have not been in Silwood Park. I have not indeed.'

'But this is your watch, and was found there as I have described.'

'Yes, sir, but I was not wearing it on Saturday.'

'Then who was?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'That's very odd,' came the reply, in tones that filled Warden with alarm. 'Perhaps I can aid your memory. During his call this morning, the keeper informed me that the boy who left the watch behind was a boy who had to climb the tree to recover his cap which a sky-larking gang of schoolfellows had tossed into the branches.'

'Oh!' The exclamation escaped Warden's lips before he could check it, and his face reddened as he realised the revelations that were about to be drawn from him.

'Do you know who that boy was?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Were you responsible for the trouble he was put to?'

'Partly; but I did not know he had got my watch.'

'Then you had not even that excuse for teasing him?'

Warden was silent, twisting his fingers behind his back and feeling that he was getting more than his proportion of embarrassment.

Perhaps the Head began to share this feeling, suspecting that others were sheltering in the background, for he suddenly handed over the watch and chain with the

remark: 'Now, we will say no more about it on this occasion, but you may send to me at once the boy who appropriated your property.'

'He was really not to blame, sir,' stammered Warden. 'I see now that it was all a mistake, so if you don't mind—'

A smile dawned on the listener's face. 'If that is your wish,' said he, 'matters shall remain as they are. It seems to be a case of general wrong-doing with no one to blame. The keeper himself urged that the trespasser should receive no punishment this time, and now you exonerate him as well. Dismiss.'

Warden obeyed with a lighter heart and better temper than he had possessed for some time. While crossing the playground a moment later, he ran against Scorby and Callaway. A long explanation had just ended between them, whereby Callaway had learned of his unintentional theft and the manner in which the property had been recovered. 'The best thing I can do,' he sighed, 'is to go and make a clean breast of it to the Head.'

The beaming Warden caught this remark as he joined them, and graciously responded, 'You need do nothing of the sort,' backing up the assertion with a full account of what had taken place.'

'Well, under those circumstances,' acknowledged Callaway, 'it would only be stirring up the mud to no purpose. I'll let the matter drop.'

Warden withdrew, glancing back with a genial smile as he remarked, 'And it's a good end to much ado about nothing.'

JOHN LEA.

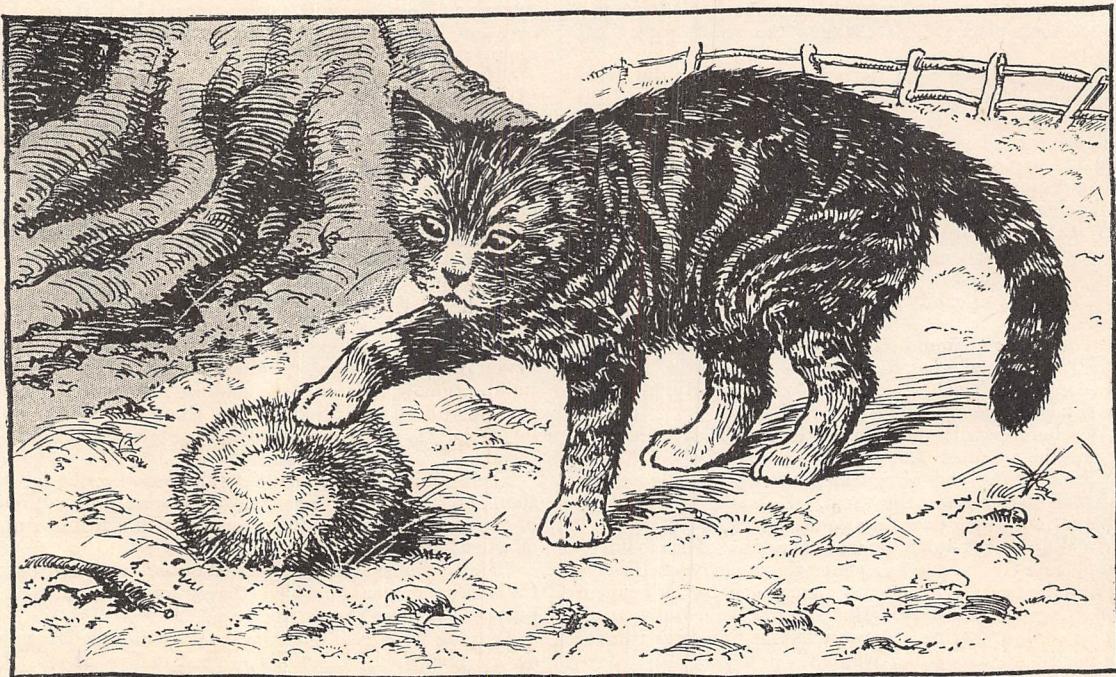
THE HEDGEHOG.

HE had been asleep for a few weeks, but one night, about the middle of November, when the wind was causing the dead leaves to scurry all around in the wood, he emerged from his sleeping quarters in a hollow at the base of an old oak-tree, where the leaves were particularly deep, and formed for him a cosy bed. Perhaps the screech-owl had roused him, for he had been uttering his nasal, eldritch cry incessantly for the last half-hour, disturbing the slumbers of the inmates of the houses near at hand.

At any rate, the little animal was now thoroughly awake, and set out fearlessly, at a run, in search of food, for he was very hungry. He was about a foot long and some six inches high, round-backed, pig-headed, black-eyed, with spines about an inch long, sharply pointed, firm and elastic, covering his back. He was known as the common hedgehog.

Certainly he resembled the hog, being piggish in shape, if not in greediness, and it was in the direction of the nearest hedge that he directed his course. He rustled as he went, for his body was so close to the ground that, even in the moonlight, his feet were not visible as they guided his stumpy body over to the hedge, a few yards from his winter quarters.

With the aid of his sniffing, searching snout, he soon discovered a slug, and with a few scrunches, he swallowed it with relish. Further on, a fat worm, which had unwarily wriggled too far up out of the soft earth, was tugged up by this night prowler, and in a second was no more. Then, without hesitating a moment, he sped along under the hedge till he reached the back gate of a house on the outskirts of the wood. Here he visited



"Then with one paw she smartly patted the round impassive object."

the dustbin, finding a piece of stale bread, which he swiftly carried back to his home at the foot of the oak. As he returned to the dustbin, a cat caught sight of him, and sprinted after him, mistaking him for one of her own kind, or perhaps out of curiosity.

The hedgehog, about to be beaten in the race, stopped suddenly, and contracting the muscles of his back so that his bristles stood out stiffly in all directions, he rolled himself into a ball, and waited for the attack. Puss paused a moment in doubt at this unusual sight, and then with one paw she smartly patted the round impassive object before her. But once was enough—she retired on three legs!

Having deposited the crust of bread in his home, the hedgehog returned to the dustbin, and found a large rat there, making some investigations among the contents. But the rat's appearance inspired no terror in the hedgehog, for he calmly approached and started to chew up a crust which the rat was already busy upon. The rat without more ado walked off, and left the hedgehog, grunting contentedly, at his meal.

All the other cats he met, all the midnight prowlers, left him severely alone, for his armour was his safeguard. After another half-hour he returned to bed, and to sleep, possibly till the genial warmth of spring would again tempt him out of his hiding-place. Then, perhaps, as in last April and June, he would hear again the shrill cries of three or four blind little baby hedgehogs, as they held up their tiny snouts to their parent, who would be unremitting in his care of them till they reached the time when their own armour would be sufficient to defend them from the cruel creatures that haunted the wood.

It was August, and the hedgehog still lived at the foot of the oak-tree, but now he was not alone, for his little wife was busy feeding four hungry little hedgehogs, who were giving forth strange noises, half whistle, half squeal, as they ate up the worms and other dainty morsels which were brought to them by their diligent parents. Soon all the food was gone, and Father Hedgehog had to sally forth early in the morning, two o'clock a.m., in search of more. A tent was pitched about a hundred yards away, and he made a bee-line for this, for many a scrap had been picked up there, just as the clock in the distance was chiming two.

Rustling under the flap of the tent, he approached a basket which had been overturned, disclosing a bag with two buns inside. Quick as lightning the snout of the hedgehog was poked into the paper bag, and the crinkling of paper that ensued aroused the campers, who thought a passing tramp was giving them an early call. All they saw, however, was the hedgehog disappearing with a large bun in his mouth. He carried the welcome meal to his hungry young ones, and returned five minutes later for the other bun. Still his hungry family shrieked on for more, and he set out for the nearest house. In the hen-run lay a basin, with some hen's food still adhering to its sides. With his snout the hedgehog pulled the basin down, climbed in, and collected all that was left of the food, the while the basin swayed this way and that, as the weight of the eager forager rested now on this side, now on that.

But the day was now breaking; so he hurriedly made his return journey to the oak, where his family, drowsy after their diet of worms, insects, slugs, and other delicacies, awaited him, the little ones silent at last. Man,

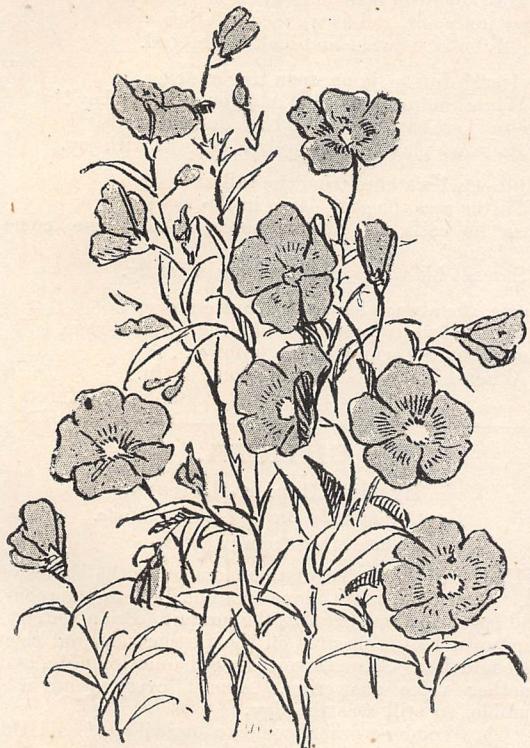
who in the country at least works by day, would soon be abroad, passing through the wood with heavy tread ; and so the hedgehog retired to his cosy heap of hay and leaves and moss, to sleep till the darkness fell again, when once more he emerged and went on his nocturnal quest for food.

J. MACILRAVEY.

A YEAR IN A GARDEN.

III.—MARCH.

THE rock garden really began in February, when preparations were first started for draining the field-path. But on the first day of March Billy heard a visitor say, 'What a capital place for a water garden !' His father had replied, 'But this is to be the chief path running through the children's new garden, and I am



Alpine Flax.

going to have it properly drained, so that it will always be dry for them.

Billy thought it all over, and then went to talk about it to his faithful little helper. 'Babe,' he said, 'why shouldn't we make a water garden and a rockery, too ?'

To make a real rockery had been his great desire since he had had a garden of his own. And now here was the opportunity ! All this bank of earth that had been lying piled up for weeks was already in many places covered with huge blocks of stone that had been dug up. Babe entered into all his plans with enthusiasm. They ran up and down the bank so often that very soon a little narrow path had been beaten down over the



Gypsophila.



Alpine Aster.

ridge. They made plans for a water garden that could be undertaken in the summer holidays, when the rockery was finished. Finally, their father's consent was obtained, and work was begun in earnest.

First of all, the little path over the top was widened and levelled, bricks were laid down, and thyme was planted in amongst them. When all this was quite neat and firm, operations were begun at the foot of the bank, where the largest 'rocks' were collected and fixed. Some of these were big boulders from the stream at the other side of the meadow. Above the boulders, wide, flat spaces of soil were made for patches of various kinds of sedum and Alpine pinks, all of which like plenty of room in which they can grow and spread. Over the rocks a little higher up were planted drooping gypsophila and Alpine flax and mossy saxifrages; here also were blue campanulas, yellow alyssum, and purple aubretia. All these things were put in rather close together; it was Billy's aim to have a good show when the summer came, but probably by next year they would have grown so much that some would have to be taken out. Stone-crops, with their lovely red-and-white tufts of flowers, were given a somewhat dry position, and some clumps of orpines, which belong to the same family, were put in a corner that was still more dry, and where probably little else would have thrived. Perennial candytuft, blue Alpine aster, dog's-tooth violets, several kinds of hepaticas and veronicas, all found homes in the rockery. The common red houseleek had a place of honour, and near it were the cobweb houseleeks, all great favourites with Billy, who loved to watch the tiny offsets grow in the summer.

Showers of rain often stopped their work, and then the sunk path was quickly under water. One day they were watching the brown water rising and overflowing, and Billy looked on with prophetic eyes that saw the future water garden in all its beauty. 'That must be our work in the summer holidays, Babe,' he said.

TO SCHOOL!

O H, if I was a fairy-boy,
And didn't want one bit
To go away to school each day,
I could get out of it,
Because I'd beg a Will-o'-Wisp
To lead me on and on,
And nobody could scold me then,
Because I should be gone!

And if I was a beetle-boy,
Who didn't want at all
To learn, you know, I would just go
And find a fox-glove tall,
And there I'd lie quite high and dry
All through the school-time hours,
And if they tried to blame me—why,
The fault would be the flower's!

But I'm the other sort of boy,
And I must start at once,
For there's the bell! And, besides—well,
I can't grow up a *Dunce*;
For boys like me are all, you see,
Going to be grown men;
And if we grow and do not *know*,
Well, what would happen *then*?

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT, Nurse; you don't know where I'm going.

Good-night, Mother; you can't come with me.
I don't sleep; I go to chase the squirrels
On the top of the very tallest tree.

Great White Owl, he waits outside the window.
'Tu-whit, tu-whit,' don't you hear him call?

On his back I cuddle in the feathers;
He takes care, and never lets me fall.

In the sky the little stars are dancing,

Glow-worms light us as we fly along;

In the woods 'tis very, very quiet,
Only flowers ring their bells, ding-dong.

Now I know the holes the squirrels live in,

For they drop their nuts upon my head;
They jump out, and as we race together,

All the birds wake and look out of bed.

Oh! such fun to jump upon the branches,

While the rooks scold, 'Ah, you naughty boy!'

See-saw, see-saw, swinging back and forwards,
There we play till the squirrels squeal with joy.

White Owl watches from the tallest fir-tree,

Till he sees the grey dawn in the sky;

Then he calls me, 'Come home, come, come, come
home,'

Spreads his wings, and back again we fly.

Nurse, she always leaves the shutters open;

White Owl drops me through the window-pane.

Scurry, hurry, scurry to the pillows . . .

When I wake, 'tis morning come again.

E. M. ATKINSON.

CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPTON,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 66.)

THE raft grounded at this moment on the shores of the island, and Chinna scrambled on to the rocks, and began to climb towards the summit. Brian watched him until he disappeared on the further side, and then he could hear Chinna's voice raised questioningly, and another voice answering. Almost every word was audible, so still was the day.

'Oh, Wonder-worker, come to our village,' said the voice that wasn't Chinna's. 'Come, O mighty hunter, and save us from the destroyer.'

'And whose anger have ye now aroused, O people of little worth?' Chinna demanded in a superior and condescending fashion.

'The anger of the great one of the forests. He whose name we may not speak. Lo, yesterday did he come to our village when all worked in the fields save the very old and the very young. Very softly he came, creeping up the village street, and entered the empty house of the chief among us, and the wind shut to the door behind him. And all day he slept, and none knew of his presence. And in the evening we returned; and as the headman, all unaware, would have entered his dwelling, forth sprang the great one and caught him by the arm.'

'Did he kill?' Chinna asked.

'The headman he spared; he has not yet tasted of human flesh. But he slew of our herd. A fine cow. A fat cow. One of the two that are mine.' And, at this, the strange voice rose in a wail. 'And then he drank from the tank which is beside the peepul-tree,' it went on. 'And, afterwards, he returned to the house. Come and slay him while yet he is heavy with meat. 'Twill be an easy task.' And now the voice wheedled. 'Most simple indeed.'

'Um,' said Chinna. 'Then surely there is no need for a mighty hunter, one who is worthy of a rich reward. Deal ye with the great one of the forests yourselves since ye deem it but child's play to do so.'

And at that there came the sound of footsteps returning towards the raft, and the strange voice shrieked, 'Ask what reward thou deemest fit, thou master of the great ones. Only come and save us. Oh, leave us not to perish.'

CHAPTER VI.

CHINNA, it seemed, was moved by this appeal, for he came to a halt, and began to bargain. And, when he had arranged that he was to receive a new axe, three hens, a kid, and enough silver to make two bangles for Mrs. Chinna, he finally agreed to face the great one.

'When the sun is setting for the second time I come,' he announced then.

'Delay not. Return with me even now,' the strange voice implored.

But Chinna answered, 'There are matters which must first receive due attention. I must speak with the spirits of the forest that they may be graciously disposed and lend me their aid. The great one will doubtless kill again on the second day. When meat is plentiful, he will eat of it, fresh and fresh. Drive the herd past his dwelling between noon and sunset to-morrow that he may feed ere I come.'

'My other cow. Without doubt it is my other cow he will choose,' the stranger moaned.

'What is that to me?' said Chinna, loftily. 'Will ye not all sit safe within your houses while I face the great one in his strength? It is for me, therefore, to choose the manner of that facing and the moment.'

The strange voice died away in doleful sighs, and Chinna added, 'Go now, and look not behind you. It is not meet that any should see the way that I take.' And in a little while Brian could hear the splash-splash of a paddle from the further side of the island. And presently Chinna came scrambling down towards the raft again, his face all twisted into thoughtful lines.

But at sight of Brian he began to smile, and waved his hand as a king might wave it. 'Ye heard?' he asked. 'Ye heard them ask for my aid? Now it is plain how great I am. I, Chinna, the hunter; I, Chinna, lord even of the lords of the forest.'

And he tossed his little axe up into the air, and caught it again, and gave a short, sharp yell. And the splashes of the paddle, which were getting more distant each moment, grew extremely hurried.

'I heard,' said Brian. 'But I didn't understand what you were talking about. Who is the great one?'

'The great one?' said Chinna, and his voice was tinged with awe. 'It is the striped one. I may not speak his name. He who walks by night. He who feeds on the flesh of beasts; and, sometimes, on the flesh of man.'

Brian understood now. It was a tiger of which Chinna was speaking. Most natives of India think it is unlucky to mention tigers or snakes, or any dangerous creature by name. They hold it is wiser instead to use a descriptive title.

'And is there a striped one in the village?' Brian asked, not liking to say 'tiger,' lest he should vex Chinna. 'But how can you kill it?' he went on, 'with only a bow and arrow?'

'I shall kill the great one with a poisoned arrow,' Chinna explained. 'Such an arrow as I brought from the hut last night, the head of which had poison smeared on it. When he has fed full, and goes to the water to drink, then I will hide within reach. And if the spirits are kind—as kind they have been in the past—I will slay him. Thus did my father with a bear, using the very bow that now I use. Often has he told me the tale besides the camp-fires of my youth.'

He took up the paddle, and began to urge the raft away from the island; and, simultaneously, Brian questioned eagerly, 'Will you take me with you? Oh, Chinna, do take me with you! Oh, do, do let me come.'

'Nay,' said Chinna firmly. 'Such hunting is for grown men only. Moreover, to find a place in which to hide may be difficult. Perchance I must remain exposed to view. Me, the great one may take for one of the village people who are beneath his notice. But a white face and strange clothes might stir him to suspicion.'

And no amount of pleading would turn Chinna's 'No' into 'Yes,' and it was a dejected and gloomy Brian who followed the little man to the clearing. Frederick was playing on the outskirts, so busy with some wonderful game that he scarcely noticed his brother. But Nancy came running to meet Brian, very full of the happy morning she had spent. Mrs. Chinna had taught her how to cook rice so that each grain was plump and white and soft, and separate from its fellows. And had let her grind grain in a little handmill. And, together, they had gathered certain fruits, which, it seemed, Chinna had need of, and had collected more firewood. And had chased away the monkeys which had persecuted the goat until she had taken refuge in the hut. 'And this evening,' said Nancy happily, 'I am going to learn how to milk.'

And then she noticed Brian's mournful expression, and at once she began to question him anxiously. Nancy always had a great stock of sympathy ready for anybody who might require it. 'Is anything wrong, Brian? Didn't you enjoy yourself this morning?' she asked.

'Oh, yes, I enjoyed myself,' said Brian, with added gloom. And then out came his grievance with a rush. 'Chinna's going on a tiger hunt. There's a tiger in a village near here, and it's eating the village cows, one by one. And Chinna's going to kill it with a poisoned arrow, and he won't take me with him.'

'Oh, I'm so sorry,' said Nancy, trying very hard to be as disappointed as Brian evidently expected her to be, but not succeeding very well because she could not help feeling relieved also.

And Brian, well aware of this, accepted consolation with a somewhat aggrieved air. And, to himself, he said, 'I'm not going to stop behind. I'm not. I must go with Chinna. I simply must. Somehow or other, I'll find a way.'

(Continued on page 82.)



"Chinna scrambled on the rocks and began to climb towards the summit."



"Brian begged the loan of Chinna's bow and arrows."

CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.
(Continued from page 79.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE day passed peacefully after the excitement of the morning. Chinna made no attempt to go hunting again. There was plenty of meat in the larder, and the little man did not hunt merely for pleasure, but chiefly that the necessary food might be obtained; or when he needed money and wished to sell the meat. He considered it a waste of strength to hunt at any other time. Chinna knew that only by keeping his strength at its highest pitch could he hope to battle successfully with the fierce wild things amongst which he lived. And now there was special need to be strong, since he must face the fiercest of any who at all times disputed the overlordship. So Chinna drowsed by the fire while the daylight hours sped past.

Mrs. Chinna, on the other hand, was very busy. She was by nature a hard-working little person, and she was scarcely idle for a moment, save when she slept after the mid-day meal, or at night. She hustled about now, flinging stones on the heap beneath the tree in a sudden panic lest the spirits be offended; cooking a strange concoction of bitter fruits under Chinna's direction, and with Nancy's zealous help. When this was ready, the juice was strained through a piece of muslin into an empty gourd, shaped rather like a bottle with a narrow neck, and the gourd was hung up inside the hut. And then Mrs. Chinna began to teach Nancy how to polish a brass pot with a handful of dry sand, and Nancy scrubbed away till she was almost purple in the face.

Brian, meanwhile, had begged the loan of Chinna's bow and arrows, and made a large black mark on a tree with a piece of charred wood, and was practising shooting at this. And was so happy when he hit the mark several times running that he almost forgot about the tiger-hunt. Frederick, when he was not watching Brian, or running to pick up the arrows and bring them back again, tried to make friends with the monkeys; but his efforts were not crowned with much success. They chattered rude replies to all his remarks, and expressed their disapproval of almost everything he did. And, if he strayed beyond the clearing even a yard or so, they threw sticks and leaves at him as on the previous day, and talked yet more loudly. Frederick puzzled over this conduct until he thought he had found the explanation. 'I think,' he told Brian, 'they think that we belong to Chinna and Mrs. Chinna, and they mustn't let us go away.'

'And I think that they're just a nuisance,' said Brian, for the monkeys had distracted his attention at exactly the wrong moment, and an arrow had gone wide of the mark. And Brian picked up a handful of small stones, and did some throwing in his turn, and the monkeys transferred their enmity to him with redoubled vigour, and were almost friendly to Frederick in comparison.

With the coming of the dark Chinna grew alert, and set about the preparations he deemed necessary for his encounter with the tiger. First he propped a large flat stone against the hollow tree-trunk, and smeared it with red paint. And in front of the stone he put a handful of rice, and a small pot of a dark wine-like fluid made from the blossoms of the tree itself. The rice and

the wine were offerings to the spirit, Mrs. Chinna explained in a whisper to the children. And the red smeared stone represented the evil demon who protected the tiger, and whose favour must be won. And, when all these things were arranged to his satisfaction, Chinna danced a most weird dance in front of them. He waved his arms wildly, and began to chant solemnly, and this is what he chanted:

'O mighty one,
I call on thee.
Oh, by thine aid
Enable me
The striped one to slay.
'I Chinna am,
Thy humble slave,
And of thy strength
This boon I crave,
The striped one to slay.
'Soon we must meet.
Yes. Face to face.
One dies. One lives.
Oh, grant me grace,
The striped one to slay.
'Look on my gifts
Of rice and wine.
All that I have
It shall be thine,
If I the striped one slay.'

And then Chinna ceased to dance, and crouched down on his heels before the stone, and stared straight in front of him. And his eyes were dull and glassy, like the eyes of a blind person, and there was no expression in his face. And Mrs. Chinna whispered, very softly, to the children, 'Do not speak. Do not disturb him. Lo, his body is here, but he himself talks with the spirits. He is as a man asleep.'

And the children huddled together, watching, much interested, and awed a little. All round the dark forest kept watch, while the camp fire threw gold and glancing beams amidst the shadows, and seemed to touch them to a dancing life, and outlined the figure of Chinna crouched motionless before the red-smeared stone.

It seemed a long while before the little man rose to his feet, though in reality it was but a few minutes. His eyes grew slowly luminous again, and he yawned and stretched his arms above his head.

'The spirit has spoken to me!' he chanted. 'The spirit has spoken to me! I shall surely slay the striped one. The spirit has promised.'

And with that he became his ordinary self again, and ordered Mrs. Chinna to prepare food, saying that he was hungry.

(Continued on page 94.)

A SEARCH FOR SPIES.

IT was the half-term holiday at the school, and Joe and I had made up our minds to make the best of it. To begin with, we were rather wild to have to be at school at all, when we both felt sure that we should be ever so much more useful if we were only old enough to enlist, or help in some proper sort of way. Being Scouts, however, we didn't grumble, but set our minds to make the best of a bad business, and decided at the same time that if we ever did get an opportunity to 'do our bit,' we'd do it with a will.

'Tom,' said Joe to me on the day before the holiday, 'what do you say to a good long tramp to-morrow? Right over the cliffs, and perhaps as far as the Pirates' Cave?'

He looked at me with a sort of wink as he said it, for both he and I had our own ideas about what was going on in the Cave, and though no one else seemed to think there was any sense in what we said, we had made up our minds that there was a chance of an adventure ahead, and perhaps a bit of work to be done, too.

The fact was that for several weeks there had been signalling going on from our cliffs; trawlers out fishing at night had seen the lights, and though the police were keen to discover who it could be, so far nothing had been accomplished.

The next day saw us ready for business. We put on our thickest boots, filled our pockets with enough bread and cheese to keep us going till tea-time, and off we went. It was a jolly kind of day: not cold enough for snow, but with a frosty nip in the air that made walking a pleasure. In a very short time Joe and I were at our best stride, tramping along at a good many miles an hour.

'Only one thing more to complete my pleasure do I want,' said Joe presently, 'and that is to catch a spy.'

'How soon do you expect to do *that*?' I was beginning, when my friend gave a start. 'I believe there's one,' he said.

I roared with laughter; I couldn't help it. We were quite off the main track certainly, but it was broad daylight, and no one would expect spies to come out just because Joe wanted to catch one.

'You've got spies on the brain,' I said.

But Joe didn't answer; he was staring in front of him, and he began to step out faster than ever. Of course I kept pace, and soon I could see that there was some kind of a figure in front of us walking over the cliffs and a long way ahead.

'Some one's out early,' said Joe. 'I wonder what his business is?'

We strode on, gaining on the figure, and then all of a sudden we both burst out laughing, for as we drew near we saw that the person we had been following was a *woman*, and not a man at all!

'Just like my luck!' growled Joe. 'I made sure I'd got one then, and it's only a lady visitor taking a walk.'

But I was watching the figure, and the more I noticed the way the stranger strode along, and the way she swung her arms, I could not help thinking that she was a queer kind of woman, or else my eyes were deceiving me.

'I don't like the look of her, somehow,' I said to Joe.

It was *his* turn to laugh at me. 'I say,' he said, 'who's got spies on the brain now? Why, I saw that woman in the post-office this very morning buying stamps as I was on my way to your house. She's just a visitor.'

(Concluded on page 90.)

A JOURNEY TO GO.

[Second Series.]

III.—NEWHAVEN TO PORTSMOUTH.

NEWHAVEN to Dieppe—the two words seem to be so closely connected together that one hardly realises the possibility of taking the dull little Sussex port as a starting-point for any other journey. To-day,

however, instead of setting out across the Channel we will travel along its coast, stopping for a while at each of the towns which stud the long line of the railway as if they were beads threaded on to a great necklace.

From Newhaven to Portsmouth, then, that is to be our journey to-day, but before we begin to travel westward, we will go back a few miles and pay a visit to Seaford, a village which, in the past, was a large town and one of the famous Cinque Ports.

That was far back in the Middle Ages, but, even before that time, mention is made of this place in history, for here Northern pirates landed on one of their raiding expeditions, and, doubtless reminded of their homes, they gave the village a new name as they sailed up the little harbour in their strange high-prowed ships.

Sea-Fjord, they called the South-coast Saxon hamlet, and it must not be forgotten that the word, *ford*, here has its Scandinavian meaning, and signifies an inlet of the sea, and not, as elsewhere in England, a passage through running water.

The latter history of Seaford is very much like that of many other English coast towns, for its large trade and consequent prosperity were dependent on its harbour, and as the latter became choked with drifting sand, so the former dwindled away and vanished.

As Seaford went down in the world, its neighbour and rival, Newhaven, increased in importance, but here, too, in due course, the harbour silted up and the well-being of the town was threatened. For some time Newhaven was almost deserted, but in 1731 steps were taken to repair the mischief, and now, instead of being a dead city like Rye and Winchelsea, it is a thriving port and linked to France across the water by one of the regular lines of steamers.

From Newhaven the railway takes us inland to Lewes, the county town of Sussex, a sleepy old-fashioned place enough, but interesting as having been the scene of one of the fiercest and most important battles ever fought on English ground.

It was here that the barons and their followers, wearing the white cross of Simon de Montfort, in token that their cause was sacred, met the forces of Henry III., and, by their victory, secured the liberties and rights which had been wrung from the king's treacherous father on the plain of Runnymede.

It is said that five thousand men fell in this battle, on what is now the Lewes racecourse, and among the prisoners taken by the victors were Henry III. himself, his brother, and the two Scottish chieftains, Robert Bruce and John Comyn.

Lewes Castle, the ruins of which still remain, was built by William Earl of Surrey, the son-in-law of William the Conqueror, and not far away was a large priory, where in 1264 the royal captives were imprisoned and where the famous treaty called the Mise of Lewes was drawn up and signed.

It is only about eight miles from Lewes to Brighton, but the short journey seems to carry us out of ancient into modern times, for 'London-by-the-Sea,' as the great watering-place has been called, is not only the largest but the newest of south-coast towns.

A village, Brighthelmstone, existed before the eighteenth century, but it was only a small place with eight thousand inhabitants, and it is very difficult to realise now as we look down the long sea-front, or up at the network of streets with which the hills behind are covered, that the Prince Regent, to whom the town

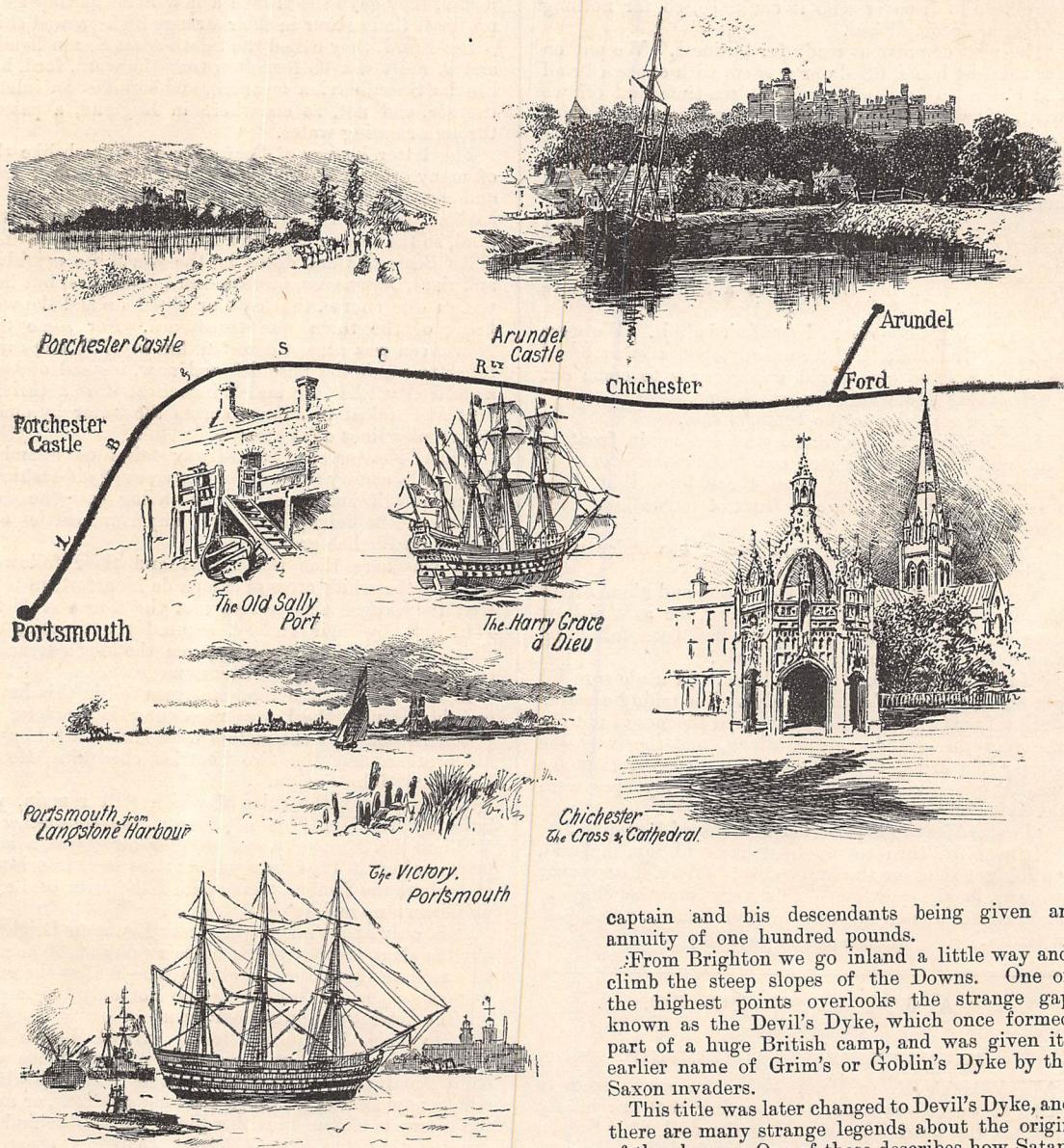
owes its importance and character, first came here less than a hundred and fifty years ago.

Those were gay days for Brighton when the Prince drove down from London, and wonderful festivities were held in his quaint royal palace, the Pavilion; but even in fashionable Brighton, hidden away among the crowding shops and houses, there may be found some traces of an older history. It was near Brighthelmstone, for instance, that Charles II. took refuge after his defeat at Worcester, and he stayed for a night in the George Inn before his escape to France in the coal-brig of Captain Tettersell.

In the graveyard of the old parish church a tomb-

stone is still to be seen which was raised to the memory of Captain Nicholas Tettersell, 'Through whose prudence, valour, and loyalty, King Charles II. was faithfully conveyed to France.'

It was no easy matter in those seventeenth century days to carry a fugitive monarch across the Channel, but, although Charles accepted the services of his faithful subjects, he was only too apt to forget them when brighter days dawned and rewards might have been given. Captain Tettersell, however, managed to jog the memory of his royal master by sailing his grimy little vessel up the Thames and mooring it opposite the palace of Whitehall. This scheme proved successful, the



captain and his descendants being given an annuity of one hundred pounds.

From Brighton we go inland a little way and climb the steep slopes of the Downs. One of the highest points overlooks the strange gap known as the Devil's Dyke, which once formed part of a huge British camp, and was given its earlier name of Grim's or Goblin's Dyke by the Saxon invaders.

This title was later changed to Devil's Dyke, and there are many strange legends about the origin of the chasm. One of these describes how Satan,

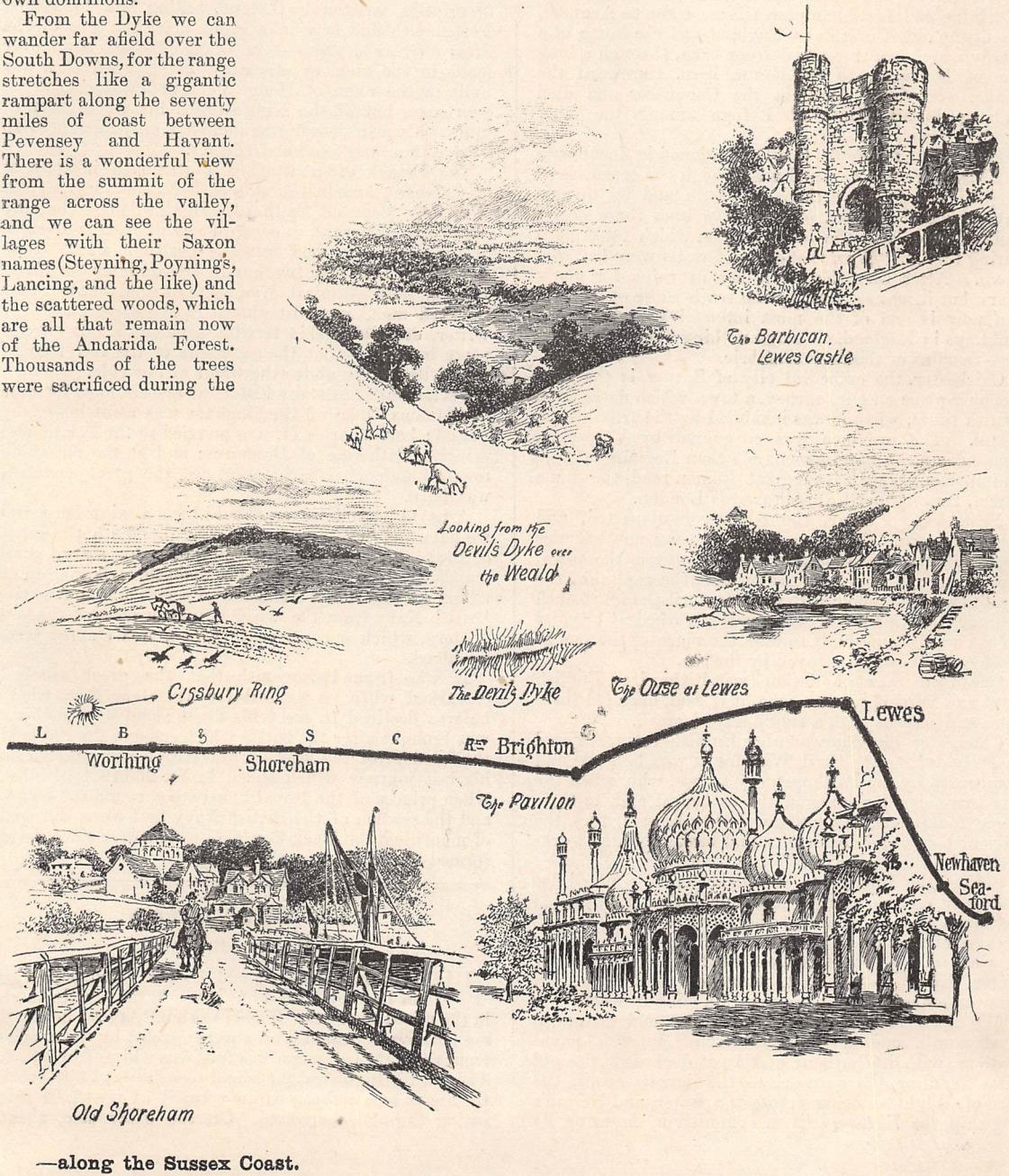
angry at the building of many churches in the Weald valley, determined to destroy them by cutting a rift through the barrier of the downs and letting the sea flow in and flood the country.

A work of this magnitude could not, however, be performed noiselessly, and a pious old woman, awakened by the sound of goblin pick-axes and realising what was afoot, set a lighted candle in the window of her cottage. This terrified the Devil, who, mistaking it for the rising sun, abandoned his work of darkness and fled to his own dominions.

From the Dyke we can wander far afield over the South Downs, for the range stretches like a gigantic rampart along the seventy miles of coast between Pevensey and Havant. There is a wonderful view from the summit of the range across the valley, and we can see the villages with their Saxon names (Steyning, Poynings, Lancing, and the like) and the scattered woods, which are all that remain now of the Andarida Forest. Thousands of the trees were sacrificed during the

eighteenth century for the building of warships—those 'hearts of oak' which defended England in the critical days when Napoleon prepared his rafts of invasion and the tents of his great army were pitched across the water on the hills round Boulogne.

Besides the Devil's Dyke there are traces of many other ancient camps along the South Downs, and the most imposing of these is undoubtedly Cissbury, three miles from Worthing. It is said that five thousand



—along the Sussex Coast.

warriors must have been needed for the defence of this huge fortress, which covers no less than sixty acres of ground.

Cissbury was used in turn by the Normans, Saxons, Romans, and Britons; but the strange flint weapons and implements which have been found within its boundaries show that it dates from the mysterious dark ages which lie behind even British times, and was built originally thousands of years ago by the soldiers and workmen of the Neolithic period.

We rejoin the railway, and travel on through Worthing and Littlehampton till we come to Arundel, one of the oldest castles in England and the home of a family which can trace its descent back, through a long line of Howards, to the Saxon hero, Hereward the Wake, who defied William the Conqueror and died fighting in his Camp of Refuge among the East Anglian fens.

We first find Arundel Castle mentioned in documents of King Alfred's reign, and all through the centuries of English history since then the castle and its owners have borne their part. There have been three sieges, and it was only in the last of these, which took place during the Civil War, that the old walls were battered down. After that the castle lay in ruins for many years, but it was restored by the tenth Duke of Norfolk and now is one of the most interesting and famous buildings in England, although nothing but the Norman keep remains of the original fabric.

Chichester, the cathedral city of Sussex, is the next stopping-place on our journey, a town which dates from British times, when it was inhabited by the tribe of the Regni. The province was conquered by Vespasian, whose camp can still be seen, and then Regnum became an important place with a great Roman road, the Stane Street, running northwards towards London.

Years passed away, the conquerors departed, and Regnum became British again; but soon new enemies appeared, and the chieftain Cissa captured the town, renamed it after himself, and made it the capital of the South Saxon kingdom. It was not until the fourteenth century that Chichester was made a cathedral city, its great church being built to take the place of the one at Selsey, which was destroyed by the sea.

One of earliest of the bishops was Richard, an English saint and miracle-worker, who, it is said, once fed three thousand persons with a single loaf of bread.

Chichester, like many another English town, suffered severely during the Civil War, for it was besieged and bombarded by the Parliamentary troops, who, when the city surrendered, plundered the cathedral and, in their fierce fanaticism, stripped away the brasses, tore the ancient books and documents, and broke the fine work-work with their poleaxes.

Selsey, the forerunner of Chichester, is situated not far away on the narrow peninsula, Selsey Bill, which in Saxon times was called the Land of the Sea Calf, because of the numerous seals which were found there. It was, in those days, almost entirely surrounded by water, except on the west, where, old writers tell us, was 'an entrance about the cast of a sling in width.'

We must return to Chichester now and go on to Portsmouth, one of the greatest of English naval stations, with its harbour and busy dockyards, its old forts guarding the entrance to the narrow strait, the Isle of Wight showing across the water, and Nelson's flag-ship, the *Victory*, still in commission, flaunting its

pennon in company with grim modern 'Dreadnoughts' and cruisers.

The deep inlet and safe anchorage of this place have always caused it to be used as a naval centre, ever since the Romans established themselves at Porchester, a little way to the north. That settlement continued to be the principal naval port of England through Saxon and Norman times, but gradually, as warships increased in size, the new town, Portsmouth, took its place.

The big ships of those days were very small compared to our modern vessels, and it is strange to read a description written by Leland, telling how he visited Portsmouth and saw in a great dock the ribs of the *Henry Grâce à Dieu*—'one of the largest ships ever made in the memory of man.' The *Grâce à Dieu* was built in the reign of Henry VIII, and was considered enormous, but at the King's death his whole fleet, in which this man-of-war was included, only amounted to twelve thousand five hundred tons.

The French often attacked Portsmouth in spite of its defences, and in the sixteenth century a great sea fight took place off Spithead. In this battle the ship *Mary Rose* was sunk in consequence of the carelessness of the crew, who had left the port-hole open. It is strange to find that two hundred years later the *Royal George*, with Admiral Kempfenfeldt and 'twice four hundred men,' was lost almost in the same place. A writer, describing this terrible accident about twenty years later, says that the top-masts of the vessel could then still be seen above the water at low tide.

Portsmouth has many historical associations, for here the famous Duke of Buckingham was assassinated by Felton; here Charles II. was married to the Portuguese princess, Catherine of Braganza; and at the adjoining town, Landport, Charles Dickens, the great novelist, was born.

A naval port, however, should have a sailor hero, and we have not far to seek, for, as at Plymouth the spirit of Drake dominates the town, even as his statue commands the Hoe, so here, in Portsmouth, it is Nelson of whom we think, and Nelson who seems still to rule the British Navy from the wooden quarter-deck of the old *Victory*, which once, a century ago, was stained with his blood.

It was from Portsmouth that the great admiral embarked when he set sail for Trafalgar Bay, where he was destined to meet his death; and here his body was brought after the battle which ensured for England the freedom of the seas. From here Nelson started on his last journey which ended in St. Paul's Cathedral, when princes of the Royal blood stood round the coffin, and the seamen of the British Navy first wore, in token of mourning, the black kerchiefs which, ever since, have formed part of their uniform.

THE CHINAMAN.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

THE rain had stopped, and it was blowing fresher when Dawson looked out through the scuttle hatch in the raised top of the *Wapiti*'s cabin. At first he could see nothing, because his eyes were dazzled by the change from the light below and his face was whipped by spray. Then he distinguished the island to windward that broke the angry seas and the white turmoil of the flood tide racing through the sound. On the other side, about

two hundred yards off, a vague black mass marked the giant forest that fringes the Pacific coast of Canada. The little sloop rolled and plunged at anchor on the confused swell, for the breeze that swept the narrow sea between Vancouver Island and the mainland of British Columbia was strong.

Dawson heard the halyards slap against the mast and the chain cable ring as the boat sheered across the stream; then the roar of the surf drowned the other noises, and he dropped back into the cabin, where Jake Winthrop studied a chart. They were both young—Dawson had left school in England six months earlier—and the sloop was rather large for two boys to manage; but Jake sometimes sailed her with the hired man's help, and Dawson had won a yachting cup at home.

They had left the Winthrop ranch on the previous night, and after landing the hired man at a spot where he meant to clip some sheep, started back with a light, fair wind. The wind dropped, and in the flat calm a fast tide stream carried them off their course, while thick clouds spread across the sky. In the afternoon it began to blow, and after beating for some hours against a white head-sea, they ran into the sound for shelter.

There was about three feet of head-room under the cabin-top, a locker ran along each side of the boat, and the centreboard trunk occupied much of the floor. Lockers and floors were wet, because water had come in through the skylight and scuttle while she plunged across the steep head-seas.

'What's it like outside?' Jake asked.

'Blowing,' said Dawson. 'I think the moon's coming through, but the sea's got worse. The anchor holds, but she's straining hard at her cable.'

Jake nodded. 'There'll be more sea as the tide rises and brings in the swell, while if the stream gets stronger, we'll have to heave up and run. The trouble is I don't know where to run for. There's 'most a dozen islands off this point, and I can't tell which we've got behind. If I could hit the bay round the big head, we'd be pretty safe, but she'd go to pieces soon if we made a bad shot and put her on a rock.'

'That's so,' Dawson agreed, as cheerfully as he could. 'Perhaps we'd better stop as long as the anchor holds. In the meantime I'll make some coffee.'

He poked the little stove which was burning fir-bark, but the kettle was slow to boil, and while they waited the wind howled drearily and the cable jarred across the stem. Then, when puffs of steam began to curl from the spout, Jake looked up sharply.

'What's that?'

Dawson heard a faint measured thud that was presently drowned by the turmoil of the sea.

'Sounds like engines,' he remarked, and both scrambled up on deck.

The moon had come out, and its light touched the tumbling water and then was hidden by flying clouds. As a bright beam spread across the mouth of the sound, a slanted funnel, a short mast, and a white pilot-house lurched up among the foam.

'She's coming in!' Dawson shouted. 'Perhaps she'd tow us as far as the head.'

'Get the warp up ready,' said Jake. 'I'll haul when she's near enough.'

While Dawson dragged out the hard, wet rope from under the cockpit floor the steamer came on. Now she was behind the island, she steadied to an even keel, and he noted how the tide swept her up the sound. Bright

lights shone through the ring-ports in her raised cabin: she looked safe and comfortable, and had engines that could, if needful, drive her head to gale. By contrast, the *Wapiti*, plunging in the spray, looked very small. Then, while Dawson pulled out another length of warp, Jake stood up and shouted. There was no answer, and the steamer did not change her course; her red port-light faded, and they knew she was leaving them astern.

'Try again,' said Dawson. 'Make a proper noise.'

Jake did his best, but the steamer got indistinct, and vanished as a cloud drove across the moon.

Jake sat down and banged his hand on the cabin-top. 'They could have heard us if they'd liked. Steamboat men are selfish hogs! I suppose it didn't strike you that we could have lit a flare?'

'It didn't,' Dawson admitted. 'Did it strike you?'

Jake's annoyance vanished, and he laughed. 'Doesn't look as if it had until it was too late. When you haven't done what you ought, it's a comfort to get after somebody else.'

They went back to the cabin, and while they drank their coffee Dawson asked about the vessel.

'She's a little Government propeller,' Jake replied. 'Looks after the fisheries, and sees the drift-netters don't cut up the shore salmon-traps. Then I expect she does some patrol work for the Customs. There's money in smuggling opium and Chinese fixings, but I don't see why she's cruising here. Nobody but a few ranchers lives along the piece of coast.'

They lay down on the lockers, and although Dawson was anxious and his clothes were wet, he soon went to sleep. He was wakened by a curious banging, as if somebody were beating carpets, and jumping for the half-opened scuttle, found his comrade stuck fast in the hole. Jake kicked him as he wriggled through, and when Dawson got on deck he saw a small fore-and-aft schooner rolling across the tide between them and the mainland beach. Her loose canvas thrashed furiously, and then stopped, as a staysail was hauled to weather and she fell off before the wind. She drove past the sloop, and a few minutes later vanished into the gloom. Dawson noted that she carried no lights.

'Well,' said Jake, 'that's curious! Looks as if they'd let her head-reach in behind the point, but I don't know why, because they didn't send a boat ashore. Anyhow, we'll coil away the warp you left mussing up the boat. We don't want it getting foul of things if we have to clear out.'

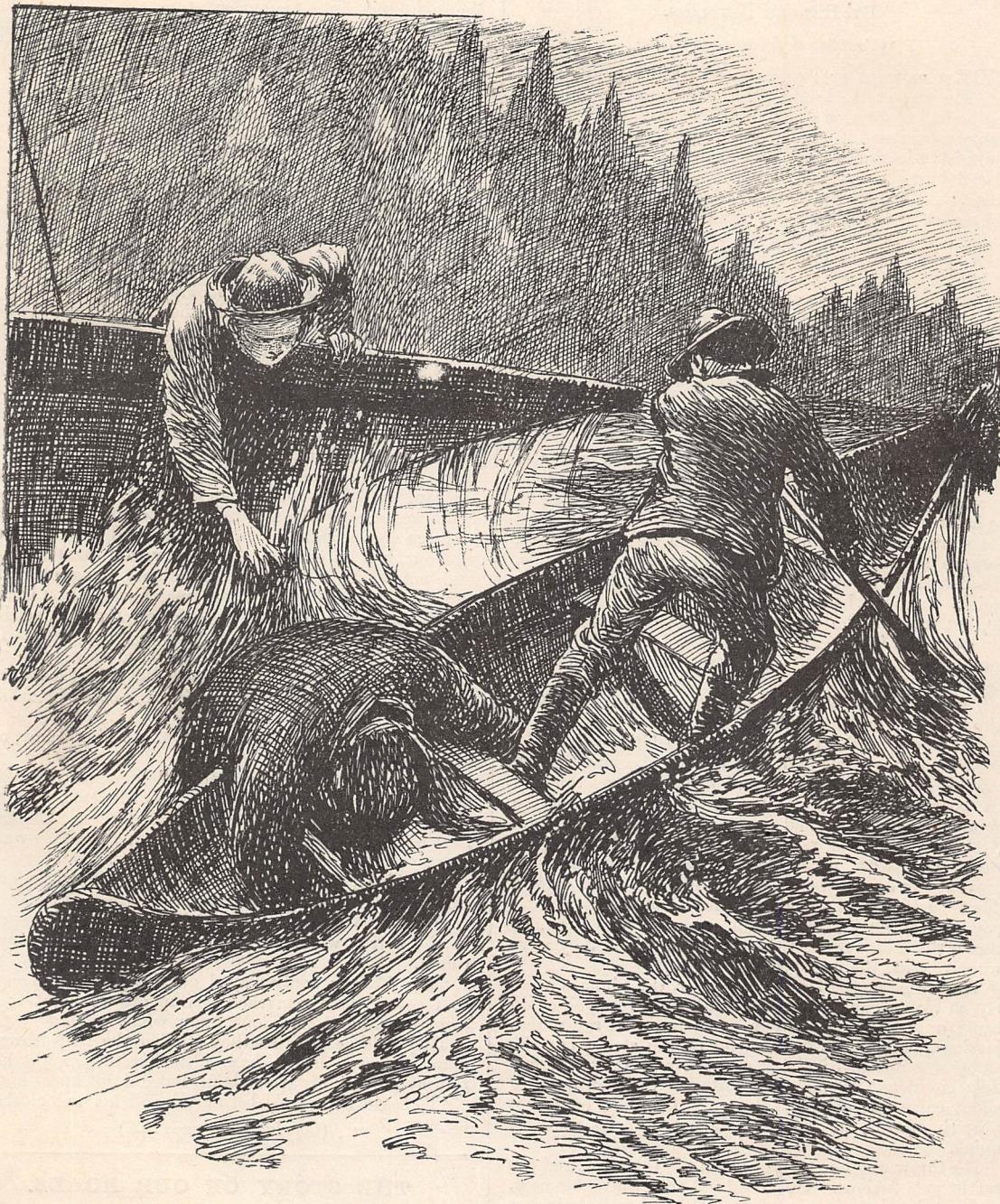
They laid the rope in neat coils on the cockpit floor, and when they had finished the moon shone through a break in the clouds, and Dawson glanced at the canoe that rode astern. They used the craft to carry them ashore, and she was very light and small. Now she was half full of water, and he supposed they ought to bail her and pull her up on deck; but it would be an awkward job, and he was tired. A few moments afterwards Jake seized his shoulder and stretched out his arm, as if to indicate something in the water.

Close by a round, dark object drifted across a glittering belt of moonlight. It swung round in an eddy that washed it towards the sloop, and Dawson saw a yellow face that looked lifeless until the curious narrow eyes moved. Then a hand rose out of the water, clutched the boat's side, and slipped; there was a bump against the counter, and the head drove on with the tide.

(Continued on page 90.)



"Jake stood up and shouted. There was no answer."



"A dark object hung over the canoe's stern."

THE CHINAMAN.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

(Continued from page 87.)

FOR a moment or two Dawson stood stupidly still. He was startled; the thing had come so suddenly, and he had never seen a man look like that. Only for the feeble movement of his hand and his winking eyes, one could have imagined that he was dead. Then the boy braced himself, and felt for the painter that held the canoe. As he pulled her up, Jake jumped on board, and she rocked and lurched as if she were going to capsize. Indeed, Dawson wondered to see her keep upright. Jake shouted to him to let her go, and picked up the paddle as she drifted astern.

Dawson stood in the cockpit and tried to pull himself together. He had obeyed, almost without thinking, and now saw the risk his comrade ran. The swell broke angrily, the canoe was half full of water, and even if she did not capsize, he doubted if Jake could paddle back against the wind and current. Still, he could not help, and while he waited and felt his heart beat, a cloud drove across the moon.

The light faded, and a shower broke about the sloop; but he saw the canoe, a dim, black object that lurched upon the tossing water. Jake was just distinguishable; he had thrown down his paddle, and was leaning over the stern. Dawson knew the caution this would need, because a rash movement would upset the canoe. Besides, since it would be impossible to pull a heavy weight on board, he did not know what Jake meant to do, but was sure he would not leave the helpless man. It looked as if he and the other would drift up the sound until the canoe was swamped and both were drowned.

Then a hoarse shout came out of the dark: 'Got him! Slack out the cable quick!'

Dawson scrambled forward to the bitts, where the anchor chain was made fast at the bow, because he now saw his comrade's plan. Since he could not get the man on board, Jake had, no doubt, thrown a loop of the painter round him and fastened him to the stern. Although he could not drive the craft back to the sloop, he might perhaps, by paddling desperately, prevent her being swept astern while the sloop drifted down to him. In order to let her do so, Dawson must pay out the chain, and kneeling on the wet deck, he threw the links off the timbers round which they were wound beside the bowsprit end.

The splash at the bows got quieter, the plunges were not so violent, and when the boat's head rose the chain came out of the water in an easy curve. It ran with a jarring rattle over a little wheel at the stem; but the sloop was not drifting fast enough, and Dawson knew Jake could not keep up his efforts long. Then another shout came out of the dark, and although he could not hear the words, he imagined Jake meant he must be quick.

He threw another turn of chain off the bitts, and the rattle got furious. He could not stop the cable now, and wondered anxiously whether the end was made fast in the locker under the deck. This he knew is not always done, because it is seldom necessary to use all the chain. If the end were not made fast, it would run out and plunge into the sea, and the sloop would be adrift, without an anchor. Dawson thought he could

not hoist sail enough to give him control of the boat. Although he knew the effort was hopeless, he seized the clanking links, but they tore the skin off his hand, and he let go as they ground across the bitts. If he had been a moment later, his fingers would have been smashed.

The sweat ran down his face as it dawned on him that the cable might not be long enough. If it were not, and the end was fast, the sloop would stop short of the canoe, and he could not get up the anchor without help. He jumped up, wondering whether he could find a rope to throw. The main sheet was too short, but there was a coil of line on board, and, scrambling across the cabin-top, he fell into the cock-pit. The side of the locker stuck, and when he kicked it open a pile of odds and ends fell out. He durst not waste time by looking round to see what Jake was doing; he must find the coil, but could only feel some blocks, a roll of canvas, and a marling-spike. Then, while he threw the things about, there was a heavy bump against the planks, and, jumping up, he saw the canoe beside the counter.

The *Wapiti's* counter was shaped like a duck's tail, and as she plunged it rose and came down with a splash. If the canoe got underneath, she would be knocked to bits. Dawson leaned over the side and pulled the canoe forward until Jake could jump on board. Next moment there was a bang like a pistol-shot and the sloop seemed to forge ahead while the cable rang. All the chain had run out, but its end was fast below, and fortunately it had not broken. But a dark object hung over the canoe's stern, half in the water, which washed on board. There was not a moment to lose, and Dawson, seizing the man, with Jake's help pulled him up on deck. He lay there, looking like a bundle of wet clothes, while the boys loosed the rope from his shoulders and made fast the canoe. Then Jake leaned against the boom, breathing hard.

'I'm 'most used up, but we must get him below, out of the cold,' he gasped.

They had some trouble to drag the man into the cabin, and when they had done so he lay on the floor, with the water draining from his loose blue clothes. He wore neat blue slippers and a tight skull-cap; his face was a waxy yellow; and at first his eyes were shut.

'A *Chink*!' said Jake. 'Make some coffee with plenty canned milk, as strong as you like.'

Dawson poked the stove, for there was some hot water in the kettle, which fitted in its top, and then looked round.

'The fellow's badly played out, but I guess he ought to recover,' Jake remarked. 'Suppose we ought to do something, but I sure don't know what.'

They felt helpless as they studied the half-drowned man. Dawson had a hazy idea that they might help him by moving his arms about, but did not know how.

'To begin with, we'd better take off his wet clothes,' he suggested. (Concluded on page 102.)

THE STORY OF OUR ROADS.

I.—THE ROADS THE ROMANS MADE.

TO realise the great importance of roads during the days when Rome was mistress of the world, and for many centuries afterwards, we must remember that they were almost the only channels along which

trade and wayfarers could travel. A certain amount of traffic could go by river, but this always depended upon there being a navigable stream from the place where the traveller happened to be, to the place where he wanted to go; so that, except in the case of a few big rivers, the roads must serve every sort of travelling purpose.

I have explained this because, nowadays, with our great network of railways and our many canals, roads seem to take a much less important place, and it is difficult for us to understand the immense usefulness of a good road in Roman times.

Although they lived so long ago, the Romans in many ways were as up-to-date as we are now, and they saw from the first that if they wished to extend their power throughout Europe, they could do nothing without good roads, along which their troops might march and the merchants could journey. It is said that they learnt the art of road-making from the Carthaginians, with whom they had often fought; but be that as it may, it is certain that very early in their history they were experts in this branch of building, and that as road-makers they have never been excelled by any later nations.

Their splendid highways were built so solidly, that in some cases they are still in use, after two thousand years, and are quite as good as ordinary modern roads. The Romans were a direct race, who went straight for whatever they wanted, and their roads show the same trait. Unless a mountain or some other great natural obstacle was in the way, they were built in a straight line between two points—usually from one high point to another. They seem to have taken the sites which could be seen a long way as guide-posts in laying the line of road.

In later days, when coaches and other heavy vehicles came into use, roads were made winding up a slope, so as to make the ascent more gradual and lessen the strain on the horses. But in Roman days this was not necessary, because wheeled vehicles were not greatly used. Men walked, or rode on horseback, and their luggage was piled on the backs of mules.

If in your walks to-day you come to a road which goes straight up and over the crest of a steep hill, without any attempt at winding, it is quite probable that you may be walking on an old Roman road. Because these highways mount so high, instead of winding round the bases of the hills, they afford particularly fine views over the surrounding country.

The Romans had a definite system of road-making, planned to be very strong and durable. First of all they prepared a solid foundation or substructure, from which all loose soil was taken away. Above came several layers of different kinds of soil and rocks, each stratum firmly cemented in place with lime. On the top of all was the pavement, which was made of large hexagonal (six-sided) blocks of stone. These blocks were cut to fit into each other exactly, so that when the paving was laid it had the appearance of being all in one piece.

Roman roads varied in breadth from eight to fifteen feet, and were often provided with raised paths for foot passengers at each side. Ditches, called *sulci*, ran parallel to each other at each side of the road, and carried off the rainfall.

The Romans began by building roads through Italy—the Appian Way, which an old writer named 'the queen

of roads,' and which connected Rome with different districts in Southern Europe; the Flaminian Way, the New Appian Way, and many others. As they extended their conquests into other parts of Europe, they needed more and longer roads, which ran through Spain, Gaul (now France), and many other parts. When they conquered Britain, they built splendid roads there, too, and we shall learn something about these and other highways in another article.

THE LIFE HISTORY OF MR. BRACKEN.

I WONDER whether you have ever taken much notice of the changes which take place in the life of our Common Bracken Fern? I think it more than likely that you have *not*, because he is so very common. He grows in such quantities on heaths and mountainsides, as well as in sandy woods, that he seems to be nearly everywhere. He is certainly always to be found within walking distance of most country places. And the very fact of his commonness makes his chances of being carefully observed much less. I have asked my friends, young and old, 'Have you ever watched a plant of Bracken grow?' They have replied that they have never thought of such a thing. Well, perhaps I should not have thought of such a thing, but it happened last year that I had to take an early holiday, and I was attracted to him day after day, as my series of sketches will prove to you.

I had never been in that part of the country—in Wales—in the spring before, and so, of course, the whole aspect of the spot was quite different from what I knew—the trees were only just coming into leaf, and the slopes of the great mountains were brown with quantities of dead bracken lying about where it had not been harvested for bedding for cattle and for thatching. I only knew these mountains purple with heather, and green and gold with acres of waving bracken fronds.

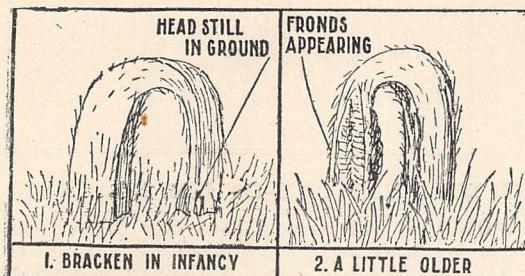
One day I was sitting on the mountain-side to rest, when I noticed a number of funny little brown humps on the ground around me. Upon examination, I found these to be Mr. Bracken making his first advances towards coming up for the summer, after his winter below. Fig. 1 shows you what I saw; you see he is like a tiny fat croquet hoop! He was covered thickly with beautiful golden-brown silky hairs.

I have since read that Mr. Bracken, although very hardy, seems to be curiously afraid of cold and frost in the spring. But at the time I first noticed him I did not know this, but I remarked to my companion, 'Did you ever see such queer little fellows?' I believe the roots say to the fronds (you never speak of a 'leaf' of a fern—it is always a 'frond'), 'Now then, hurry up and go up to the open world.' But the frond replies, 'You may push up behind as much as you please, but I shan't put my head up until I am ready. I have not slept long enough yet.' For they all looked so odd with their heads in the ground as well as their roots!

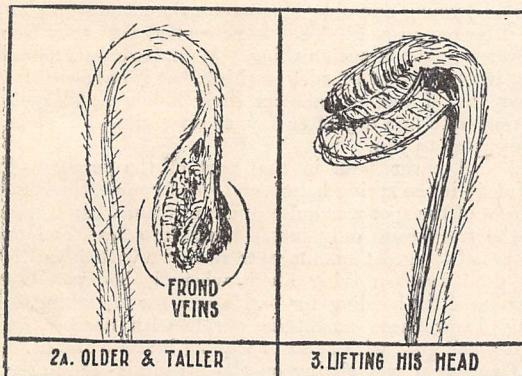
About two days later I looked up my young friends, and I found they had come up just a wee bit more, so that I could now see the green fronds all rolled up tightly inside with their warm covering of brown hairs (fig. 2; fig. 2a shows a little later stage).

Several days later I again visited them, and I found them just beginning to lift up their heads (the stems were now perhaps three inches high). I was at once

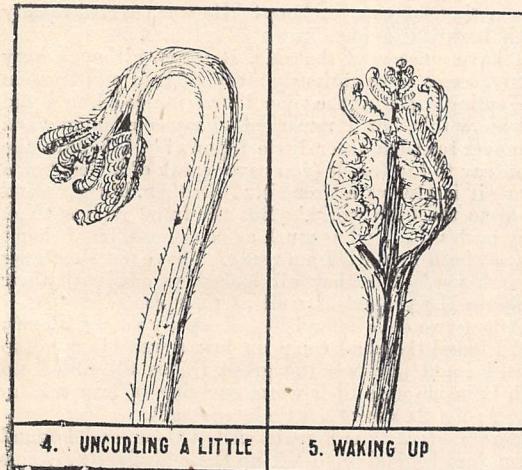
struck by what I call their tired appearance. They reminded me of children who have been waked up before they have had their sleep out; they put their



arms up and rub their eyes with their knuckles to rub away the sleepy feeling. Fig. 3, I hope, shows you what I mean; and here you can distinctly see some of the pinnae (the proper name for the divisions of the frond of a fern).



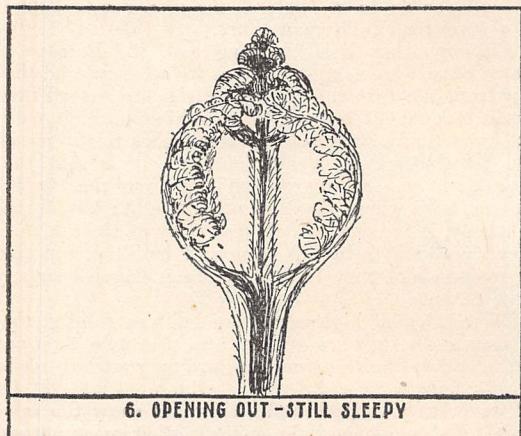
A further visit found them as seen in fig. 4, just opening out a little. Later, again, I found them as in fig. 5—standing up and, as it seemed to me, yawning



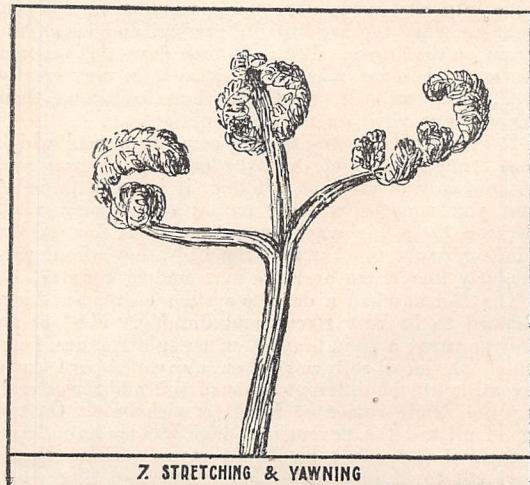
and putting their hands before their mouths. Then, as the yawn finished, they began to stretch themselves (fig. 6).

As time passed, the main stalks and also the stalks of the lower pinnae grew longer, and, although still looking tired and stretching as if not quite awake, they opened out (fig. 7) and showed other pinnae still cuddled up asleep!

Now, the weather having turned warmer, my friends rapidly grew, and in a few further days the lower



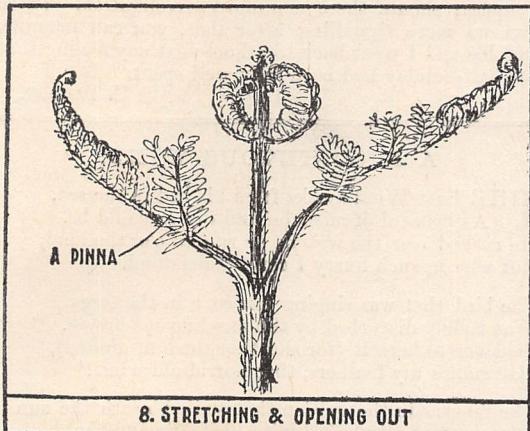
pinnae had started to open out and show their delicate secondary pinnae (fig. 8). These first pinnae to develop are always the largest, but they start life small and keep growing so as always to be larger than their next-door



neighbours, which, in turn, always grow to be larger than *their* next-door neighbours further up the frond. You must understand that all the time these changes were going on at the top of the stalk, that main stalk was still growing taller.

By the time my holiday came to an end, my particular friends among the Brackens were somewhat as you see

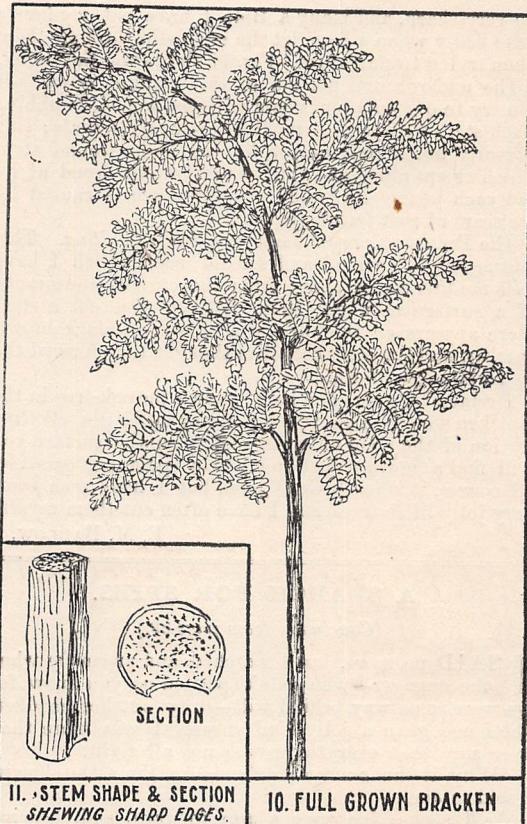
in fig. 9, where you have the two first pinnae rapidly developing; in the one on the right of my sketch you can count seven pairs of pinnae curled up, waiting their turns to open out and take their places in the life of the



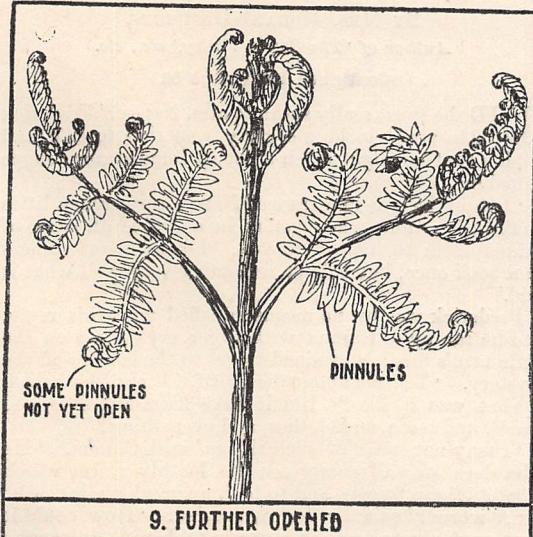
8. STRETCHING & OPENING OUT

plant. That top curl very likely contains several more pairs of pinnae, but they are too tightly curled to count.

Fig. 10 shows you a fully-grown frond of Bracken, and I am sure you will every one of you recognise him as an old friend! When I left Wales at the end of that visit, the mountain-sides were beginning to have a greenish colour; and when you were fairly close to them they had a most peculiar appearance: they looked as though some one had painted their sides with *thousands* of green upright streaks! These were the

II. STEM SHAPE & SECTION
SHEWING SHARP EDGES.

10. FULL GROWN BRACKEN



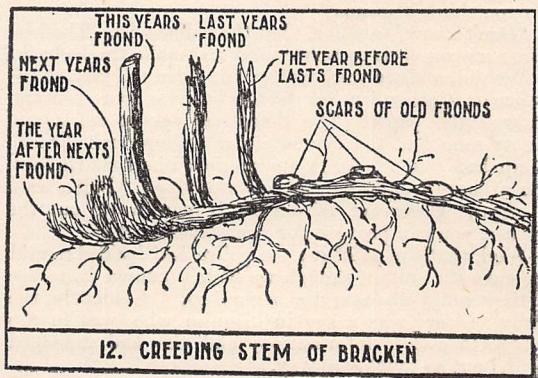
9. FURTHER OPENED

stalks of the Bracken, which were by then from eight to twelve inches high, and still without much frond showing, and always small.

The final height of Bracken is always a question of

soil and position. In open, exposed places, where the wind sweeps mercilessly, and there is perhaps very little soil over the rocks, I have found tiny little fronds, quite perfect, but perhaps only six inches long. Then, again, when climbing among the higher mountains, I have often passed across tiny dells where the Bracken has been five or six feet high. Its colouring in autumn is glorious, making a delightful background to a nosegay of heather.

One always has to be careful when gathering Bracken without a knife, for the stem has two angles on it which



12. CREEPING STEM OF BRACKEN

are very sharp, and many a time I have cut my hands quite badly when I have let the stem slip through them when trying to pull them. Fig. 11 shows you the angles.

The underground portion of this plant is queer. If you try to dig up a plant, you will find a long, 'nubbly,' black stem with roots extending down at intervals; this is really not a root proper, but an underground stem which creeps along and throws up just one frond at its end each year. Its 'nubbly' appearance is caused by the scars of past fronds (fig. 12).

The Bracken's *proper* name is *Pteris Aquilina*. This means 'eagle's wing,' and an old book which I have tells me this comes about from the curious appearance of a surface of a cut stem. When you cut a stem there appears on the surface a cluster of dark brown patches, and the early botanists thought they formed the shape of a spread-eagle.

I remember years ago being shown the oak-tree in the Bracken stem! This you can see by cutting a *slanting* section of the stem near the root. On the surface you will find a figure something like a spreading oak-tree. Of course, it is not always good, but I have seen some very jolly little trees, and I have often cut them myself.

E. M. BARLOW.

A SEARCH FOR SPIES.

(Concluded from page 83.)

I SAID no more, but I watched, and presently when the stranger—who hadn't twigged us, you know, for we were some way behind still—drew out her handkerchief and gave a jolly loud sneeze, I was more than ever sure that everything was not all right.

'Why, if that's not a *man's* sneeze, I'm a Dutchman,' I said to Joe.

As I spoke, Joe gave a run forward, and, keeping his eye on one spot, he followed the stranger. I watched him, wondering what on earth he was going to do, and I saw him pick up a piece of paper that was lying on the turf. Then he came back to me again.

'Look here,' he said, 'she dropped this. Shall I run after her and give it back?'

'Perhaps it's worth nothing,' I said, and we both gave a squint at the paper he held. What we saw we couldn't understand, but it interested us frightfully for all that, for as sure as I'm telling you, it was cypher-writing, and ran like this: (RQNKEG) — (TCKF) — (VQPKIJV). (ENGCT) — (QWV) — (QH) — (ECXG).

'Say!' I said: 'this looks like a discovery. What do you think it means?'

'Don't know,' said Joe, 'but the police will. The best thing we can do is to turn round and make tracks back.'

We did, and we were welcomed, I can tell you, at the police station when we told what we had seen and showed the paper. The detectives set to work, and pretty soon had the cypher clear. Whoever had made it up had taken C for A and worked like that through the alphabet, and the message ran like: 'Police raid to-night. Clear out of cave.' If you work out the cypher, you can prove it for yourselves.

Well, that's most of it; the police *had* decided to raid the cave that night, though we hadn't known it, to see if they could discover the signallers. Evidently the 'lady visitor' was a spy in disguise who was in the village to collect information, and she had managed to find out so much, anyway.

But she wasn't so clever as she thought. After a little consideration, the police made their raid a little earlier in the day than they had intended, and found to their great satisfaction the signallers, and their apparatus and all the whole bag of tricks, packing up in readiness to disappear should there be a night investigation. There was no more signalling after that, you can imagine, and Joe and I went back to school next day feeling that our half-holiday had been jolly well spent.

E. TALBOT.

A MISCHIEVOUS WIND.

THE East Wind awoke from his bed in the sea, As brimful of mischief and fun as could be. He rushed o'er the waters, he rushed o'er the land, But why in such hurry I can't understand.

The bird that was singing her song in the trees Was rudely disturbed by the mischievous breeze. Said she to herself (for she thought him unkind), 'He ruffles my feathers, that horrid old wind!'

The flowers in the garden that smiled 'neath the sun Were not at all pleased with his frolic and fun. They lost their sweet tempers, their smiles vanished quite, As he scattered their petals to left and to right.

The acorns fell down in a shower from the tree, And piggy *loved* acorns for dinner and tea. Cried he, with a grunt, as he roamed thro' the wood, 'Tis an ill wind, they say, that blows *nobody* good!

MARIAN ISABEL HURRELL.

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 82.)

'DID the spirit really speak to him, Nancy?' Frederick whispered, looking eagerly from side to side, and hoping that he might catch sight of some strange shape vanishing.

'I think he was in a trance,' Nancy answered, a little doubtfully; 'and when you're in a trance all sorts of things seem to happen to you. I read about trances in a book once, but I don't remember very well what it said.'

Frederick was by no means satisfied with this reply, and he ran up to Chinna with eager eyes fixed on the little man's face, determined to get to the bottom of the mystery. 'Tell me about the spirit, Chinna,' he asked. 'What was it like? Did it have hair, and eyes, and hands, and teeth, and clothes, and everything?'

'I may not speak of such things,' said Chinna. 'He who does so will surely see the loathly worm which inhabits these forests, and to look upon which is death.'

'A worm?' said Frederick, puzzled. 'How could it hurt anybody to look at a worm? I pick up worms often?'

'This worm is not as other worms,' Chinna answered. 'One yard and a half is it in thickness, and it is grey in colour and its head is scarlet, and who sees it dies instantly.'

'Then how can people know what it's like?' Brian objected. He and Nancy were listening, as much absorbed as Frederick. 'If they die directly, they can't describe the worm to any one.'

'Once there were two men,' said Chinna, quite unmoved by this criticism. 'A great man and his servant, and together they passed through the forest. And, on a moment, the servant called, 'Look, lord, look! After us comes a great worm with a grey body and a scarlet head.' And, at that, fell dead. And the great man wrapped his turban round his eyes, and fled very swiftly from that place. Thus was the colour of the worm known.'

Chinna was fairly started now on story-telling, and he began to talk of many strange things. Sometimes, he said, the whole forest was empty of game, because the deer and all other creatures had betaken themselves to a spot named Dowtea by the little wild people.

'And if the hunter follows to Dowtea,' Chinna went on, 'not an animal can he see, though the tracks of animals are everywhere. They say, the oldest amongst us, that Dowtea makes all creatures invisible.'

'Then I should live there always if I were the game in the forest,' said Brian.

Whereupon Chinna shook his head, and answered, 'That may not be.' But he refused to give any reasons in support of this opinion, though invited freely to do so. And he went on to talk next of man-eating tigers, and their weird and fearful habits.

'On the head of such striped ones is always a great white moon,' Chinna affirmed. 'And, at will, can they take any shape that they please that they may deceive those they would devour. And the spirits of the men, of the women, of the children they have slain must ever go with them, and warn them of approaching danger.'

He spoke with such conviction that he made the most improbable tales seem true. Frederick was glancing fearfully at the shadows long before the stories were finished. And he woke in the middle of the night, and caught hold of Nancy and Brian, and declared that he knew a man-eating tiger was coming, or the loathly worm at least. And Nancy and Brian had to pretend to shoo these terrors away, more than half convinced themselves that they heard the rustle of some stealthy approach.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUT Chinna's terrifying stories in no way affected Brian's determination to be present at the killing of the tiger, and he spent next morning concocting a plan by which he might attain this object. Since the little hunter would not start until the evening, there was plenty of time to spare.

As the villager had met Chinna on the island, and had disappeared towards the further shore, it would clearly be necessary to cross the lake to reach the village. Brian thought he could find his way to the spot where the raft was hidden, and wait there for Chinna if he could persuade the monkeys to allow him to leave the clearing without drawing undue attention to his movements by their chatter. But, even thus, there still remained the greatest difficulty of all to face. When Chinna found him waiting by the raft, he would almost certainly order him to return at once to the clearing.

'If only I could disguise myself,' Brian thought, 'and

make my skin brown somehow, then perhaps Chinna wouldn't mind.'

He took up a little earth and rubbed it over his hands, but, even though he damped them first so that the earth turned to mud, he only succeeded in making his skin dirty—not really brown. And then he remembered the fluid that Mrs. Chinna had brewed. It had been dark brown in colour, Brian thought. And he crept to the hut when no one was looking, and got hold of the gourd, and poured a little of the liquid on the palm of his hand, and, as it trickled away, to his delight a dark brown stain remained.

And he caught sight of another object in the hut which might prove most useful—a length of cloth, such as Chinna wore twisted round his hips. And now, it seemed to Brian, he had all that he needed.

'I'll wait till after the midday meal, when every one's sleepy,' he decided; 'and then I'll try and creep away. Perhaps the monkeys will be sleepy too.'

He ran off to join Nancy and Frederick, who were playing with the goat, and trying to teach her tricks. She was a most intelligent beast, and stood listening to their instructions with her head on one side, and when Frederick tapped her forelegs she lifted each in turn, and allowed him to pretend to shake hands with her.

Brian stood watching, and with great difficulty managed to keep his secret to himself. It was best to do so, he thought. Nancy might perhaps be so alarmed, or Frederick so excited, they might betray everything in the hurry of the moment. Brian was thankful when the midday meal was over, and every one began to grow sleepy, as he had foreseen would happen.

But, though all were drowsy, it was long before any one slept. Chinna was the first to drop off, and next, Mrs. Chinna; and at last Nancy's voice—she had been telling a long story to Frederick about the goat and the monkeys—trailed into silence; and, finally, Frederick slept too. And then Brian, who had kept his own eyes open with some difficulty, became very wide awake, and crept cautiously towards the hut. He took down the bottle gourd from its place, and looked round anxiously to see what the monkeys were doing.

They were watching him; there was no doubt they were watching him. They sat in rows upon the branches, their eyes keen with impish interest and malicious triumph. It seemed as if they knew that he wanted to escape quietly, and were determined to have full revenge for the stones that had been thrown at them; and they were so silent for the moment that their chatter would be all the more deafening when it broke forth.

Brian started back in angry dismay. He was sorely tempted to throw more stones, but this would have meant the certain ruin of his plan. With some difficulty he refrained, and looked round for something with which to propitiate the monkeys, and almost at once caught sight of the grain mill which Mrs. Chinna had filled before she lay down to sleep.

Very deliberately, so that the monkeys could watch his every movement, Brian took a handful of the grain, and, with the cloth beneath his arm, and the gourd in his other hand, walked out of the hut and across the clearing, and all the time he held the grain so that the monkeys could see it clearly, and with their eyes and all their attention now fixed on the food of which they were so fond, they jumped from branch to branch, following Brian by the tree-road step for step.

(Continued on page 98.)



"The great man wrapped his turban round his eyes and fled away very swiftly from the place."



"Brian bent anxiously to stare into the water."

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.
(Continued from page 95.)

ON Brian walked until he came to the spot where the path which led to the lake branched off, and then he flung down a little of the grain. It would be best, he thought, to let the monkeys know that he really did mean to feed them, or very likely they would give the alarm directly he stepped across the boundary. And down they came crowding immediately, but there was so little grain upon the ground that only the largest and strongest were able to snatch a share. The rest were cuffed back into the trees by their superiors, where they sat watching with greedy, wistful eyes, all else forgotten in eager hope.

Brian stood still for a moment, watching the sleeping figures in the distance. Not one among them moved, and he turned gleefully towards the lake, the monkeys following him as though they were a flock of sheep and he the shepherd. The cheeks of the biggest were still stuffed with the grain they had not had time to eat, so afraid were they lest they should miss a further supply.

Brian felt certain now of success, and he ventured to walk more quickly. He scattered a little of the grain from time to time, but kept a reserve for the last. Then, when it seemed to him that he was far enough away from the encampment, he threw all that remained upon the ground, and began to run as fast as he could towards the lake. Behind him he could hear the monkeys scuffling and quarrelling over the spoil, but none among them pursued him. They were clever enough to grasp that they had got all that he had to give, but not clever enough to realise that they had allowed him to escape from the encampment.

On Brian ran, treading very lightly (as Chinna had taught him) and following the track. And soon he stood by the water, and undressed in the warm sunshine, and began to rub the brown fluid all over his legs and arms and body, upwards from the waist, and over his face. He used it as sparingly as possible, because there was only a small supply, and the water of the lake made a looking-glass into which he could glance from time to time, and judge of the effects of the dye. He was certainly a much paler colour than Chinna when he had finished; but he was undoubtedly brown, and not white any longer. And there are so many shades of colour among the natives of India that he hoped he might not attract any special attention.

'I've seen boys quite as yellow as I am often,' Brian decided. 'Every one will think I'm just one of the yellow ones.'

The dye was all used up, in any case, so that it was not possible to make himself any darker; and Brian unfolded the piece of cloth, and began to wind it round his hips. But, with this part of his disguise, he soon found he was not at all successful. There was so much of the cloth, and he was so small and slim compared to squat, square Chinna. And, when Brian had finished and bent anxiously to stare into the water, he had to admit that he looked exactly like a top, the cloth being the body of the top and his own self the two points.

'I shall have to cut the cloth,' Brian thought, and he began to hunt for his knife in the pockets of the coat he had just taken off. He was rather frightened at his own daring. It would certainly anger Chinna very

greatly to find his cloth had been cut, for the stuff would be of little use to him afterwards. But, then, he might be angry in any case about the dye and the grain. 'It is much better to finish the thing properly now,' Brian concluded, desperately. 'After all, Chinna can't be more angry than as angry as possible.' And he opened the knife, and began to unwind the cloth from about his waist. And, as he turned round slowly to help it untwist, he came face to face with Chinna, who had crept up noiselessly.

'So,' said Chinna. And he looked at the empty gourd, and at the cloth, and he held out his hand towards Brian, and on the palm of it were a few dusty grains. And then, just as Brian thought he was going to be ferociously angry, Chinna suddenly began to laugh, and he laughed until the tears streamed down his cheeks, and he collapsed weakly on the ground.

'Thou art like,' he gasped, 'thou art like the donkey of the village washerman with two great loads of clothes on either side. And wherefore hast thou turned thief, oh, little donkey? Was it well done thus to treat those who had befriended thee?'

Brian fidgeted from one leg to another, uncomfortable and ashamed, as he listened. He certainly had behaved badly; and yet he did so dreadfully want to be present at the death of the tiger. Surely Chinna, who was so great a hunter himself, would understand if he explained very clearly.

'It was the tiger,' said Brian, looking eagerly at Chinna. 'You said you wouldn't take me, and I wanted so much to come. And I thought, if I was properly disguised, and was here waiting, perhaps you would change your mind. Oh, do take me with you. I'll do everything you tell me. I won't be a trouble, I really won't.'

Chinna considered this answer for a few moments. He was much pleased that Brian should be so anxious to take a share in such a dangerous expedition; he thought it showed a right and proper spirit, worthy even of a son of his own. Moreover, the disguise could easily be made effective. If the cloth were arranged properly, the yellow of Brian's skin might well pass muster, since it would be almost dark by the time the village was reached.

'Give me the knife,' said Chinna; and, to Brian's immense relief and delight, the little man himself divided the cloth, twisted the larger piece round the boy's hips, and made of the rest a turban for his head, so that his brown hair should be hidden from sight. And now, when Brian bent to look into the mirror of the lake, it was an Indian boy who looked back at him, a boy completely transformed. Frederick and Nancy even would fail to recognise him, he thought. He could scarcely recognise himself.

Chinna, too, seemed quite satisfied. He handed the bow and arrows to Brian to hold while he began to unmooor the raft. Brian handled the arrows very carefully, for all were poisoned, and he knew that the least little prick from those dark tips might carry death with it.

Chinna soon had the raft loose, and took the paddle in his hand, and called to Brian to clamber aboard. And then across the lake they began to move, while Chinna chanted a new verse of his song in time to the strokes of the paddle:

'O! mighty one. For forth I go,
Bless thou the bow, The striped one to slay.
The arrow speed,

(Continued on page 110.)

OUR BAZAAR.

PLEASE step this way a moment, Sir, the journey is not far; This is a public building, and we're holding a bazaar. We wish to raise a certain sum to purchase acid drops, But somehow at our stalls to-day no single person stops. And yet we have a splendid show, I'm sure you will agree, Of fancy things and useful things, of things for lunch and tea. Just see this choice assortment, Sir, of buttons large and small, And those most lovely seaside shells upon our fancy stall. We have odd pairs in dollies' shoes, a kite without a string, Some broken bits of coloured glass, and bells that will not ring. That shuttlecock and battledore I cannot offer you, Nor this nice birthday cricket set—they're much too nearly new. You'll notice the refreshment stall is at the further end: There everything is very nice if you can just pretend. Oh, thank you, Sir! 'Will sixpence do to clear the lot away?' You've guessed exactly, Daddy dear, the price of things to-day.

EILEEN CARFRAE.

THE GHOSTIE-GANG.

A Story of Long Ago.

I.

'WILT come with me and help to drive the cattle from the byre?' said Rab. He glanced rather shyly down at his little cousin; although he was a full year older than she—for his tenth birthday would fall next Martinmas—yet he felt a little awkward before her town ways. 'They will not harm you,' he added kindly, as little Moll shrank at the idea; 'they be quiet beasts enough.'

Moll tried hard to be brave. It was only yesterday, however, that she had come to the village to live with her aunt and cousin in the farmhouse under the moor. Country ways seemed very strange, and she missed the bustle and hum of the town.

'Wilt take care of me, Cousin?' she said; 'and may Nix come too?' as she slipped her little hand into her cousin's firm fingers, and put down the puppy that she had been nursing by the fire.

'Aye,' said Rab. He held firmly to his little cousin's hand as she picked her way daintily over the muddy road. 'Twere better to leave your shoon at home, to say nought of the wee doggie,' he said, striding along with his bare feet; 'happen he were to come to a peat-bog!'

'Oh, Cousin Rab! what's yon?' asked the little town cousin.

'A peat-bog!' Rab laughed, and pointed to the lower side of the moor. 'See where the wee, white cotton-grass is blowing? And there's bog-myrtle there, too; when the wind blows strong this way, maid, 'twill often bring the scent with it.'

His little cousin sniffed in the moorland breeze. 'I feel mighty strange,' she said, in rather a quavering little voice; 'and Nix, too, is not used to country ways!'

'Nay, now, Cousin,' said Rab; his sturdy steps slackened to keep pace with the little girl's feet, and he looked down at her with a good-humoured smile on his sunburnt face. 'Twill soon be home to you. Keep clear of the water-holes, and there's nought to fear. We country folk would do ill without the fuel that we get from the peats.' He seized a sapling as he spoke, and ran forward to chase the lazy cows on to the moor: 'Come up, then, for a lazy Bess!' he called to the nearest.

'Rab!' said his little cousin, as they made their way homeward, 'what is yon house on the pathway before us? Must we go by there?'

'Thou silly lassie!' laughed Rab. 'Yes, sure enough we pass it. 'Tis but a crofter's hut, where lives Auld Janet. See her, maidie, at the door.'

'A fine night, Janet!' he shouted, as they passed by.

'I canna hear you; but away now with the wee dog!' said the old woman, none too pleasantly, as Nix sniffed at her skirts.

'Oh, Rab, call him off, Cousin!' cried Moll. 'Oh, I like not that woman!'

'Hist, hist, Moll!' said Rab. He laid hold of her hand and called the dog off. 'Moll, Janet will not harm you. She has been here in this wee house for many years; though folk say she is uncanny, 'tis little hurt she could do.'

'Uncanny, is she, Cousin Rab? Oh, I knew fine that she was a witch!' said silly little Moll. 'I am fearful of her, Cousin Rab. Tell me,' she turned and gazed uneasily behind her at the old woman, who was still gazing after them, 'does she live there alone?'

'Aye, alone indeed,' said Rab; 'and why not?'

'Tis the only cottage on all the hillside,' said little Moll; 'how lonesome she must be.'

'There's a town lassie!' laughed her cousin. 'Nix! Nix!' For the little dog seemed to have taken a strange interest in the old woman at the cottage door; he had retraced his steps and now stood at her side, growling and showing his teeth at her, while old Janet called to him to be off in no gentle voice.

'Away wi' ye!' she shouted, reaching for a stone.

'Oh, Rab!' begged Moll, 'she'll do him a mischief.'

Laughing heartily, Rab dropped her hand for a minute and ran back to fetch his little cousin's pet, lifted him up, and carried him off. 'Better leave him in the house next time,' he said; 'there seems to be ill blood betwixt him and Janet. There, see that tree there, Moll? Run to it and show me how the town lassies can step out.' He raced her to the edge of the moor, and into the farmhouse, at the door of which his mother stood waiting for them.

'And how went the afternoon for wee Moll?' she asked, smiling at her little niece, as she gave each of the children a piece of scone before hurrying them to bed.

'She will do fine,' said Rab. 'Maybe she's still a wee bit afraid of old Janet, but—'

'Yon's a strange body; I remember her since I was a child myself,' said his mother; 'but she will do no hurt to little wenches.'

'No, she'll not eat you, and for good reason,' laughed Rab. 'Moll, for a town girlie what dost think of this? Yon old woman in the cottage takes as much as a sack of flour, my wench, from the miller each week!'

'What does she do with it?' asked Moll, with round eyes.

'Aye, what?' Rab laughed, with his mouth full.



" 'Away now with the wee dog!'"

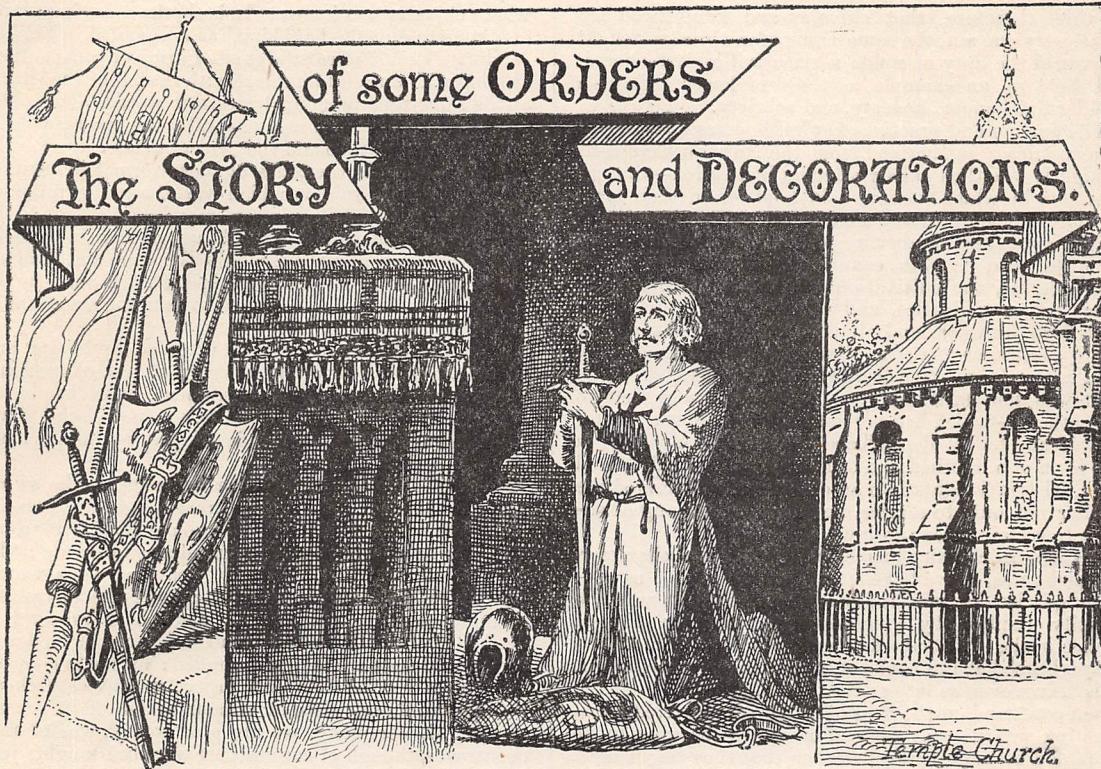
"Well, there's some say she bakes and eats her fill of scones. And there's some say again that she hoards it—though if she is a miser of *flour*, 'tis a mystery where—"

"Hoots, laddie!" his mother was beginning, with a

look at Moll's frightened face, when suddenly without warning the door opened, and a stranger that the little town girl had not yet seen burst into the farm kitchen.

"Mistress, hast heard the news?" he cried.

(Continued on page 106.)



THE STORY OF SOME ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

BY CONSTANCE M. FOOT.

I.—ABOUT CHIVALRY AND KNIGHTHOOD.



T a time when our country has been plunged into a great War and many a noble deed of daring has won for its hero a personal recognition of his bravery, it seems not unfitting to tell the story of some of the orders and decorations being bestowed, so that *Chatterbox* readers may not only understand about the orders themselves,

but also realise something of the true spirit of chivalry and knighthood which has ever prompted all brave and noble deeds.

Knighthood is, in one word—*service*! There is surely, then, no disgrace in service; indeed, we have only to look back into the Middle Ages to find that, underlying the whole duty of a gentleman—which then meant a man of noble birth—was chivalry, represented by personal service to God, his lord, and his lady; for a knight in those days was a soldier as well as a chivalrous gentleman, who thought a great deal of the honour of knighthood and the obligations it implied.

The old Anglo-Saxon term, which is the equivalent

of our word 'knight,' originally meant a youth, and later on a servant or attendant, becoming finally restricted to the military attendants upon nobles and great officers of State, or one who held land of his sovereign, on condition of rendering him, in return, military service—became, in fact, his knight. You see



“Conferring knighthood on the field of battle.”

by this, therefore, that chivalry and knighthood are practically one and the same thing, for chivalry taught the world the duty of noble service willingly rendered, and held up an example to those of lower degree—a standard of honour, honesty, and sobriety.

The custom and practice of knighthood as a profession of arms dates in England from the Norman Conquest, though it was then chiefly a feudal institution—that is, a system by which vassals held lands from their lords on condition of military service. It did not even stop at the obligation of serving in arms, but, we are told, included also 'rights connected with the mill, the pigeon-house, the cultivation of the demesne, the administration of justice, and the supply of the castle with food, firewood, and all that was required for daily use'; estates, or 'fiefs' as they were called, being only held on condition of discharging such services.

It was not until the time of the Crusades that to knighthood—which had previously been merely a matter of war and feudal dependence—was added chivalry, in the form of a brotherhood of noble soldiers; this bound all Christian knights into an order, and consecrated the soldier not only to service, but also to life-long obedience to certain rules and laws.

As long as chivalry maintained its original character, a knight was, as we have already said, a soldier as well as a gentleman and landowner, and so great was the dignity implied by knight-service, that the highest prince in the land counted himself honoured by receiving a knighthood at the hands of some famous commander, this being, even as late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, often conferred on the field of battle; so coveted a distinction was it, that we read of squires begging to be knighted before a battle in order that they might fight in the front ranks, and of others 'winning their spurs'—as did the Black Prince—in their first battle, and receiving after it a degree of knighthood called 'banneret', from the fact that their pennon was exchanged for a banner.

In the fourteenth century the education of a knight began at a very early age. Boys of noble birth were left under their mother's charge until they were seven years old, at which age it was customary to send them to some nobleman to receive a knightly training among the other squires and pages who served him. Upon reaching fifteen or sixteen, the youth wore a collar. This entitled him to be called a 'squire of the body,' and the various domestic duties he had previously fulfilled were left to his younger companions, whilst among many other personal services now required of him, the following became his duty: 'To bear the shield and armour of his leader in battle, display and guard in battle the banner of the knight he served; if unhorsed, to supply him with his own or another; rescue him if captured; bear him to a place of safety if wounded; bury him honourably if dead.' If he bore himself worthily until he attained twenty-one—that being the age of full manhood—he was accounted fit to be a knight.

Among the gentler forms of chivalry was the beautiful institution of brotherhood in arms by which two knights vowed faith and love to one another. They wore the same arms and clothes, in fact shared everything, undertaking further to support each other in battle or quarrel and to have the same friends and enemies.

The actual ceremonies practised in conferring knighthood have varied in different ages, but there were two forms chiefly used from earliest times in all countries

where chivalry was known. In both, the most important one consisted in the 'dubbing,' as it is called, when the candidate knelt before 'the chief of army or some valiant knight' who struck him thrice with the flat of the sword, at the same time pronouncing certain words. This older and more simple form was naturally the one adopted in conferring knighthood on the field of battle.

Then there was the other or more formal investiture (or making of a knight) which was of a partly religious character; this latter became more general after the founding of the orders of militant or fighting monks in Palestine, such as the Knights Templars and Knights of St. John, of whom we shall speak later on. In the meantime you may be interested to hear some account of the ceremony itself.

The investiture was usually preceded by fasting and bathing, followed by a midnight watch in a church and the reception of the Holy Sacrament. In token of his determination to lead a holy life, the new knight laid his sword upon the Altar, redeeming it by the payment of a sum of money.

The benediction having been pronounced, the sword was girded on by the highest Church dignitary present, who, before doing so, dealt the young man a sharp tap on cheek or shoulder ('dubbing' him) and saying: 'Be thou a good and faithful knight,' or some such words, whereupon he took an oath to protect the distressed, maintain right against might, and never by word or deed to stain his character as a Christian. If he broke any part of his oath he was degraded: his spurs chopped off with a hatchet, his armour broken, his escutcheon reversed, and each piece of armour taken off in succession. This ceremony, we are glad to say, was of rare occurrence, though of course there were bad knights just as there are bad Christians.

Nowadays, when a knight is personally made, he kneels before the sovereign, who lays a drawn sword (usually the Sword of State) on either shoulder and says: 'Rise,' calling him by his name with 'Sir' before it.

After the long wars it became customary for the sovereign to receive money compensations from those of his subjects who were unwilling to accept knighthood; this led to many grievances, and, finally, in the reign of Charles I., to the abolition of knight-service. Since then, knighthood has been conferred irrespective of rank or property and only as a mark of the sovereign's esteem or as a reward for service rendered to crown or country. The first English civil knight—that is a knight who is not a soldier—was Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, who won the distinction by slaying Wat Tyler in the presence of the king.

But it is of nobler deeds that we have to tell—deeds which remind us that not only does true knighthood and chivalry still exist, but that to-day, irrespective of rank, it is open to all to 'win their spurs.'

THE CHINAMAN.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

(Concluded from page 90.)

THE man opened his eyes as they pulled off his blue jacket, but he did not speak, and after wrapping him in their blankets they put him on a locker. Then he blinked at them vacantly, but in a few minutes took a can of hot coffee from Dawson. He drank some and spilled the rest, and afterwards a little colour came into

his face, and he sighed once or twice. When Jake brought out some cold pork and a bannock, he shook his head, and for a time they watched him silently.

He was not young, but it was hard to guess how old he was, for Chinamen of different ages look much the same. He did not wear a pigtail, and his clothes were good, while now he was recovering his eyes were keen and intelligent. Dawson did not think him a common coolie. The boy had seen other Chinamen, of whom there are a number on the Canadian Pacific coast, and had generally found them industrious, steady folk. For all that, he had heard tales about mysterious secret societies, and knew the white workmen disliked the Chinese, partly because they took low wages. They had to pay a high duty and satisfy the immigration officers before they were allowed to enter the country.

'I want to find out how he got into the water,' Jake said, when he had put away the food. 'I have a notion, but don't know if he can understand me.' He turned to the Chinaman. 'Say, John, how far you swim?'

The man shook his head, and Jake resumed: 'No savvy? You come from schooner? Swim from sailing ship?'

The other gave him a quick, searching look, and Jake remarked to Dawson: 'Guess I've hit it! They must have seen the Government propeller and were afraid to stop and lower a boat. Wanted to get rid of the fellow, and I expect he reckoned he could make the beach by the point, but found the tide running harder than he thought. I wonder if he understands what I'm saying.'

They could not tell if the Chinaman understood or not, but he made a vague movement with his yellow hands and drank the rest of the coffee when Jake filled the can. Then he shut his eyes and turned his head from the light.

'I don't know if the anchor will hold us, but there's nothing we can do,' Jake remarked. 'One of us had better keep awake, and I'll take first watch.'

Dawson spread a sail on the floor beside the centre-board trunk, and pulling some of the canvas over him, lay down. He heard the water splash against the planks, the jarring of the cable, and the halyards slapping on the mast, but after a time he went to sleep. When he woke the lamp burned with a dull yellow light, and he could see the drifting clouds through the half-opened scuttle. He sat up, shivering, and noted that the sloop was not straining at her chain and her movements were languid, although the water splashed about her as she rolled. Then he missed something and drowsily looked about. Jake sat on the locker close by, but his head had fallen forward and he was fast asleep. Two or three blue Hudson's Bay blankets lay on the opposite side, and for some moments Dawson looked at them with dull curiosity. Then he got up with a jerk, for he knew what had puzzled him. The Chinaman had gone!

He woke Jake, and they went out on deck. It was daylight, and the wind had dropped. The sloop had swung round and rode nearer the shore; the tide was running out and the water nearly smooth. Not far off a line of weedy rocks projected for some distance from the mainland beach, behind which white mist rolled about thick forest. Then Dawson glanced astern, and saw the canoe riding at the end of her rope. She was very low in the water, and he thought she was nearly full.

'How did the fellow get ashore?' he asked.

'It looks as if he swam,' Jake replied.

'But why didn't he take the canoe?'

Jake shrugged. 'Perhaps he thought she'd capsize and he couldn't find anything to bale the water out. Perhaps he was afraid she'd float off the beach and we'd send the police after him for stealing her. I reckon he'd want to keep clear of them.'

'Why?'

'Five hundred dollars is a nice little pile, and that's what they charge a *Chink* for landing in Canada,' Jake said dryly. 'Anyhow, it's not very far to the rocks, and I expect he went when the tide was slack at high-water. I allow I must have been pretty fast asleep.'

'But he looked exhausted.'

'I reckon he must have got better quick, or perhaps he wasn't as used up as we thought. There are very few white men as cunning as a *Chink*. But it's a fair wind home, and if you'll get breakfast, I'll shorten cable and loose the sails.'

Half an hour later they got the sloop under way and reached the inlet near the ranch in the afternoon. When they landed and told their story, Mr. Winthrop looked thoughtful.

'I suppose it was your duty to see the fellow didn't get away,' he remarked.

'How were we to stop him?' Jake asked. 'Ought we to have tied him up with a rope and stunned him with the pump-handle if he objected?'

'I thought you said he was half drowned!' Mr. Winthrop rejoined with a twinkle.

'Well,' said Jake, 'when I pull a man who's nearly drowned out of the water, I don't want to begin by tying him up. Would you?'

'You might have kept awake and watched him,' Mr. Winthrop said dryly.

'I certainly might,' Jake owned. 'Still, I don't know I'm sorry I didn't watch him now. I believe we saved the fellow's life, and wouldn't like to think we'd finished the job by giving him to the police. I'm not an immigration officer, and don't know that he's broken their regulations, anyhow.'

Mr. Winthrop pondered for a few moments and then said, 'Well, perhaps you had better drive across to the settlement to-morrow and report the matter. Then you will have done your duty and the rest will be policeman Nelson's business.'

'Well go,' Jake agreed with a chuckle. 'Old man Nelson hasn't caught anybody he got after yet. I reckon they gave him the job because the folks all like him and he's not much use. Besides, they know he won't interfere with them.'

In the morning the boys drove through the forest to the settlement, which was some distance off, and Jake stopped for half an hour at the policeman's log shack. When he came out he grinned as he got into the waggon and started the team.

'Nelson's got an important job and can't concentrate on anything until it's fixed,' he said. 'Somebody's hogs have raided Mellor's pumpkin patch! Guess it will be a week or two before he's ready to get on our Chinaman's track, and if he spots the fellow, after what I told him, he's much smarter than I thought.'

Dawson laughed. In the small settlements the ranchers largely manage their own affairs, and they had chosen Nelson for policeman because he was getting old and could not work at clearing land. On the whole, Dawson thought the Chinaman was safe.



“The Chinaman had gone!”



“The two children peered into the darkness.”

THE GHOSTIE-GANG.

(Continued from page 100.)

II.

NEWS! Is it ill tidings, neighbour?' said Rab's mother, rising quickly from her chair at the kitchen table, and speaking anxiously, while Rab and Moll laid down their supper scones and stared.

'Aye, ill tidings, indeed,' said the stranger, gravely. He came in and laid his glengarry down. 'Didst happen, perchance, to hear sounds in the night? There were evil doings afoot. Neighbour Gray was sore affronted and robbed and—'

'The robbers! 'Twas the Ghostie-gang!' shouted Rab, jumping up in his excitement. 'Have they come again?'

'Hush, laddie,' said his mother, warningly, with a look at the terrified Moll; 'speak not with such vehemence.' Then, turning to her little niece, 'Wilt not sweet Moll go to her bed?' she said kindly, 'and sleep?'

'Oh, I cannot, Aunt; I prithee ask me not,' begged the little girl. 'Let me listen, too, I beg, to the tidings that this stranger has to tell.' Her eyes filled with tears as she fixed them on the farmer's face.

'Speak on, then, Neighbour Robertson,' said the good woman, anxiously.

'Twas three hours before midnight,' said he; 'and as you know the moon is at its last quarter. Neighbour Gray, however, was returning from town in a goodly state, having sold the three cows he had that morn taken to the market. And—,' the speaker lowered his voice, 'sure, mistress, as he passed the bridge over the Tromie river there came a sound at his back. He was attacked, and knew no more than a babe unborn what happened, save that he was robbed, and left upon the king's highway unconscious!'

'Oh!' said Moll, clasping her hands, 'the *evil* men!'

'Evil, indeed!' exclaimed her aunt, taking the little girl's shaking hand and holding it tight. 'Such doings should not be. Say, neighbour, didst hear whether our neighbour Gray was able to count his assailants?'

'Aye, he was; he believes there were many of them. Ten, at least, says he, and—'

'And ten was the number last month!' cried Rab, excitedly. 'Ten robbers—aye, and they stole Farmer Blair's cattle; and others of his flock they left in a sore plight. And the month before—'

'Tis truly terrible!' sobbed little Moll. 'But, oh, Cousin Rab, why didst call them the Ghostie-gang?'

'Tis because there's none knows from whence they come, nor whither they go,' said Rab. 'Out of nowhere, folk say, and—'

'Could not brave men go and search for these ruffians?' faltered the little girl.

'Men *have* searched,' said Farmer Robertson, gravely, 'but from no dwelling in this region do these robbers come. Some say that they be the spirits of the hills, who return there. There is but a handful of crofters' huts scattered round on the moor here, and none that would hold ten stalwart robbers. 'Tis a mystery. These ruffians are in the neighbourhood, but from whence?' He turned to Rab's mother: 'I came to warn ye,' he said. 'Stay in the house, mistress, nor leave it betwixt sunset and sunrise. Evil doings be afoot—'

'Surely, neighbour, so we will do,' said the good

woman. She rose and took Moll's hand, 'Sweet Moll shall lie with me to-night,' she said; 'for I fear she is sore affrighted.'

She led the little girl from the kitchen and up the stair, stayed with her while she undressed, and did not leave the room till the child was safe and warm in bed; then she went downstairs, leaving the door ajar and a faint rush-light burning.

But little Moll could not sleep. She lay and listened to the voices in the room below, and every chance word set her heart beating with fear. 'The Ghostie-gang!' she heard; and 'a hiding-place that no man knows!' and she lay and trembled. It was not until the neighbour had gone and her aunt lay down beside her that the frightened child fell into a troubled sleep, and then she woke to scream and cry out, after a dreadful dream.

'Why, 'tis a foolish maid,' said her aunt, waking and taking the little girl in her arms. 'Wert thou dreaming?'

'Oh, 'twas terrible,' sighed Moll; 'I thought that Auld Janet was here—and the Ghostie-gang!' She shivered and trembled with terror.

'Sleep now, my pretty,' said her aunt; 'for naught can harm you. 'Twas but an evil dream.' She turned on her side again, and the little girl lay awake alone.

'I am but a silly wench,' she said to herself; 'all the house sleeps, and so will I. I wish I were as brave and strong as Cousin Rab.' She turned on her side, but hardly had she done so when a faint noise in the courtyard below made her sit up in bed and hold tightly to the coarse linen sheet, while she listened with all her might. 'Aunt! Aunt! Prithee waken!' she whispered.

But the good woman slept heavily; she was difficult to awaken. 'Oh, what should I do?' sobbed Moll. 'Is it the Ghostie-gang?'

But as she spoke the sound began again; down in the yard below a scraping was heard, and a whining noise. 'Why,' said Moll, her eyes opened wider, and she dried her tears; she jumped out of bed and ran to the casement, 'tis not the Ghostie-gang at all, but surely, 'tis a trouble indeed!'

For, though outside the light was dim, she could see the little figure of her dog, Nix; he was scratching at the heavy door, and whining sadly to be let in.

'Nix! Nix! Oh fie, for a naughty dog!' said his little mistress, peering from the casement, and full of distress; for a moment she forgot her fears. 'How came he there?' she said to herself, in dismay.

Nix whined and cried again. 'Oh, foolish that I am!' said the little girl, 'he must have crept from the house with Neighbour Robertson in the gloaming, and my aunt did not notice him. Oh, Nix! Nix! I will come and let you in.'

With a last look at her aunt's still sleeping figure, she tip-toed out of the room and down the creaking stair; her heart beat wildly, but the little dog was still whining outside and she could not bear his cries. 'Nix! Nix!' she said, softly; 'wait awhile!' as she tried to draw the heavy bolt that her aunt had secured last night.

It was a difficult task, and she could still hear Nix whining in the yard. She spoke to him as reassuringly as she could, 'Stay there, wee doggie!' she called, softly, 'and I will see that naught harms thee.' Then she dragged at the bolt with her little hands till they felt sore. 'I cannot do it,' she said at last. 'I must call to Cousin Rab.' She made her way softly upstairs again

to the little room where the tired boy lay asleep. 'Cousin Rab!' she whispered, 'wake up!'

'Is't the Ghostie-gang?' said Rab, waking suddenly and sitting up in bed. 'I'm on to them.'

'Nay! nay, Cousin!' said Moll, half crying with fear and fright, 'tis but poor Nix, he cries in the court-yard below, and I cannot for all my efforts open to him. The bolts are so mighty stiff, Cousin.'

'Aye, surely,' said Rab, 'I will come.' He rubbed his eyes and jumped up. 'Away and sleep, maidie,' he said, 'I will see to the beast.'

'Nay,' said the little girl, 'I shall come with you, and call to him; he knows you not as yet, as he knows me.' She was shivering with cold, but she followed her cousin down the stair again and waited till he had drawn back the heavy bolt and pushed the door open. 'Nix! Nix! Come here, you rascal!' he called, before the little girl could speak.

The little dog made as though it would have entered the passage, but at the sound of Rab's strange voice it seemed to fear; turning, it ran down the pathway that led towards the moor; the two children peered into the darkness, but nothing could they see. 'Nix! Nix!' cried Moll. 'Oh, Rab, he is gone! Nix, Nix, come back, poor doggie.'

There was no sound, however, and though the children watched for a minute at the door and listened, there was no sign of the little dog.

'Leave him, Cousin, and away to your bed,' said Rab, sleepily; 'sure, he will return with the morning light.'

'He will not,' sobbed Moll. 'Always has he slept in my arms. 'Tis my wicked fault that he is lost; 'twas on account of my fears that I forgot him last night. I was sore over-tired, and—' she sobbed pitifully. 'Nix! Nix!' she cried. 'The Ghostie-gang will get him!'

'Listen, Cousin,' said Rab. 'The Ghostie-gang lies low for a night after it hath been abroad; men say so, and it is true. Always has this been the case; and what should they do with a wee beastie like Nix?'

'Then—he will drown in a peat-bog! Oh, Rab! Rab!' sobbed Moll; 'yourself, you warned me of them, and Nix is town-bred, as I am myself.'

'Listen, Cousin,' said Rab, good-naturedly, stifling a yawn; 'I will step out and bring him back. Guard you the door. 'Tis but a few paces maybe that he has gone. Sit here on the stair.' He flung on his plaid and made as though to start out. 'I will bring wee Nix back to you,' he said, 'so cheer up.'

'But—the Ghostie-gang!' faltered Moll.

'Twill be but a minute ere I return,' said Rab, and was gone before his little cousin could stop him. 'Nix! Nix!' he called, as he slipped into the darkness.

'Sure, I must not be foolish. Nix shall be chidden when he returns,' said the little girl, drying her eyes and sitting on the steps as Rab had directed her. 'Cousin Rab is brave; I will be brave, too.' She shivered a little and settled herself to watch.

But the minutes went by, and Rab did not return; the wind blew in from under the door and chilled the little girl, and she grew more and more frightened. 'Oh, I prithee, Cousin, return!' she whispered. 'Oh, I was selfish to let you go! Oh, if evil should come to you! And Nix!' She clasped her little hands as she sat still as a mouse on the wooden stair.

Where could Rab be?

(Concluded on page 118.)

HIGH HEELS.

HOW is it that we have heels on our boots and shoes?

It is said that they had their origin in Persia, long, long ago. Blocks of wood were fixed beneath the sandals in order to raise the feet above the burning sands of that country.

The blocks thus 'used' by the Persian women were from eighteen inches to two feet in height (much higher than those of the men), and might therefore be described as stilts.

Many years later, a similar fashion prevailed in Venice, where it was encouraged by husbands with 'gad-about' wives, who thought that such cumbersome, inconvenient foot-gear would keep the women in what the men considered their proper place—at home. The supports of these Venetian shoes were called 'chapineys'; and in order to gratify the vanity of the ladies, and also, perhaps, to 'sugar the pill,' they were highly ornamented. A woman's chapineys proclaimed her rank. The higher they were, the higher was her position. Thus, the nobler the lady, the greater must have been her discomfort.

E. D.

DUMPS.

DUMPS is a most unlucky boy!
He always happens to annoy
The people that he wants to please.
Just listen: he does things like these.

Says Mother, 'Put the kettle on
For tea, Dumps dear.' The boy is gone
To do her bidding like a shot:
Puts on the fire an empty pot!

Says Father, 'Fetch my slippers, please,
That I may get a little ease
After my work.' What does Dumps do,
But fetch—one slipper and one shoe.

Says poor old Granny from her bed,
'My snuff is on that shelf o'erhead.'
'All right!' says Dumps, 'I'll go myself.'
Gets pepper from the kitchen-shelf!

When Baby cried and cried to go
To bed, 'twas Dumps who helped, you know,
And thought that he'd done all things right,
But—Baby slept in boots all night!

Now, not a person can deny
That Dumps does try and try and try
To help. 'But,' say his family,
'I'd rather he helped you than me!'

E. TALBOT.

A JOURNEY TO GO.

[Second Series.]

IV.—LONDON TO EAST ANGLIA.

FROM London to Cambridge, Ely, and King's Lynn, by the Great Eastern Railway. It seems as if this, our fourth journey, ought to take us in the direction of the rising sun, but really, when we leave London, the train carries us almost due north. It follows the course of the Great North Road, which before the time of

railways was one of the principal high roads of England, and of the still older Ermine Street, along which the clanking Roman legions marched on their way to Lincoln, Doncaster, and York.

There is not very much that is beautiful or interesting to be seen during the first part of this journey, for, coming out of Liverpool Street Station, we travel through some of the poorest and ugliest districts of London, where there seem to be nothing but factories, tall, smoking chimneys, and miles of dreary, sordid houses. To find any romance we must look back into the past, and try to realise that once upon a time the forest of Hainault stretched almost to the city walls, and that only a century ago West Ham could still be described as 'a large village, pleasantly situated.'

Stratford reminds us of very early days in our English history, for here Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I., caused an arched bridge to be built, because of the dangers of the ford over the River Lea, and because, as Stow tells us, 'she herself had once been well washed in the water.'

This arched bridge, or bow, was one of the earliest of the sort in England, and for its upkeep tolls were levied on travellers and their conveyances. A waggon laden with corn, wood, or coal had to pay a penny, but one which carried a dead Jew was charged the large sum of eightpence.

There was a great abbey at Stratford-atte-Bow in the Middle Ages, and it was there that Chaucer's prioress, Madam Engleyne, learned to speak her ungrammatical French.

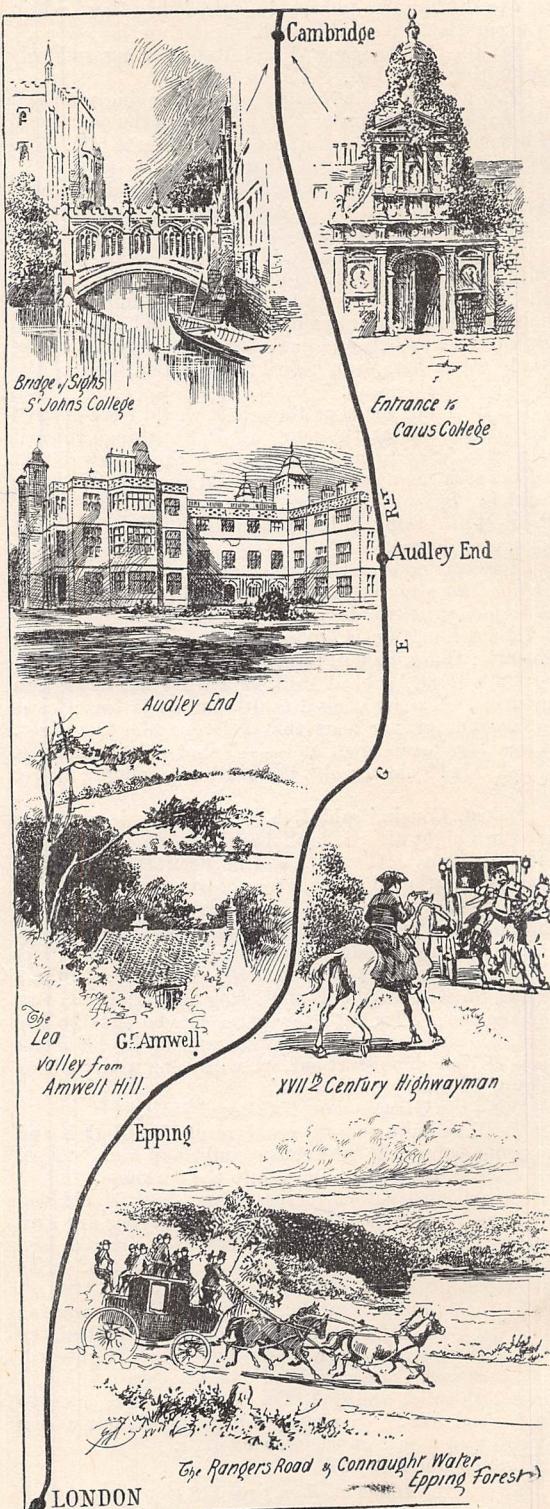
When at last we leave London and its dismal suburbs behind us, the train carries us northward towards Broxbourne, and on the right in the distance can be seen the wooded hills of Epping Forest. In this direction, too, lies Waltham, with its abbey, where Harold is buried, and its cross raised to the memory of Queen Alianor, whose funeral procession passed through the town and rested there on its long journey to London from the north.

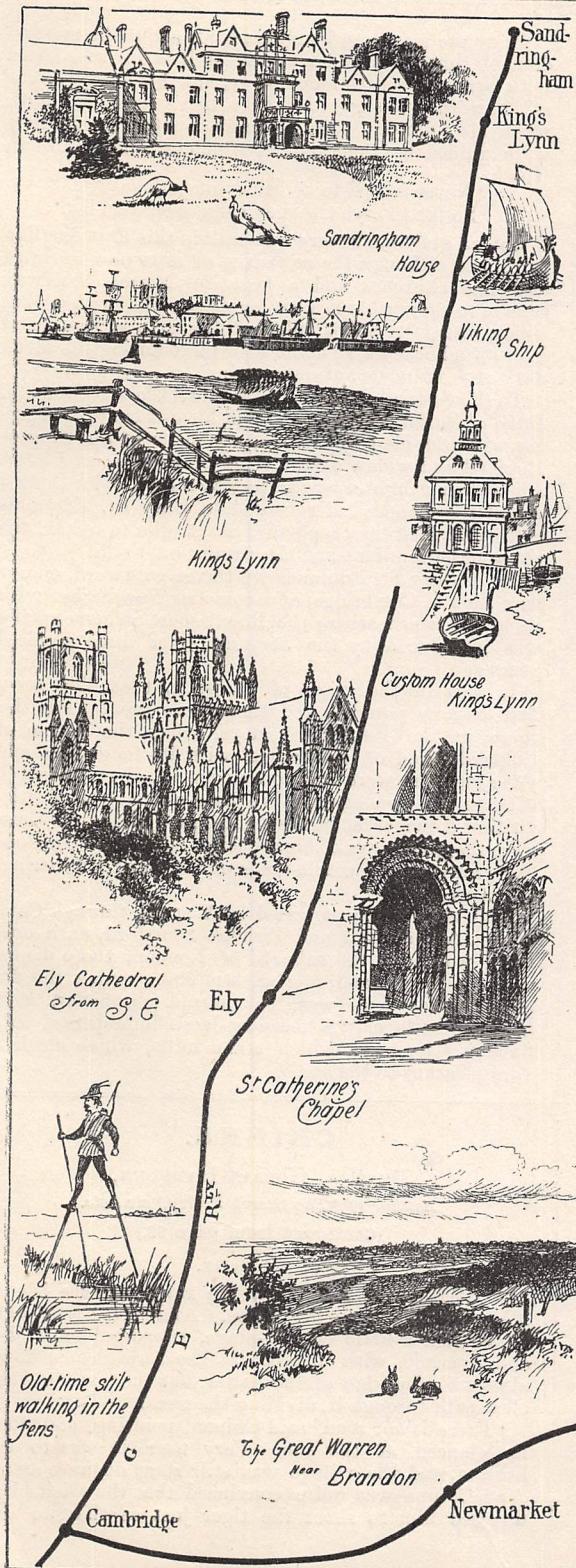
This forest district used to be a dangerous place for travellers in the old days, and there are many stories told of robbers and highwaymen. After the Peace of Ryswick, thirty or forty soldiers who had been discharged from the Army built themselves huts round Waltham Cross and, threatening passers-by with their pistols, forced them to pay a toll.

It was here, too, that the notorious highwayman, Dick Turpin, encountered another thief, King, and not recognising him, rode forward and demanded his money or his life. Explanations followed, which led to a partnership in crime, and for long these two robbers haunted the neighbourhood and terrorised travellers along the Great North Road.

About sixty miles from London or a little less, we come to Cambridge, one of the two chief Universities of England, which legend says was founded more than two thousand years ago by a Spanish scholar named Cantaber. History, however, more truthful, if less ambitious, says that the oldest college, Peterhouse, was only built in the thirteenth century, although there were probably schools here before that date, and the place was certainly a Roman settlement, if not a British stronghold.

During all its history there have been disputes and quarrels between the students of Cambridge and the townsmen, and these often led to open riots, the most





—East Anglia and the King's Home.

violent of which took place in the reign of Richard II, when the colleges were attacked and many of their charters destroyed. At the time of the Civil War, the town, with the greater part of the eastern counties of England, declared for Cromwell and the Parliament, while the University remained loyal to King Charles, and, like Oxford, did everything possible to further his cause.

Leaving Cambridge behind us, we travel north again, and soon see Ely Cathedral, with its tall west tower, standing up, grey and imposing, on the hill which at one time was an island in the midst of the lakes and marshes of the fen country. The Isle of Ely has had a long and romantic story, for it was here that, far back in the dark ages, Queen Etheldreda founded her monastery, and here Hereward, the last of the Saxons, gathered his friends and followers into a camp of refuge and held the Norman invaders at bay for many months.

The long siege began in the summer of 1069, and William the Conqueror, who himself led the attack, did all in his power to force Hereward into submission, but without success. The swamps with which the island was surrounded made it almost impregnable, and when the Normans attempted to make a bridge it was destroyed by Hereward who, having attended one of William's councils of war in disguise, knew the plans of the enemy and was able to frustrate them. After this failure the Normans retired for a time, but they returned to the charge, and in 1071 the Saxons were at last overcome and their brave leader killed.

Many stories and legends of the great defence linger in Ely and the neighbourhood, and we hear how William employed a witch to curse the Saxons and bless the Normans, and of how, in the end, Hereward's army was betrayed by the monks of Ely, who were tired of warfare, and hoped by their treachery to win the favour of the new King of England.

On the hills to the south-west of the island can still

be seen traces of the Norman camp, and it is said that the raised track or causeway which runs across the fens was made by William's soldiers.

In the Middle Ages Ely was a great centre for pilgrimages, and men and women came from all parts of England to visit the shrine of St. Etheldreda, or St. Audrey, as she is often called. Merrymakers came, too, for on the festival of the saint a great fair was held, and it is believed that the word 'tawdry' is derived from the gay ribbons, laces and other finery which used to be sold on St. Audrey's feast day.

From Ely the train carries us through the wide, flat expanse of the fen country, which until comparatively modern times was a wild desolate region, a place of great meres, dangerous bogs, and stretches of sedge and rushes. At the present day most of the land is drained and highly cultivated, but here and there tracts of un-reclaimed swamp remain. These help us to picture what the fens were like centuries ago when the Vikings from the North were able to sail their beaked ships far up into the heart of Cambridgeshire and when the inhabitants of the district walked on stilts through the bogs from one isolated farm or hamlet to another.

Until lately the fen people were a strange, primitive race, and even now we find among them old legends, old customs, and old industries which have long vanished from other parts of England, but which have been preserved here in the same way that rare plants, birds, and insects still linger in the remote marsh-lands.

Peat is cut, dried, and used for fuel, wild duck and other water-fowl are snared by ancient devices, and the willow wisps are collected and woven into baskets by men who have inherited the skill and patterns of far-away coracle-making ancestors.

Not long ago, there was a place near Wisbech where woad, the blue dye of the Ancient Britons, was extracted, and at Brandon, not far away, we find the survival of a still older industry, for there, among the chalk, are beds of flint which are still worked—and which were worked thousands of years ago by the mysterious people of the Neolithic Age. The spear-heads and arrow-points shaped by those old-world warriors can still be found at Brandon, and when, lately, one of the ancient workings was excavated, the flakes of flint were found scattered on the ground and the marks of the primitive implements which had been used showed fresh and distinct.

When, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the fens were at last drained, great numbers of Dutch labourers were employed, and these men must have felt almost as if they were at home, for this low country is strangely like the Netherlands, with its willows and windmills, its straight dykes, its flat, green fields, and its wide horizons. Many of the Dutchmen remained in England after their work was finished, and we find traces of their taste and influence in the architecture, customs, and industries of East Anglia.

Wisbech, for instance, has high-roofed houses which look as if they had been transported from the other side of the North Sea, and Lynn, with its canal, ships, and quaint old buildings, is almost more like a Dutch town than an English one.

We now turn southward, and, on our return journey, stop at Bury St. Edmunds, one of the most interesting places in the Eastern Counties, which is named after the Saxon king and saint, Edmund, who, having withstood the invading Danes, was treacherously betrayed into their hands and put to death.

There are many stories and legends about the martyrdom of this hero, and we hear of how he was killed with arrows beneath an oak-tree, how his head was cut off, how this was guarded by a fierce wolf, and how, when his followers were searching in the forest, they were guided by the voice of the dead king himself, which

'Never ceased to call that longe daye,
So for to crye till they came where he lay.'

Later a great monastery was built in this East Anglian town, and although the most part of it is now in ruins, two fine churches and a beautiful Norman doorway remain to show what it must have been like in Mediæval times, when the abbot ruled all the country round and kept open house for rich and poor alike during the seven days of the famous autumnal fair.

To this festival, in later Tudor times, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, used to come in his gilt chariot, bringing with him his royal wife, Mary, sister of the King of England and widow of the King of France; and later, when their daughter was sixteen years old, John Dudley raised the standard of rebellion in Bury St. Edmunds and summoned the people of East Anglia to uphold the cause of Queen Jane and the Protestant Faith.

From Bury St. Edmunds we travel westward, on our way back to Cambridge, and come to Newmarket with its breezy heath, where the Royal sport of horse-racing was introduced by the Stewart kings three hundred years ago.

It was in the reign of James I. that this town first became popular, and there were great festivities there in the Restoration days, when the people of England, tired of Puritanism with its long faces and sober customs, were glad to welcome the Merry Monarch back to his own again. We hear of many celebrities visiting Newmarket in the eighteenth century, for those were the great days of horse-racing, and the North Road was crowded with coaches, post-chaises, and long strings of horses.

And now we must travel back again, through Cambridge, Audley End, and Bishop's Stortford, until once more we reach the suburbs of London, those dismal acres of bricks and mortar, stretching across the flat plain, which once was, so the old chronicler, Fitz-Stephen, tells us, 'A meadow land, interspersed with flowing streams in which stand mills, whose clack is very pleasant to the ear.'

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.
(Continued from page 98.)

CHAPTER IX.

A CROSS the lake went the raft, past the island, towards the further shore. And soon Brian could distinguish a little landing-stage, supported on stakes and overlaid with bamboos. The forest came down almost to the edge of the water, but there was a wide, clear path through it, dividing the trees.

'There is our road,' said Chinna, pointing, and then he glanced at the sun. Very near it was to the horizon, and the village was still some distance away. And Chinna was quite convinced that the spirits had directed him to shoot the tiger just as the sun dis-

appeared, and that they would help him at that moment and at that moment only. He had broken a raw egg before he left the camp, and had flung the yolk and white on the ground, and it was from the shape these had taken as they fell that he believed he had interpreted the intentions of the spirits.

'We must walk quickly,' he said to Brian, as he moored the raft with a piece of coarse rope. And he sprang on shore and began to trot up the path at his steady, tireless pace; and after him went Brian, very glad to run, for he felt extremely chilly, dressed as he was merely in a small piece of cotton cloth. It was all very well for Chinna, who went clad thus usually, but Brian had not yet grown accustomed to bare arms and shoulders and legs.

But he soon got warm, so brisk was the pace that Chinna set, and was glad enough of a rest when the little hunter halted presently and again looked carefully at the sky, and nodded as if he were satisfied.

Then Chinna examined the arrows, one by one, and tested the string of the bow. 'Now all is ready,' he said. 'The time is near. We will go forward again.' And again the two began to run, and almost immediately they reached the edge of the forest. It gave upon wild, open ground which closely resembled the country through which the children had wandered on the night of the flood, and which was intersected with ravines in the same fashion, and clothed with grass and scrubby bushes.

Only one difference there was, and that was the presence of a village. It was rather a large village, with thatched houses and big tiled barns, for the storing of grain. On its outskirts was a great pool, which provided the inhabitants with water to drink and in which to wash; and the village cattle drank and washed in the pool also, sharing equally with their owners. At the far end grew a great peepul-tree with silver trunk and massive branches. Beneath it was a little masonry platform, on which the elders of the village were wont to sit while they discussed their own affairs and those of their neighbours.

It was at sunset usually that the edges of the pool were most crowded, that the village council most often met. But now the water lay deserted and peaceful, outspread for the setting sun. There were no chattering women on its banks, filling their brass pots for the evening's needs; no splashing, laughing children; no cows and buffaloes drinking, ere they made their slow way to the byres; no grey-bearded elders, smoking solemnly and wisely nodding. On the platform was a broken pipe-stem only, and, stuck in the mud against which the wind-ripples lapped, a little shoe without a pair or owner.

Beyond the pool the main village street lay bare to view. It also was deserted, and the house doors that gave on it were tightly closed, save for one door at the very end of the street. This alone stood open, leaving a square of darkness visible, darkness pitch-black against the grey mud walls, the yellow-brown of the thatch.

Chinna stared at the open door, his eyes narrowing. Then he raised his hand and pointed towards it, and Brian understood. The striped one lurked behind the blackness, the great and powerful creature which held all the village at its mercy, and against which the little hunter was about to match himself unaided, save for a limitless faith.

Chinna's pointing hand dropped, and he looked quickly from side to side, his head turning as a bird's head turns with sharp and darting movements. There was a mango-tree near by, facing the peepul, and towards this he now crept, signing to Brian to follow. Behind the trunk there was just room for the two to shelter, themselves unseen. Yet, from this position, all that passed in the village street was plainly visible to them.

All day there had been a hot wind, but now this wind was dying. With its last sighing breaths it sent the dust of the street swirling against the lintels, and it seemed to Brian that it forced the closed doors open the merest fraction. Or was it hands from inside that pulled them ajar? And did scared faces peep through the cracks, faces which turned with one accord towards the square of darkness, whither Brian's eyes also wandered again and again.

And as he looked, something seemed to move in the square, something that chequered the blackness with greys and yellows. And forth into the street there strode a tiger—huge, magnificent, deep orange in the light of the setting sun.

For a moment he stood thus, with head raised and nostrils expanded, testing the air. Then slowly he strode towards the pool, limping as he walked; and, as he moved, the doors closed swiftly with one accord, and Brian's breath came in swift, short pants, and he looked swiftly at Chinna. Surely, surely the little hunter would flee, and bid him flee also? How could he hope to withstand this fierce and powerful beast which was drawing each moment nearer to the pool?

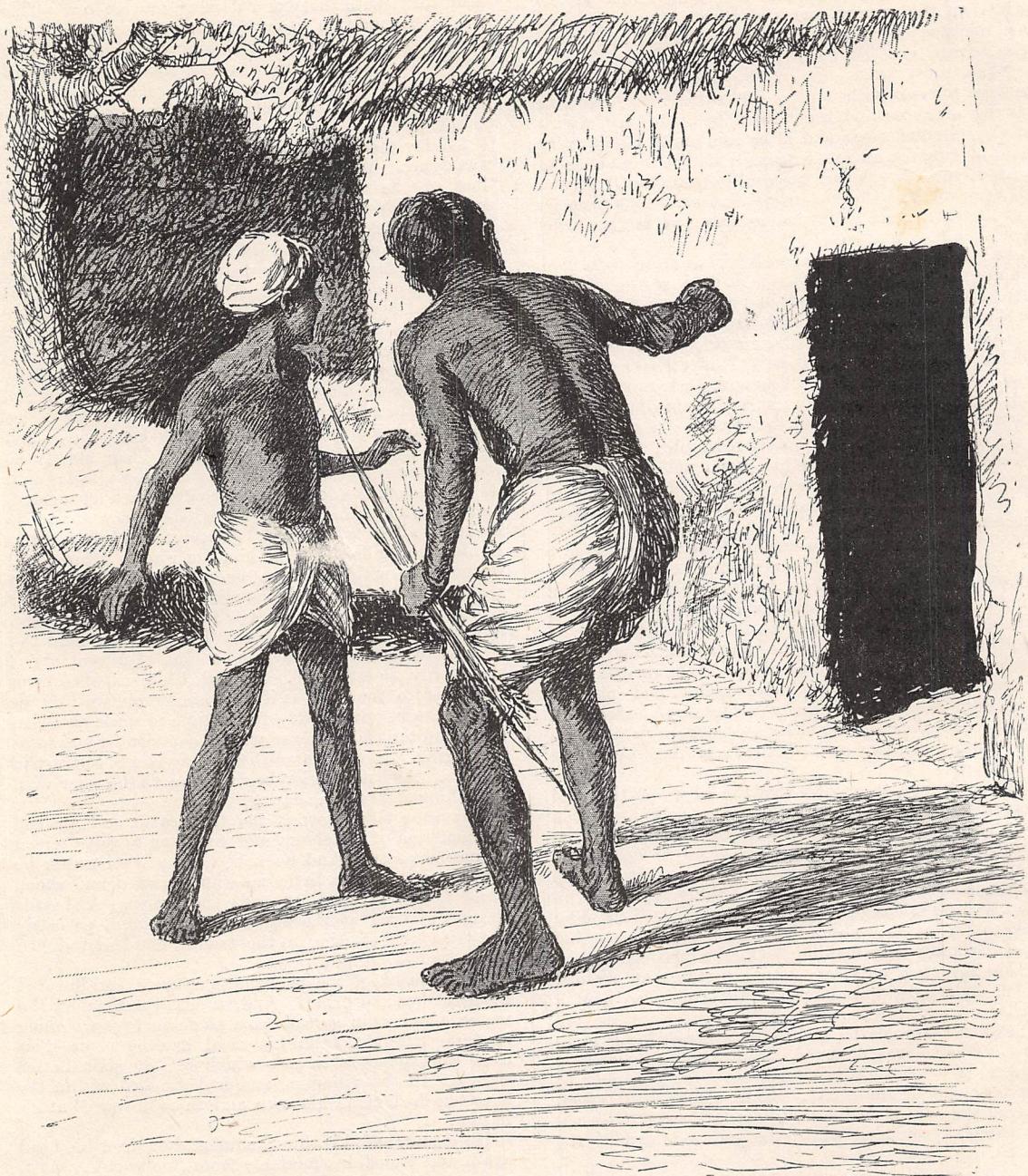
But as Brian looked he saw that Chinna's face was quite calm. The strong black hands which held the bow were steady; there was no hint of retreat about the sturdy, squat figure. Instead, Chinna looked from the tiger to the sky, as if he were merely waiting for a signal to be given. He found time to smile at Brian even, and the smile was so wholly confident it was most reassuring. It was impossible, seeing it, not to trust in Chinna. And now Brian began to watch the tiger with something of the same daring.

Down the village street the tiger came, and reached the platform of the elders, and lay down to rest thereon in insolent ease. And he licked the paw on which he limped; and, after a little, rose and yawned and shook himself, and strolled towards the water. And still Chinna glanced at the sky ever and again, patiently and trustfully, waiting on the moment he believed had been granted to him.

To the brink of the pool the tiger came, and lowered his great head to drink. And, as his lips touched the water, a red stain spread from them in ever-widening circles. Straight from his meal had he come, that meal the carcase of a cow which he had slain in the sight of all the villagers, and had dragged within the house he had made his own and there devoured at his leisure.

He drank, and, his thirst satisfied, he raised his head again and looked instinctively from side to side. And, as he looked, he stiffened; thus a dog stiffens when it points. And his ears lay flat to his head, and his lips lifted a little and showed the cruel, sharp teeth. And his fierce, cat-like eyes fixed themselves on the mango-tree in a glance which seemed to pierce right through it to the two figures crouching behind.

(Continued on page 114.)

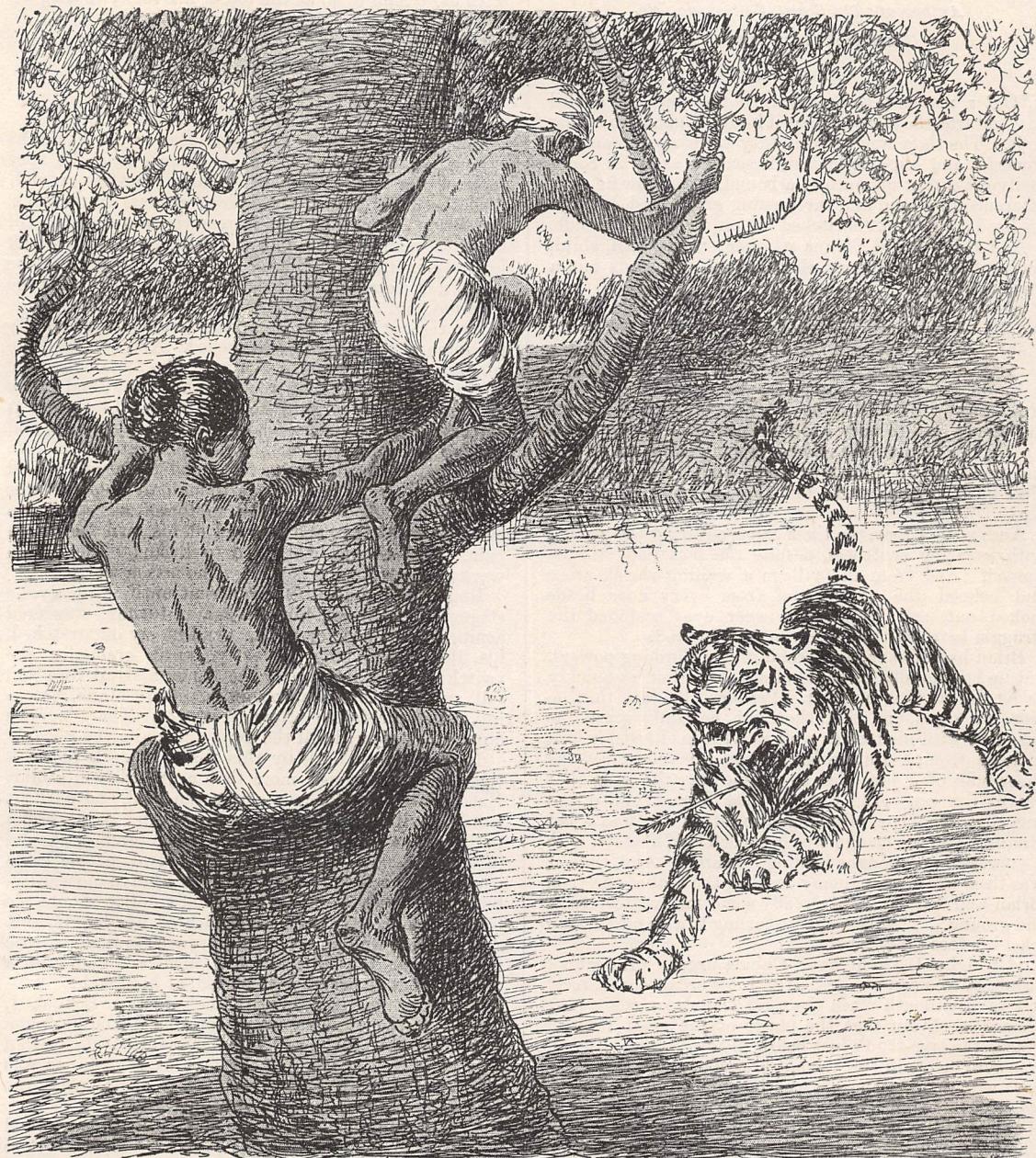


"Chinna stared at the open door."



CHATTERBOX.

A PLACE OF REFUGE.



“Up the tree! Up! Up!”

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley, etc., etc.

(Continued from page 111.)

CHAPTER X.

FOR a moment Brian returned the stare, as a bird returns the stare of a cat it knows is about to spring on it. The tiger was scarcely fifty yards away; and, so powerful and huge he looked, it seemed as if he could easily cross that distance at a bound. And now he gave utterance to a loud and threatening growl, and lowered his head a little, and switched his tail from side to side.

And Brian heard Chinna whisper: 'Keep still, child, keep still! In a moment the sun sets. It needs but a little patience.'

The whisper seemed to break the spell that held Brian, and he, too, glanced quickly at the horizon, following Chinna's lead. The sun had almost disappeared; only a red rim showed, and then that red rim dipped. And, as it dipped, came the twang of a bowstring, and the swish of a winged arrow, cleaving the air. Straight and true the arrow sped to bury itself deep in the tiger's chest.

And now Chinna's hand was gripping Brian's shoulder, and now the little man was shouting: 'Up the tree! Up! The poison works but slowly. Lo! he comes! Up! Up!'

And, with a roar, the tiger came, covering the ground with amazing swiftness, despite the fact that still he limped. And from the village a wailing shriek arose and echoed the roar. And from every door heads looked out, and frightened, eager eyes watched the struggle between the hunter and the hunted.

Brian had always been proud of his climbing powers, but he had no idea he could climb as well or as quickly as he did at that moment. Perhaps the fact that he wore no shoes, and that, therefore, he could grasp the branches with his toes as well as with his hands, helped to some extent. But he felt he could have climbed the sheer side of a precipice, so urgent was the need that drove him on. And Chinna pushed and pulled and tugged at the boy, climbing himself as easily as a cat climbs. And the mango-tree branched low, happily, with a succession of boughs leading upwards. And thus it was that, when their enemy reached the foot of the tree, Brian and Chinna were already some twelve feet from the ground. The tiger came snarling to a standstill, and eyed his foes vindictively.

'Up higher! Up higher!' Chinna urged. 'He cannot climb, but he can spring.' And the words were scarcely out of his mouth when the tiger leapt upwards, and it seemed to Brian that the claws of the great forefeet grazed the tree-trunk just below his own toes. And he was sure he could feel the hot breath of the beast on the bare calves of his legs. And he climbed in a yet more rapid fashion until he was as high up the tree as he could possibly get. And then it was the sound of Chinna laughing which alone stopped him from climbing on towards the sky, and breaking the tree-top, and falling with it to the ground. But, somehow, that laugh was so gay and so careless that Brian's fears took flight suddenly, and he slid to a sitting position on a branch, clinging tightly to the tree-trunk. Beside him he found Chinna was perched, swinging his legs in careless ease.

'We are safe—we are safe,' Chinna chanted, laughing. 'And he, our enemy, must perish. Indeed, the spirit blessed the bow and sped the arrow. The victory is with us.' And then, at the top of his voice, he sang—

'O Lord of power,
The deed is done
As thou foretold,
At set of sun
The striped one was slain.'

But the tiger was by no means dead yet. Again he sprang; again and again, until it seemed as if the very roots of the mango-tree must be torn from the ground. And the great claws scored deep grooves in the bark, and Brian clutched Chinna in renewed alarm. But still the little man laughed and sang, shouting his triumph joyously in the very face of his furious foe. And he added new verses to the song, invented specially for the occasion, and each more insulting than the last.

The tiger still sprang from time to time, but gradually the force of those springs weakened. And, presently, he sprang no more, but sat growling at the foot of the tree. And he began to gnaw fiercely at the arrow, and to try and draw it forth with his teeth. But, so deeply was it embedded, he only succeeded in breaking it in two, and driving the point yet further in. And, at last, he rose somewhat unsteadily to his feet; and round and round in twisting circles he went, as though to keep still was impossible. And he seemed to forget all about his enemies in the tree, and gnawed at his own feet in his pain. And Chinna whispered to Brian: 'The poison works. Lo! the end is near. The poison works.'

Round and round the tiger went until, suddenly, he staggered, recovered himself again, turned, staggered again, and pitched forwards. And he lay outstretched, his limbs twitching violently, until gradually the twitching ceased, and only the tip of his tail rose and fell, and then that, too, was quiet. And Chinna, watching, called gleefully: 'Now all is over. The victory is ours. Now we will call the news and claim the reward.'

It was almost dark by this time; so dark that the tiger scarcely seemed more than a greyish-white blur. But Chinna sent a shout across the pool, and a shout from the villagers came in answer. And lights began to dance down the street from blazing torches, carried in men's hands. And, in a great crowd, people came pouring towards the mango-tree, very brave outwardly, but really ready to flee at a second's notice should the tiger prove to have the least breath of life left in him. And Chinna, well aware of this, growled in such realistic fashion that the villagers did turn and run for a moment, but returned, shamefaced, at his laugh.

'Approach, O timid ones!' he cried. 'Behold, I, Chinna, have slain your enemy for you.' And he began to descend towards the ground. He whispered to Brian to remain in the tree for the present, for Chinna was afraid the village people might try to tempt away the white boy who was so plainly a luck-bringer.

'Wait thou until the reward has been given me, and speak to none,' he whispered. And Brian was by no means sorry to remain for a little while longer safe above the ground. It seemed impossible that the tiger, so tremendously alive a few minutes before could already be quite dead. Brian felt as if a sudden jump, a sudden roar, must surely send all these presumptuous enemies flying.

But never again would the tiger put his foes to rout;

never again would he rule in insolent strength. Already his strong and supple limbs were stiffening, his fierce eyes glazing. And the villagers, led by Chinna, danced in a circle triumphantly round his body. They were almost mad with joy, for, for three days, the tiger had held them at his mercy, and they had nearly starved within their houses while he fed on the fattest of their flocks. And, all the while, they had known that, at any moment, he might choose to feed on man instead, and that, one by one, their lives might pay forfeit. And so they shouted and danced, and the children pulled the long striped tail, and made mock of the foe they had never dared to mock in his lifetime, until Brian, in a queer kind of way, was almost sorry for the tiger, and felt that it was really only Chinna who had just cause to triumph.

It seemed that this was Chinna's view of the matter also, for presently he stopped leading the dance, and signed to the merry-makers to stand still. And, in a somewhat contemptuous voice, he said: 'Now give me my reward, and I will return to my own place. Bring forth the axe and the silver, the kid and the hens, and let me depart in peace.'

(Continued on page 127.)

THE DAINTY DAFFODILLIES.

THE dainty daffodillies
Come with the Spring to town,
When blithe March winds blow keenly
O'er coppice, dale, and down;
In woodlands and in pastures,
Where fresh green grasses grow,
In silken yellow kirtles
The pretty blossoms blow.

And as the winds pipe shrilly,
They dance a measure gay,
They bend and bow and curtsey
Through all the live-long day;
And bright Spring sunbeams flicker
Upon the pastures green,
And make their silken dresses
Glow with a richer sheen.

The earliest bees that venture
To leave their Winter home
Rejoice to see the blossoms,
As through the fields they roam;
And village children straying
Beneath the budding trees,
Are glad when daffodillies
Dance lightly in the breeze.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

THE SWINGING GATE.

IT is the little things that count, and we all know the proverb about the 'stitch in time.' Here is an anecdote which well illustrates the truth of that saying.

At a certain country farm, a gate intended to enclose the cows and poultry was, owing to a broken latch, continually on the swing. Every time a person went out, it was swung open, and as it did not so readily close, much poultry was lost from time to time. No one would take the trouble to repair this gate, though it needed only the outlay of a very few pence and the labour of a few minutes to put the thing right.

At last came a day of dire disaster. A fine young pig escaped through the open gate, and all the family, as well as the cook, the milkmaid, and the gardener, turned out to hunt for him.

The gardener was the first to catch sight of the runaway, and in leaping a ditch in order to reach the animal, the poor man got a sprain which kept him in bed for a fortnight. The cook, on her return to the house, found the linen which she had hung in front of the fire to dry all ablaze. With difficulty she put out the flames, but not before the linen was completely ruined. The milkmaid, in her haste, had forgotten to tie up the cattle properly in the cow-house, and one of cows, having got loose, had broken the leg of a colt which was kept in the same shed. The burnt linen, and the enforced idleness of the gardener, represented a loss to the farmer of at least five pounds, while the colt was worth nearly double that sum. Here, then, was the loss in a few minutes of a lot of money—a quite preventable loss, entirely due to a very small neglect.

A YEAR IN A GARDEN.

IV.—APRIL.

I THINK the most delightful feature about the rock garden was the path across the 'Alips,' as Babe called them. The little clumps of thyme soon took firm root-hold, and during the summer they would be covered with their exquisite tiny purple flowers. Next spring the forget-me-nots edging the path would be almost the first flowers in the garden. As the bank sloped to the level ground, the little path came down too, and gradually ran into the wider gravel path. Later it would run, as Billy had planned, all round the edge of the pool. For the present it stopped at a boggy place where the children had planted some water soldiers. Here was a low stone seat, and under the seat a frog had already come to live. He must have been living in this damp part of the garden quite a long time, for he was very tame, and seemed to know the children perfectly well. During the warm days of April, when they brought their books and sat on the stone seat, he would come out and sit quite still, just behind their feet.

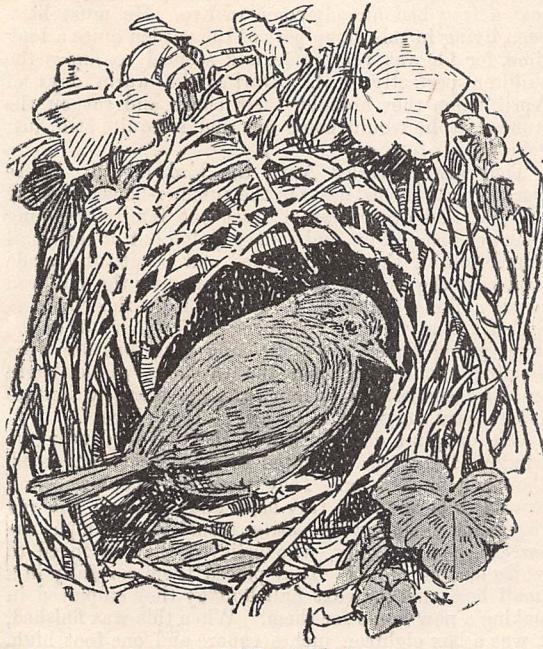
They always called April the bird month. There were several wrens' nests in the summer-house amongst the ivy, and every year at least one family of young ones was brought up, and came popping out of the small round hole of the warmly lined and beautifully made nest. In the second week of the month the children found a linnet's nest in a furze-bush on the common, with six blue, brown-spotted eggs in it. Already on the lawn young blackbirds and young song-thrushes were hopping about, and soon the thrushes would begin cracking snail-shells on stones, and trying to imitate their parent's cry—'Deal o' wet! Deal o' wet!'

One day, in a dark corner of the tool-shed near the window, Babe was delighted to discover two cocoons, about an inch long. They were dark-coloured, and seemed to be made of tiny hairs and silk, and the red chrysalids inside were easily seen. In triumph she carried them to Billy, who believed they belonged to white ermine moths. They placed them carefully in a small box, and the next half-holiday they employed in making a new home for them. When this was finished, it was a box eighteen inches square and one foot high.



"A Frog would come out and sit quite still."

There was a little glass door, and the sides contained strips of fine perforated zinc to admit air. This box was slightly different from the caterpillar boxes the children had made during the winter; these latter had little zinc-lined drawers filled with soil and moss, in which the grubs could bury themselves for their winter



A Wren's Nest.



"A Linnet's nest in a furze bush."

sleep. But of course the chrysalids needed nothing of that sort. Their next change would be into moths, and, when their wings were strong and dry, and when Billy



A Thrush Hunting.

had found out their name, they would be given their liberty, and would be allowed to fly away into the garden.



"Standing on the castle walls, sword in hand."

A WOMAN-WARRIOR.

A WOMAN-WARRIOR, of whom very little would be known, had not a ballad been written during her life-time, was Mary Ambree, born in the

sixteenth century, who distinguished herself as a soldier and self-made captain.

'Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?' the ballad-maker asks at the close of almost every one of the twenty-two verses of his song; and if the history

that he gives us is to be relied upon, then indeed every one would agree with him.

In 1586 Mary Ambree, that she might not be parted from her lover, Sir John Major, joined the army as a common soldier, and marched unsuspected in the foremost battle-line to the siege of the City of Gaunt. Here her lover was killed, 'treacherously slain,' as the ballad says; but his death did not cause Mary to leave the ranks and return home. Instead, she vowed to revenge him, and clothing herself in a shirt of mail and a helmet, and taking her sword and target in hand, she called for as many soldiers as would come and serve under her.

'A thousand and three'—as the ballad says, came to her call, rallied round her, and vowed to follow the brave woman-warrior wherever she might lead. Whether they knew who she was when they promised is hard to know, but it is certain that the enemy had no idea that the brave and valorous captain who led up her soldiers in battle-array was none other than a 'poor simple lass.' And it is little wonder that they did not guess, for her valour equalled any deeds of prowess that a seasoned warrior might have carried through.

She knew no fear, apparently, but led her men against numbers three times as great as their own; she must have been a stranger to weariness and fatigue since she thought nothing of fighting for seven hours at a stretch, filling the 'skies with the sound of her shot, and her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot!'

Thus the old ballad-singer chants of her prowess. Then he tells of how a false gunner once tried to deceive her by stealing her powder and shot for his own interests. What did the woman-warrior do then? Neither mercy nor compassion did she feel, but 'straight with her keen weapon she slashed him in three!' It is plain that the offender did not get the better of his Captain, woman though she was!

Yet at last Mary Ambree was forced to retire; the enemy offered bribes, which some of her men were false enough to accept, and at first it seemed that her game was played, and that she must give herself up into their hands. Not so, Mary Ambree! Instead, she retired to a castle with her soldiers, and prepared for a siege; and even when her enemies outside prepared to batter down the walls she took her stand on the walls themselves, and cried to the rival captains to aim at her.

They called on her to surrender. 'Now say, English Captain,' they cried:

'What wouldst thou give
To ransom thyself, which else must not live?
Come, yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be!'

Then came Mary Ambree's moment: standing on the tottering castle-walls, sword in hand, she answered them, and told them that she was no captain, but a woman, who had been seeking to revenge the death of her lover:

'No Knight, sirs, of England, nor Captain you see,
But a poor simple lass, called Mary Ambree!'

Very little of the rest of her life-story is known; only that she returned to England, respected by her enemies for her bravery and daring, and remembered with affection by the men she had led. To them, no doubt, we owe the spirited ballad that bears her name, and which was sung by soldiers on the march. It goes with a swing and spirit that would be hard to match in any of the marching songs of our day.

ETHEL TALBOT.

THE GHOSTIE-GANG.

(Concluded from page 107.)

III.

RAB found the chase more difficult than he had expected; the frightened little dog sped ahead through the faint dawn-light, and would not return for all the boy's calling.

'Nix! Nix!' he cried at last for the hundredth time.

The little creature—as the boy could see in the faint light—stopped, pricked up its ears, and then sped on again in the direction of the peat-bog.

'The beastie will come to hurt,' said Rab as he hastened after him, feeling anxiously that duty was calling him in two ways. At home, Moll must be still sitting guarding the door: here, ahead of him her pet scampered gaily into danger. 'Nix! Nix!' he called again.

The little creature, as if in answer to his fears, turned suddenly from the track that led to the bog, took the path leading to the moor, and was off again, while Rab hurried after, heaving a sigh of relief. 'Twill be easy to overtake him now,' he said, drawing his plaid closer, for the dawning was cold. 'Nix! Nix!'

But still the dog sped on.

'Moll herself would not like the way he's going,' laughed Rab, as he hurried after it. 'He will be passing Auld Janet's cottage, and it's well the lassie's not here to see!'

He stopped suddenly, for an unexpected sight met his eyes, and he gaped with surprise. A light seemed to come from the hut, and Nix stopped to sniff expectantly outside; and then—the dog disappeared within!

'Losh! I must be dreaming!' said Rab to himself. 'Sure, Auld Janet's up betimes if her door's ajar!' He softly crept up to the cottage and peered round the corner of the door.

By the light of the fire within he could see the old woman; close to the stove she stood, busy baking. Rab's eyes opened wide with amazement as he saw her turning scones; he almost forgot his quest—forgot that the little dog had disappeared into the house, until Auld Janet's words, as she turned suddenly to find Nix sniffing at her skirts, reminded him.

'Ah, ye ill-conditioned beast! I'll not have *this*!' she shouted. 'Off wi' ye!' The appearance of the little creature at this hour had plainly frightened her.

But Nix refused to go.

'Into the cupboard with ye, then!' shouted the old woman. She flung a crust towards the wall-cupboard, and Nix, with excitement, ran for the prize; then with a thrust the old woman shut the door and imprisoned him. 'He's not canny!' she kept repeating, as Rab could hear. 'I'm afraid to harm him, but I'll shut him up!'

By this time Rab himself was just as excited as a boy could be. Why was Auld Janet cooking scones at this early hour? It could not be much after two o'clock, and surely no time for baking! 'It must be as folk say,' he said to himself; 'she is beyond herself! But what will she do with them all?'

For a rapidly growing pile of scones stood beside her; Rab stared with amazement. It was not until a sad whining and scratching began inside the cupboard that he thought of Nix again.

'Tis a strange turn that things have taken,' he

thought to himself; 'but I must, nevertheless, rescue the wee dog, and that quickly,' he added to himself, remembering that little Moll was probably still watching on the stair.

But somehow or other he did not want to knock on the door and ask for Nix. He was growing more and more sure that Janet was 'not canny'; little Moll's belief that she must be a witch recurred to him, and, though he was too sensible a boy to believe *that*, he had begun to have a pretty shrewd idea that something strange was brewing in the little cottage on the moor!

But how to find out? Just as he was thinking over a possible way, there came an opportunity. Auld Janet left her scones, and, turning her back, bent over a stew that was simmering on the fire. 'She's deaf as a post!' said Rab, and was in at the cottage door and inside the cupboard with Nix, the dog, before the old woman had returned to her baking. 'Now, my wee beastie!'—he hugged Nix close to him—'rest there snug and warm, whilst I watch and see!'

The little dog snuggled down; he was well accustomed to sleeping in Moll's arms, and he ceased whining, licked Rab's face, and lay quiet. Rab lay still, too, and listened hard.

And as he listened he heard sounds—muffled sounds of voices. He raised himself on his elbow and peered through the crack of the half-open door, wondering where could the noises come from. Auld Janet was still baking, and yet the sound of voices went on. There was no room above in this tiny crofter's hut; there could be no room below, for it was built on the very side of the moor. And yet the droning sound of voices—men's voices—continued. What could it mean?

Rab's excitement rose; he was sure he must be on the verge of discovering some mystery; could it be—he held his breath—the Ghostie-gang! His blood froze at the thought of them, but he lay still, though his heart pounded with excitement. Then, just as his wonderings reached their height, a strange thing happened.

Auld Janet came close to the kist door; lifted cautiously a large stone. 'Are you awake?' she whispered: and it seemed to Rab, in his amazement, that she let down a pile of smoking scones into the earth below!

IV.

'AYE, Laddie,' said Farmer Robertson, 'tell us the tale again. Twill bear the telling, aye, from the first to last!'

'Yes, Cousin Rab, repeat it,' said little Moll, clasping Nix to her heart.

Rab's mother said nothing. It was the following evening, and though the events of that day had been wonderful past belief, she could think of nothing but the fact that her laddie had been through dreadful danger, and was at last here in the house again safe and sound. She busied herself over the supper things as Rab told his tale.

'Twas beyond belief!' he said excitedly; 'twas the sounds below that set me wondering—deep sounds as of men's voices, grim and harsh; and then, when Auld Janet came close,' continued Rab with his eyes flashing, 'with her heap of smoking scones, I fairly could not believe my eyes to see her. She lifts up the stone, a mighty big one, and I doubt one of the gang helped her from below; then she lets down the stuff, fairly into the moor!'

'What a wicked woman!' said little Moll, vehemently, clasping her dog.

'Hush!' said her aunt. 'Laddie, 'tis an awfu' tale. The Ghostie-gang hid beneath Auld Janet's hoose. I canna—'

'Twas from that minute,' went on Rab, excitedly, 'that I guessed the truth. 'Tis the Ghostie-gang, and no mistake, I thought, and I lay and listened. I noted that the sounds grew louder when the stone was removed, for the auld body was ganging to and fro with scones. I could hear well, then, that there were men below. Aye, I heard them use right evil words, and—'

'Oh, tell us, Cousin, how you got away with this rascal of a dog!' burst in Moll.

'Twas later. Auld Janet, being wearied with baking, and eager to sleep, had started a-snoring in the ingle-nook; I gripped wee Nixie and ran—I knew that were I to be found by the gang—' Rab broke off as his mother gave a half-groan.

'Ah, laddie,' she said, 'you have much to be glad for—'

'And I knew, too, that I must go fetch—' began Rab again.

'Aye,' said Farmer Robertson, breaking in, 'the laddie speaks sense. When he came running and shouting to the homestead I made sure he was demented. But on hearing all he had to tell—'

'It was fine!' broke in Rab. 'They got together twenty men, sturdy farmers from the countryside, Mother, and the robbers were smoked out! Ten of them—and the ruffians! Oh, never before—'

'Oh, Rabbie, lad,' said his mother, clasping her hands, 'may they have mercy! 'Twas an awful, *awful* case!'

'Twas justice they needed, mistress!' said the farmer, gravely, 'and justice they will have. Fine they'd settled a hiding-place beneath Auld Janet's hut: scoop'd out, if you'd believe it, mistress, is a cave, the like of which I've never seen before. Rounded it is, like the moon at her first quarter, in its shape, and over sixty feet in length. Tall, too, mistress, that a man may stand upright there. Aye, the ruffians o' the Ghostie-gang had a hiding-place indeed!'

'And they came and went beneath the big stone,' broke in Rab; 'and they was smoked out one after another! Oh!—'

'But Auld Janet, sure the auld body was afraid to disobey them,' said his mother; 'twould not be her blame!'

'Ah, methinks 'twas an evil woman,' said Farmer Robertson, quietly; 'and justice must be done. Mayhap she will be leniently dealt with, but—'tis sure that never will she return to her cottage again.'

'I couldn't help thinking of wee Moll sitting guarding the door all the while I was in the kist,' said Rab.

'And there I found her, poor maidie,' said Moll's aunt, affectionately, 'when I rose in the morn for the milking, fair stiff with cold, but still guarding the door!'

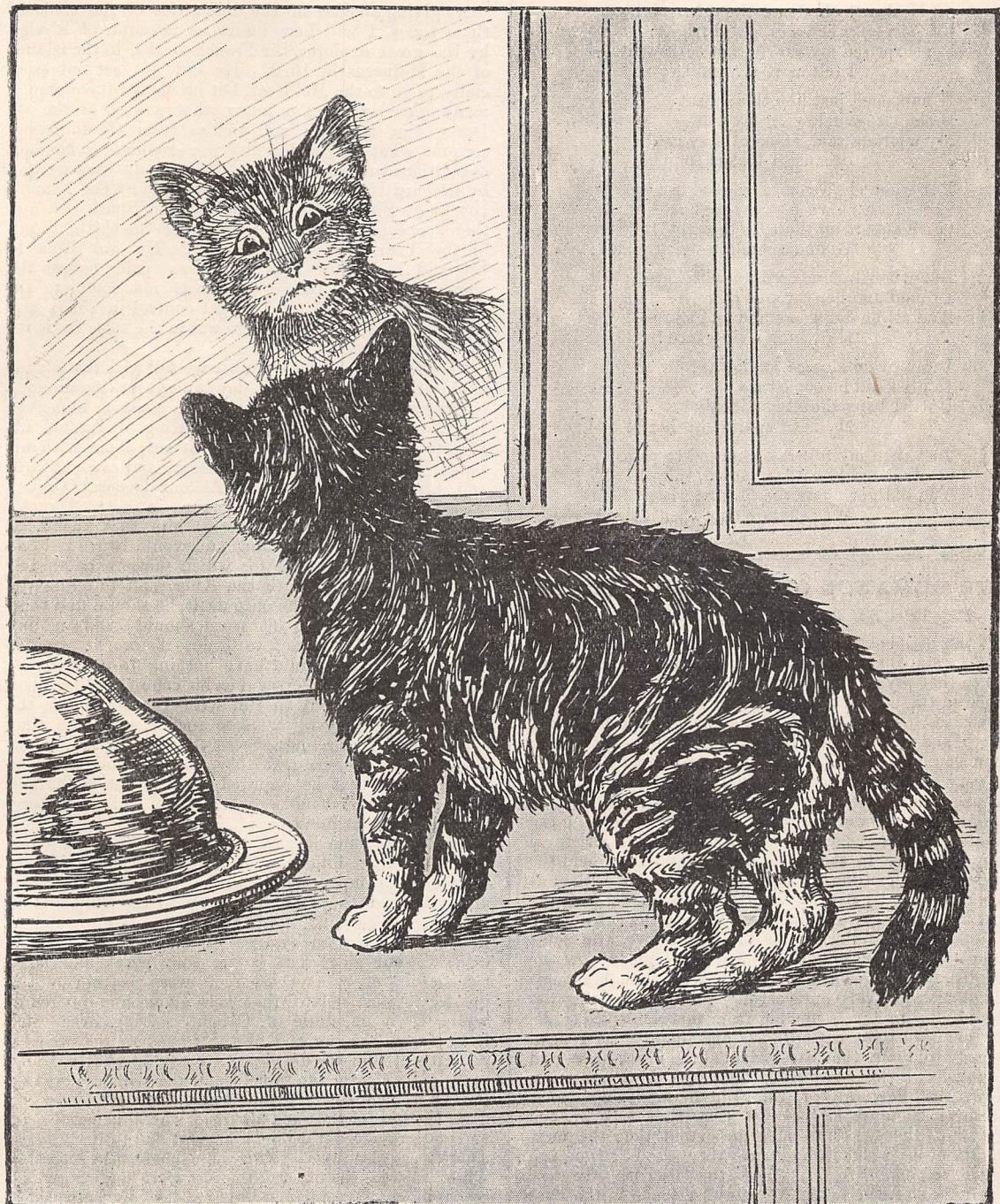
'Sure, 'twas my foolish fault that led Cousin Rab to danger,' said little Moll. 'Twas but little that I did. Ah,' she tapped Nix gently with her finger, 'twas a naughty dog, to bring Cousin Rab to danger!'

'Methinks we owe much to Nix!' laughed Rab: 'he aye seemed to ha' an uncanny instinct for Janet. 'Twas *he*, in truth, that found the hiding-place of the Ghostie-gang!'

E. TALBOT.



“‘ Into the cupboard with ye, then ! ’”



"I found another cat was there."

FLUFF'S FRIGHT.

O H, dear ! oh, dear ! the other night
I really had a dreadful fright :
I'm surprised my fur did not turn white—
I felt as if it would !

It happened just like this : I sat
Beside the window on my mat—
My mistress said, 'Good Pussy-cat,'
Because I looked so good.

But when she'd gone I winked my eye,
The sideboard wasn't very high ;
'Fish stands up there,' I thought, 'I'll try
To find some nice fried plaice !'

But when I clambered up with care,
I found another cat was there,
And all he did was stand and stare—
He'd such a silly face !

I moved up closer ; so did he !
In all I did he copied me,
Until I banged quite suddenly
My head against his head !

Just then my mistress chanced to pass.
'Poor naughty cat,' she cried, 'alas !
You did not know the looking-glass
Was there'—and then I fled !

LESLIE MARY OYLER.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SPICE TRADE.

IV.—THE EAST INDIA COMPANY: GINGER.

IN this article I want first to give you a slight picture of the state of the spice trade in the time of the Tudors. Up to that period, England as a country had not done much in the way of increasing her trade abroad by way of the sea. Her merchants, of course, had to bring the spices and other goods long distances, but not longer than could be helped. Spices were known and used in very early times by the Romans and other ancient peoples, and they were brought overland and sold in the great markets of the world, Venice being one of the greatest. Then, as I have already said, the Portuguese found the way to the Spice Islands, and they held the trade for some time by selling the spices in Lisbon at cheap rates. This they were able to do because the cost of carriage was much less by sea than by land. Later again, the Portuguese brought their wares right round to Antwerp, which was convenient for the English market. Then the Dutch, who, though a small kingdom, were very enterprising, thought that they too would like to have a picking from this rich spice trade, so they sent out expeditions, and finally, as I have already told you, they exterminated the Portuguese, and established a closer monopoly than even the Portuguese. Now, the downfall of the Dutch monopoly seems to have come from the fact that they put up the prices of the spices to such an extent that the merchants of England, who were very good customers, began to complain. At last the English Grocers' Company decided to try to establish trade in the East for themselves with English ships, men, and money. Thus came about the formation of the great East India Company, which included many wealthy grocers.

Soon after the formation of this Company, the Dutch

started a similar one, and naturally the competition was great.

As giving an idea of the difficulties of the trade of these times, I will here insert an account of a visit by the great explorer, Sir Francis Drake, to the islands of the Moluccas in 1579. He did not set out especially to go to the Moluccas, but he visited them among many other lands. You know what a hero of the sea Drake was, and you will realise from the following account what tact and ability were required to conduct expeditions such as he loved. This account was written by Richard Hakluyt. He heads it thus : 'The Famous voyage of Sir Francis Drake into the South sea, and theremence about the whole Globe of the earth, begun in the Year of our Lord, 1577.' He got back to England in 1580. This visit was paid before the monopoly by the Dutch (this was not complete till 1605, but they had tried to get control in 1578), and shows what great wealth there was in the spice trade for the native kings :

'The fourteenth of November we fell with the Islands of Maluco [Molucca], which day at night (having directed our course to run with Tydore), in coasting along the Island of Mutyr, belonging to the King of Ternate, his Deputy or Vice-king, seeing us at sea, came with his Canoa [canoe] to us without all fear, and came aboard, and, after some conference with our General [Drake], willed him in any wise to run in with Ternate, and not with Tydore, assuring him that the King would be glad of his coming, and would be ready to do what he would require, for which purpose he himself would that night be with the King, and tell him the news ; with whom, if he once dealt, he should find that, as he was a King, so his word should stand ; adding further, that if we went to Tydore before he came to Ternate, the King would have nothing to do with us, because he held the Portugal as his enemy. Whereupon our General resolved to run with Ternate, where the next morning early we came to anchor, at which time our General sent a message to the King with a velvet cloak for a present and token of his coming to be in peace, and that he required nothing but traffic and exchange of merchandise, whereof he had good store, in such things as he wanted.'

Trade was done largely by exchange in those days. The Vice-king interviewed the King, and evidently gave a good impression of Drake, for he sent a signet and promised to come in person to the ship. Here I insert the account of his coming in state to conduct the ship to better anchorage : 'The King purposing to come to our ship, sent before four great and large Canoas, in every one whereof were certain of his greatest states [nobles] that were about him, attired in white lawn of cloth of Calicut, having over their heads, from the one end of the Canoa to the other, a covering of thin perfumed mats, borne up with a frame made of reeds, for the same use, under which every one did sit in his order according to his dignity, to keep him from the heat of the sun ; divers of whom, being of good age and gravity, did make an ancient and fatterly show. There were also divers young and comely men attired in white, as were the others ; the rest were soldiers, which stood in comely order round about on both sides, without [outside] whom sat the rowers in certain galleries, which being three on a side along the Canoas, did lie from the side thereof three or four yards, one being orderly builded lower than another, in every of

which galleries were the number of four score rowers.' Was not this a stately procession?

All were armed, and they rowed round the ship and 'did their homage with great solemnity' as they passed. The King did not come on board, but said he would the next day. However, 'he brake his promise,' and sent another brother with excuses, and asked Drake to go on land. Drake was suspicious, and kept the Vice-king as hostage! He did not go himself, but sent some of his gentlemen. You see how dangerous were the times—they had always to be on the look-out for treachery.

Here is the account of the King's reception, which is truly picturesque: 'The place that they were brought unto was a large and fair house, where at least a thousand persons assembled. The King being yet absent there sat in their places sixty grave personages, all which were said to be of the King's council. . . . The King at last came in guarded by twelve lances, covered over with a rich canopy, with embossed gold. Our men, accompanied with one of their captains called Maro, rising to meet him, he graciously did welcome and entertain them. He was attired after the manner of the country, but more sumptuously than the rest. From his waist down to the ground was all cloth of gold, and the same very rich; his legs were bare, but on his feet were a pair of shoes made of Cordovan skin. In the attire of his head were finely wreathed hopped rings of gold, and about his neck he had a chain of perfect gold, the links whereof were great and one fold double. On his fingers he had six very fair jewels, and [when he was] sitting in his chair of state at his right hand stood a page with a fan in his hand, breathing and gathering air to the King. The fan was in length two foot, and in breadth one foot, set with eight sapphires, richly embroidered, and knit to a staff three foot in length, by the which the page did hold and move it. Our gentlemen, having delivered their message and received order accordingly, were licensed [allowed] to depart, being safely conducted back again by one of the King's council.' Having concluded their exchange of merchandise, they departed. Undoubtedly Drake obtained a fine cargo of spices.

In those days the southern seas were not charted at all, and it was all new ground to this expedition, and they never knew how soon they might run on rocks. For instance, Hakluyt says on 'the ninth of January, in the year 1579, we ran suddenly upon a rock, where we stuck fast. . . . We lightened our ship upon the rocks of three tons of cloves, and other things, and then they got off safely. All through these voyages they had constant adventures. From Ternate they went to other islands, where they saw many quaint and interesting things. But when they had been at Java some time they were told one day 'that not far off there were such great ships as ours, wishing us to beware; upon this our Captain would stay no longer.' These ships were evidently some other expedition, either Portuguese or Dutch, and Drake did not want any more trouble, so he made straight for home. Hakluyt concludes: 'We arrived in England the third of November, 1580, being the third year from our departure.'

Now, when you are using spices to-day you are the heirs of Drake. But the peril of getting them is not so great now. Let us take another one, and see how it is obtained—Ginger. I expect you have met it as 'preserved ginger' in those quaint blue and white pots

enclosed in an open sort of trellis of cane with a handle (fig. 1). Also, no doubt you know it in chocolate and as 'candied fruit.' But do you know what it really is?

Well, its proper name is *Zingiber officinale*. It is rather a strange-looking plant. In fig. 2 you have a sketch which I obtained from illustrations in the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, London. It has leaves which are very smooth, long and pointed, and which continue down the stem in the form of a sheath. The flowers are carried in a curious-looking head of tightly overlapping scales. There seem to be only two or three flowers in bloom at a time. At A, I show a single flower, which is mainly dark purple in colour; it is a one-sided flower with a decided lip. The roots are the part of most interest to us, for from them are made all the different preparations known to us as 'Ginger.' These roots are what are called rhizomes—that is, they are a sort of cross between true roots and true stems. They are something like our Solomon Seal roots, or the roots of the common bracken (see pages 91-94). You see there is a thick part immediately below the stems, and then below these there are ordinary roots. The thick parts throw up each a shoot; at B is a young one just making its way up, and at C is a very young one only just starting out in life. The roots proper (D), so to speak, are somewhat strange; they branch in rather a queer way, forming bunches of roots on the ends of some of the main roots.

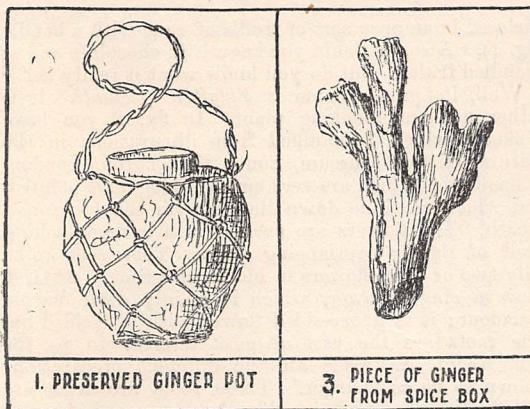
Now, 'preserved ginger' is made of pieces of the young tender root, which are steeped in sugar syrup. This is the kind used in all confectionery. Then there is the ginger we use as a flavouring in cookery, which is the 'spice' proper. This is made of the older roots scalded, then scraped, then dried. At this stage it is ready for the shops, and is white and hard, in funny shaped pieces just as they were chopped off the root. In fig. 3, I show you a piece I have sketched from our spice-box. It is used in various ways, sometimes crushed and sometimes in sticks as it is, but in this case it is generally fished out again from whatever it is flavouring. Cooks put it into little muslin bags, which they can easily remove from their stewpan when they think it has been in long enough to give the right amount of flavour.

Sometimes ginger is dried and not scraped; then it is black, and in this state it is very useful and valuable in medicine.

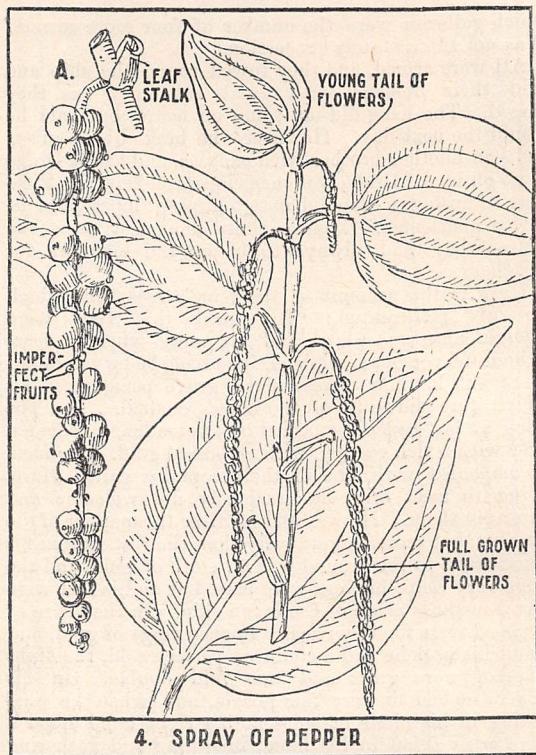
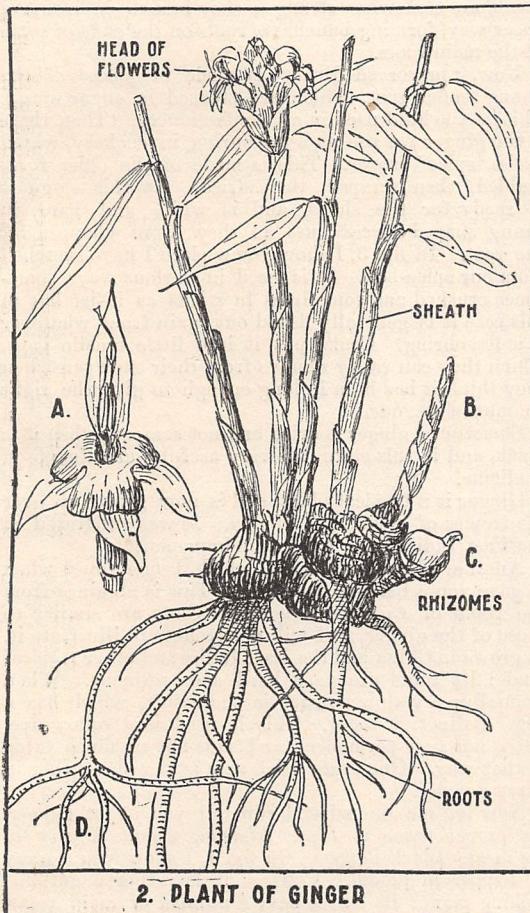
Ginger is a tropical plant, and is now grown all over the tropics of Asia and America. It was cultivated in the East Indies first 'from time immemorial.'

Another of the queer spices which I mentioned when I gave you a list was Turmeric. This is obtained from the roots of *Curcuma longa*; its roots are similar to those of the ginger, so I will not trouble to illustrate it. It grows in China and the East Indies and other tropical lands: its roots are very hard and resinous. When ground up a yellow powder is the result, which has a very distinctive scent. This is used as a yellow dye, but is not very permanent, and so is not of much value in that way. One of its chief uses is as a flavouring in curry powder.

Now let me see what I can tell you about Pepper. Its proper name is *Piper Nigrum*, which is easy to see means Black Pepper. In fig. 4, I show you a spray of Pepper in bloom. You see it is rather a curious-looking plant; its leaves have a number of main veins,



all starting from the stalk and connected by a network of smaller ones. The joints of the stem are very distinct, and when the plant dies down it breaks off at these joints like a begonia. The long tails of flowers you see are developed opposite the leaves. At A, I give you a careful drawing of a tail of berries. If you could see this in colour you would find these berries tinted



variously green, yellow, and red. These have to be collected before they are ripe and then dried. If these are ground up as they are when gathered—that is, without removing the pulpy part of the berries—then the powder produced is Black Pepper, but if when gathered this outer covering is removed, then the remaining hard berry ground is White Pepper.

I do not expect many of you lay much store by pepper, but in days long ago it was one of the valuable commodities which drew our attention to India, where it grows to such perfection. Mr. Rees, in the book I have mentioned, tells us that 'Pepper from the Malabar coast of India was used by the cooks of ancient Rome, who gave as much as ten shillings a pound for it.'

E. M. BARLOW.

THE ROUSING OF BEVIS MAYLINS.

ON the sill of an open window in Meadsid School, Bevis Maylins lolled one summer day, reading a letter he had just received from home. But he scarcely heeded the words till a sentence suddenly caught his attention, and, straightening himself up with a jerk, he exclaimed, loud enough for any one in the court below to hear, 'What's that?'

The ejaculation was accompanied by a scowl at the letter as though it had made an attack upon him; and then he read the passage over again: 'Arrangements have been completed, and Tony will arrive at Meadsid on Tuesday next. It is my hope that you will do all in your power to make poor Tony's path easy. Show for him all that sympathy which means so much from an elder brother. Remember, Tony is a



"A boy was seen clambering over a gate."

little boy, never very strong, and this is the first time he has been among strangers, away from home.'

Bevis crumpled the letter up into a ball of paper and pushed it deeply into his trousers pocket. 'That settles the game for me,' he growled, turning from the window. 'Tony is coming on Tuesday next; Tony is to be petted

and pampered because he is my brother. . . . Nonsense! The little beggar must look after himself. If he doesn't like what he gets, they had better send him to another school. I am not going to make myself unpleasant to any of the fellows on his account.'

Now, though Bevis settled the matter in this (to him)

satisfactory way, it did not really comfort his ruffled spirits, and on the Tuesday afternoon he 'mooched' down to the station in a temper which promised a far from brotherly welcome for the small, shy boy, who at that moment was rapidly approaching his journey's end with growing fears of what awaited him there.

The sight of Bevis, as he stepped on to the platform, was at first reassuring, but a second glance sent a chill to Tony's heart, for Bevis advanced towards him with a sulky face.

'Where's the luggage?' was his abrupt greeting. 'I hope it's not more than you can carry yourself, for I don't mean to fag up to the school with it.'

'Oh, no, Bevis!' replied Tony. 'I can manage it quite easily. It isn't far, I suppose?'

'A tidy step,' growled Bevis; 'and it was no end of a nuisance to have to meet the train. I think it's an awful pity you have come to Meadsie, and what their idea was in sending you is more than I can understand.'

He repeated this interesting fact many times as they walked back to the school, so that there should be no mistake about it. The little boy beside him, panting under his burden and suffering the pains of home-sickness, bore it all with silent patience, even feeling at times that he was to blame for causing poor Bevis such annoyance.

And that is how Tony Maylins came to Meadsie. Bevis made no effort to guide his small brother free of the many pitfalls into which new boys at school are apt to stumble. Rumours reached him from time to time that Tony suffered at the hands of more than one bully; that he had been lured into the companionship of scapgegraces, and that altogether the small boy was having a troubous time. Yet Bevis, fearing to make himself objectionable to others, ignored the rumours, and came to the conclusion that 'it was no concern of his.'

One Saturday afternoon, when Tony had been a few weeks at Meadsie, the elder boy was returning from a bicycle ride along a road about half a mile from the school, when he heard loud cries of pain mingled with shouts coming from a market-garden on the further side of a hedge that bordered the road.

The cyclist quickened his speed, but before he could reach the place the uproar ceased, and next moment a small boy was seen clambering over a gate farther down the road. A man with a stick in his hand was laughing behind the hedge. The boy was Tony. Without turning his head, he ran limping away. Bevis called, but he did not hear. Bevis called again, but he still ran on, and even when he was overtaken he kept his white face forward like one over whom terror had cast a spell.

'What have you been up to? What has been the matter?' cried Bevis, dropping from the saddle.

'Oh, is that you, Bevis?' panted the small boy. 'I did not know you were near me. They told me the strawberry-bed belonged to the school. They sent me to pick some—'

'Who did?' snapped the elder boy.

'Westcott and the others.'

'What have you to do with *that* set?' cried Bevis. 'Don't you know they are idle louts, sure to get you into mischief?'

'No,' said Tony, still staring ahead and trotting as well as he was able. 'No one warned me.'

'And I suppose Jenkins caught you in the bed and gave you a thrashing?' said Bevis, coldly.

'Yes, he did,' came the reply; 'but never mind, Bevis. I'm sorry if it has annoyed you. I promise to say nothing about it at the school. Forgive me if it leads to any trouble; but it all seemed so natural—and I didn't know. Perhaps I ought to—but I didn't.'

Bevis was silent. All the way back to Meadsie he spoke no word, and the small boy trotting at his side was silent, too.

But Bevis Maylins was now suffering far more in his heart than his brother. Conscience, slowly awakening, was revealing to him the darkness of the course he had followed. All that day and the next he was ill at ease, and whenever he met Tony, the placid expression on the latter's face, the brightness of his eyes, were more disturbing than any show of misery would have been.

Thus it came about that after a restless night, on the following Sunday Bevis stole from his bed at the earliest glimmer of dawn. He would dress and go out. Anything was better than lying there. Stealing to the wash-stand by the window, he was about to pour out some water, when, glancing into the courtyard below, he caught sight of some one under the shadow of a wall, creeping towards the gates. There could be no mistaking that tiny form. It was his brother Tony! Bevis's heart beat fast; for all too readily he guessed that, unable longer to bear his troubles, Tony was running away from Meadsie.

Watching, spellbound, till the small figure, having passed the gate, was hurrying along the road that led to Borden Hill, Bevis flung on his clothes with feverish haste. Caution, however, checked his speed, and ten minutes elapsed ere he, too, was on the road.

Conscious that a stern chase is a long one, he did not spare himself, but, on reaching the foot of the hill, was relieved to see, far ahead, a small figure trudging up the slope. It reached the summit and passed from sight. Bevis panted on, spurred to exertion by repentant thought. He, too, reached the top at last, and paused with a little gasp of surprise, for there, only a few yards further on, sat Tony bending over the pages of an open book.

He did not look up till the elder boy drew near; he did not move his eyes from the page till he heard his name called.

'What, Bevis!' he cried. 'I did not know you ever came to see the sun rise!'

'Tony,' replied Bevis, in a trembling voice, 'I thought you were running away!'

'Running away?' echoed the other. 'Why should I run away?'

'Because I have been an unbrotherly beast to you,' was the reply, as Bevis sat down at his side. 'I never helped you, as Mother asked me to: I did not comfort you when I might have done.'

'Never mind,' returned Tony. 'I have had help from this, you know. Mother told me always to read it, and it's so quiet out here.' He placed one hand on the open book on his knees, and Bevis saw that it was a Bible.

'And if I had looked at mine I should have remembered the meaning of brotherly love, and how we owe it to one another. Tony, old chap, will you forgive me?'

'Of course I will,' came the ready answer. 'How can you ask? But look, Bevis!' pointing to the distant horizon. 'There's the first spark of the rising sun!'

And as Bevis watched, he saw the golden glory slowly expand, driving before it the shadows that had covered the sky.

JOHN LEA.

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.
(Continued from page 115.)

CHAPTER XI.

NO one moved in the circle round Chinna. Each stared at his neighbour as if he thought it was that neighbour's duty to produce the reward with which he himself had no possible concern.

And Chinna repeated a little shrilly, looking at the headman of the village, he in whose house the tiger had lain: 'Bring me those things which are mine by right, and which ye did promise by your messenger to give me.'

And at that the headman stepped forward a pace or two, shuffling his feet and rubbing his hands together. And he answered, half in a cringing fashion, half impudently: 'Those things which we did promise to give? Surely, little man of the woods, thy memory has played thee a trick. There may have been talk of a kind; of hens, also, perchance. But is one small arrow worth an axe and silver? There is some mistake here.'

Chinna did not answer for a moment. He was too angry, indeed, for speech. Brian could see by the flickering light of the torches that the little hunter's face was twisted with indignation and his black eyes were gleaming. And at last, in a furious splutter, the words came: 'And so ye would cheat me of my just reward? Take care. I, who have slain this enemy of yours, can bring others against you. The spirits of the forest will grant me any favour that I ask. Do not trifile.'

The headman looked somewhat scared at this, and answered in a soothing voice: 'I forgot the axe. Without doubt I forgot the axe. The hens, and the kid, and the axe, that was the reward named. Take it, great hunter, and depart in peace as thou hast said. Let there be no ill-will between us.'

'And the silver,' said Chinna. 'And the silver,' he repeated indignantly as he received no reply. And then, slowly, he wheeled round, and began to march towards the forests, and he called back over his shoulder: 'I have warned you, and ye would not listen. On your heads and the heads of your children be the punishment that shall follow. I go to mine own place.'

And at that a great clamour broke from the crowd, and there were cries of 'No, no; curse us not. Turn again, Wonder-worker!' Cries which redoubled in strength until Chinna turned slowly and came back again, just as Brian was on the point of slipping out of the tree after him, afraid that the little man had forgotten his existence altogether. And now every one seemed anxious to make amends, and implored Chinna to come to the village, and assured him he should receive the reward in full. But Chinna chose to be haughty, and, seating himself on the body of the tiger, he waved the crowd away. And he bade them bring the kid and the hens, the axe and the silver, to lay at his feet. And, as the villagers scattered obediently, Chinna sent a glance in Brian's direction which was almost a wink, and which seemed to say, 'Thou and I, we know that the only way to deal with these people is to frighten them. They must surely be taught who is master.' And Brian settled himself more comfortably

on the rather knobbly branch on which he was perched, much relieved to find he was not forgotten, after all, and very glad that the little man was to have the reward he had so amply earned. And then he watched, with deep interest, as those of the villagers who were left began to drag pieces of fallen wood together and to make a huge fire, while Chinna produced his little axe and set to work most cleverly to skin the tiger. But, first, he drew out the whiskers, one by one, and the claws also, for the people of India believe that the claws and whiskers of a tiger act as a most powerful charm, and they preserve these, in consequence, very carefully.

'The flesh shall be yours,' said Chinna to the watching crowd. And Brian wondered if the people of the village intended to eat the body. It seemed a most horrid kind of food, he thought. But he found out afterwards from Chinna that the flesh would be cut up into tiny bits and used as medicine, and that it was supposed to be a cure for rheumatism and all manner of other illnesses.

It was a long business, the skinning of the tiger, and Brian grew very weary before it was finished. He shifted about on his branch uneasily, and presently, looking downwards, was aware that one of the villagers was standing at the foot of the tree, and staring up at him through the leaves. And, after a little, the man said: 'Why dost thou sit up there, little son of the wild man? Come down and look at the striped one. Or art thou too greatly afraid to do so?'

Brian was just about to retort indignantly that he was not at all afraid, and to slide down from the tree, when he remembered that Chinna had forbidden him to do so. So he stared back at the man, and did not answer. Whereupon the latter reached up a hand and tried to catch Brian by the leg. 'Come down,' he repeated; 'there is no need for fear.'

And at that Chinna heard, and turned, and shouted: 'Leave the boy alone. It is my order that he shall not speak and that he remains in the tree.'

But already the man had withdrawn his hand, and now he was staring at Brian with the beginnings of fear in his face. Just at that moment the fire had flared up and shown him very plainly the strange yellow skin of the supposed son of Chinna. The children of the villagers were pale-coloured often, but the children of the wild people were always dark. How, then, could this boy be related to Chinna? And if he were no relation, what, instead, was he? And it seemed to the man that there could be only one answer to the question: the thing in the tree was no mortal child, but a spirit summoned by the little hunter to help him in the slaying of the striped one.

And the man began to back away towards the fire, muttering to his fellows: 'There is a strange thing in the tree, a most strange thing. Very pale is it in colour, and it cannot speak as a man speaks. Look at it, but do not go too close, lest ye should take hurt therefrom.'

And Chinna heard again, and very pleased at the turn affairs had taken, and that he should be considered a yet more wonderful person on whom visible spirits attended, he called gaily: 'Twere better not to look even. It is, in truth, one whom I have brought with me—one who will help me in all things, or avenge me on my enemies.'

(Continued on page 130.)



“Seating himself on the body of the tiger, he waved the crowd away.”



"The water seemed very silent, very lonely."

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 127.)

CHAPTER XII.

THE villagers were in a great hurry to get rid of Chinna, and his attendant spirit, after that. Some helped to skin the carcase; others ran towards the village to bid those hasten who had gone to fetch the reward. And presently a bleating kid appeared, dragged along by a rope round its neck, and three hens, held by the legs, head downwards, and protesting with all their strength. And one man brought an axe, and the headman a handful of silver coins; and all these things were pressed upon Chinna, while glances were cast constantly at the tree, in the hope that the spirit might by this time have betaken itself to its proper abode. And when the firelight showed a pale-yellow glimmer between the leaves, there was a perceptible stir of fear through the little crowd.

Brian naturally enjoyed all this immensely; and he was quite sorry when Chinna pronounced that, at last, the reward was sufficient, and the villagers slunk back towards their homes, carrying the tiger's body with them, slung from a couple of poles. But he was glad to descend from the tree, for he was cold now, as well as very tired of sitting on the branch, and he scrambled down and ran to Chinna, as the little man whistled softly.

'Take thou the hens,' Chinna ordered. 'And see, thou shalt have this axe for thine own, for there are the makings of a hunter in thee.' And he stuck the axe the villagers had brought into the folds of Brian's waistcloth, and Brian was so pleased that he could scarcely thank Chinna enough. Moreover, praise from so brave a person was indeed praise worth having, and of almost more value than the axe itself.

Chinna counted over the silver thoughtfully next, and tied it in a corner of his waistcloth; and he rolled up the tiger-skin and slung it across his shoulders, tying the huge paws beneath his chin. And then he took hold of the rope which was wound round the kid's neck, and told Brian to pick up a half-burned torch, which lay on the ground beside the fire, and to rekindle it so that the light might help them on their way. And, finally, the two started down the path which led through the forest to the landing-stage.

Quite quickly they went at first, but, after a little, the kid began to give trouble. It was a pretty creature, snow-white from head to tail, but, like all its race, possessed of a spirit of obstinacy. And it had been taken from a warm shed, where it had been huddled with its mother and half-a-hundred companions, and it found the night air chilly and unpleasant; so presently it planted its four feet together and refused either to run or walk. It simply slid forward while Chinna tugged at it in front and Brian pushed behind. And if for a second they stopped tugging and pushing, the kid at once backed violently in the direction of the village, and so regained most of the ground it had lost. And when this had happened for the hundredth time, Chinna, burdened with the tiger-skin, and Brian, who had also to struggle with the hens, were so tired of its antics that their feelings for it were the reverse of friendly.

'I will kill it,' said Chinna. 'Dead, I can carry it as well as the tiger-skin. I had thought to keep it as a companion for the other, but indeed it seems bewitched. The flesh will at least make a good meal for us all.'

He handed the end of the rope to Brian while he loosened the tiger-skin from his shoulders so that his arm might swing free; and at the same moment the three hens struggled wildly in three different directions, and before Brian quite realised what had happened, the kid had jerked itself loose, and was careering gaily in the direction of the village, the rope trailing after it. And Chinna, very angry, almost hit Brian with the axe instead, and cried: 'Fool, fool! Is there no sense in thy empty head? Why didst thou not twist the rope around thy middle?' And Brian, who had been feeling extremely pleased with himself, felt extremely small instead, which was, no doubt, very good for him.

But Chinna's anger, though hot for a moment, quickly passed. He picked up the tiger-skin again, took the torch from Brian, and began to trot towards the lake. And Brian, trotting after him, reached the edge of the water with the hens safe at least, and scrambled, still clinging to them despite their struggles, on to the raft. The moon had just risen, and laid a silver path across the water, and down this Chinna steered, his squat figure, with the heavy bundle on the shoulders, throwing the strangest shadows. He had flung away the torch, since now there was no longer need of it.

The water seemed very silent at first, very lonely in the moonlight. Then Brian grew aware of a ceaseless soft dabbling and splashing, and every little while something rose swiftly, skimmed the water, and settled again; and, as his eyes grew used to the moonlight and the shadows, he could see that everywhere the surface of the lake was dotted with wild ducks feeding—ducks of every shape and every size.

'Always they feed at night,' Chinna explained. 'And sometimes I hide among the reeds and shoot at them with my bow. But they are most cunning, and 'tis seldom they come within arrow's reach.' And Brian noticed that the ducks, though they continued to feed busily, and scarcely seemed to heed the raft, yet kept at a safe distance from it, as though they could measure exactly an arrow's flight.

But he was too sleepy to watch anything for long, and he dozed off from time to time, and woke with difficulty when the raft grounded on the further shore: and he stumbled more than once as he followed Chinna, after picking up the clothes he had left by the lake.

Long before they reached the clearing, they could see the gleam of the camp fire through the trees, for Mrs. Chinna and Nancy had piled the wood high, that the flames might give as much light as possible; and Mrs. Chinna had a meal prepared, for she knew that 'the men' would be hungry.

Nancy had spent a very anxious afternoon; but she had guessed, though she could not be sure, that Brian had contrived, somehow or other, to accompany Chinna. Now, at sight of him, she stared for a moment, not recognising him at all, and then flung her arms round his neck in sudden relief.

'Oh, Brian—oh, Brian! I am glad to see you back. I almost thought you were dead,' Nancy repeated again and again. And though Brian answered, 'It's all right;

there's nothing to fuss about,' he really didn't object to the fussing. He tried to tell Nancy of his adventures as he ate the rice and fish Mrs. Chinna put before him, but fell asleep again between the mouthfuls, and finally slumbered too soundly to dream even of the tiger.

(Continued on page 142.)

A JOURNEY TO GO.

[Second Series.]

V.—LONDON TO LINCOLN.

HIgh on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the North.' We all know the stirring poem which tells how the news of danger and invasion was flashed through England on that fateful summer night when the tall Spanish war-ships appeared in the Channel, and Sir Francis Drake had finished his game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe. 'They started for the North': the words ring in our minds now, as we set out on our journey from London to Lincoln; but, instead of taking Hampstead Heath as our point of departure, as did the beacon fires three centuries ago, we must travel in more prosaic fashion, and, getting into a train at King's Cross railway station, be carried northward through the far-reaching suburbs of the great metropolis.

Holloway, Finsbury Park, Hornsey: the names and the places themselves seem commonplace and uninteresting enough; but before long Barnet is reached, and then the memories of the great battle which was once fought there carry us back into those dark days of English history, when men wearing red or white roses fought and died, not for any high cause of freedom or honour, but to aid in the quarrels and further the ambitions of their feudal lords.

The great Civil War reached its climax at Barnet on that Easter Sunday morning of the year 1471, for in the thick mist the Lancastrian soldiers mistook friend for foe, and were totally defeated, Warwick himself, their leader, king-maker, and turncoat, being slain. The dead, numbering many hundreds, were buried on the field of battle, and a stone column* now marks the spot where a memorial chapel once stood.

Not far away from Barnet, to the east, is Enfield, which, with its huge munition works, seems to wrench us back from the dark ages into the still more terrible times of modern warfare, when, with the whole world in arms, the victims of a battle must be numbered not by hundreds, but by thousands.

Our next stopping-place is Hatfield, the home of the Cecil family; and then two short branch lines take us, the one to Hertford and the other to St. Albans, which in ancient times was Verulam, a great British city, older than London itself.

It was here that Alban, the first British martyr, was put to death, and a beautiful story is told of how he was converted to Christianity by a Welsh missionary, and how, when summoned to offer sacrifice to the gods of the Romans, he died rather than forsake his new faith. Later, when the Roman conquerors had departed from Britain, a priory was founded in memory of the saint, and his name was given to the city.

During the Wars of the Roses two great battles were fought at St. Albans, and a strange scene took place

* Known as Hadley High Stone.

after the second of these conflicts, when the victorious Lancastrians, under Queen Margaret, went straight from the battlefield to the Abbey, and there, in their dented armour and with blood-stained weapons in their hands, gave thanks for the day's success.

Beyond St. Albans another line branches off westward to Dunstable, a town which is the centre of the straw-plaiting industry, and has since the seventeenth century been famous for its finely-woven hats and bonnets.

It is said that James I. first introduced straw-plaiting into Dunstable, and that some of the French workmen brought by his mother from France settled there. But long before Stuart days the town was prosperous, and it is said to have been a Saxon settlement, standing at the point where the Roman Watling Street crossed the British Icknield Way.

Dunstable once boasted both a royal palace and an important monastery, and in the chronicles of the latter is an account of the funeral procession of Queen Eleanor, which passed through the town on its long journey from York to Westminster. The writer describes how the coffin was set down in the middle of the market-place while the King's Chancellor and the escort of nobles consulted together as to where it should rest for the night; and he goes on to tell of the beautiful stone cross which was afterwards raised on the spot by the orders of her broken-hearted husband, King Edward I.

Returning now to the main line of the Great Northern Railway, we pass through Hitchin, and Sandy with its ancient British entrenchments, and come to Huntingdon, where Oliver Cromwell was born, and where both he and Samuel Pepys were educated.

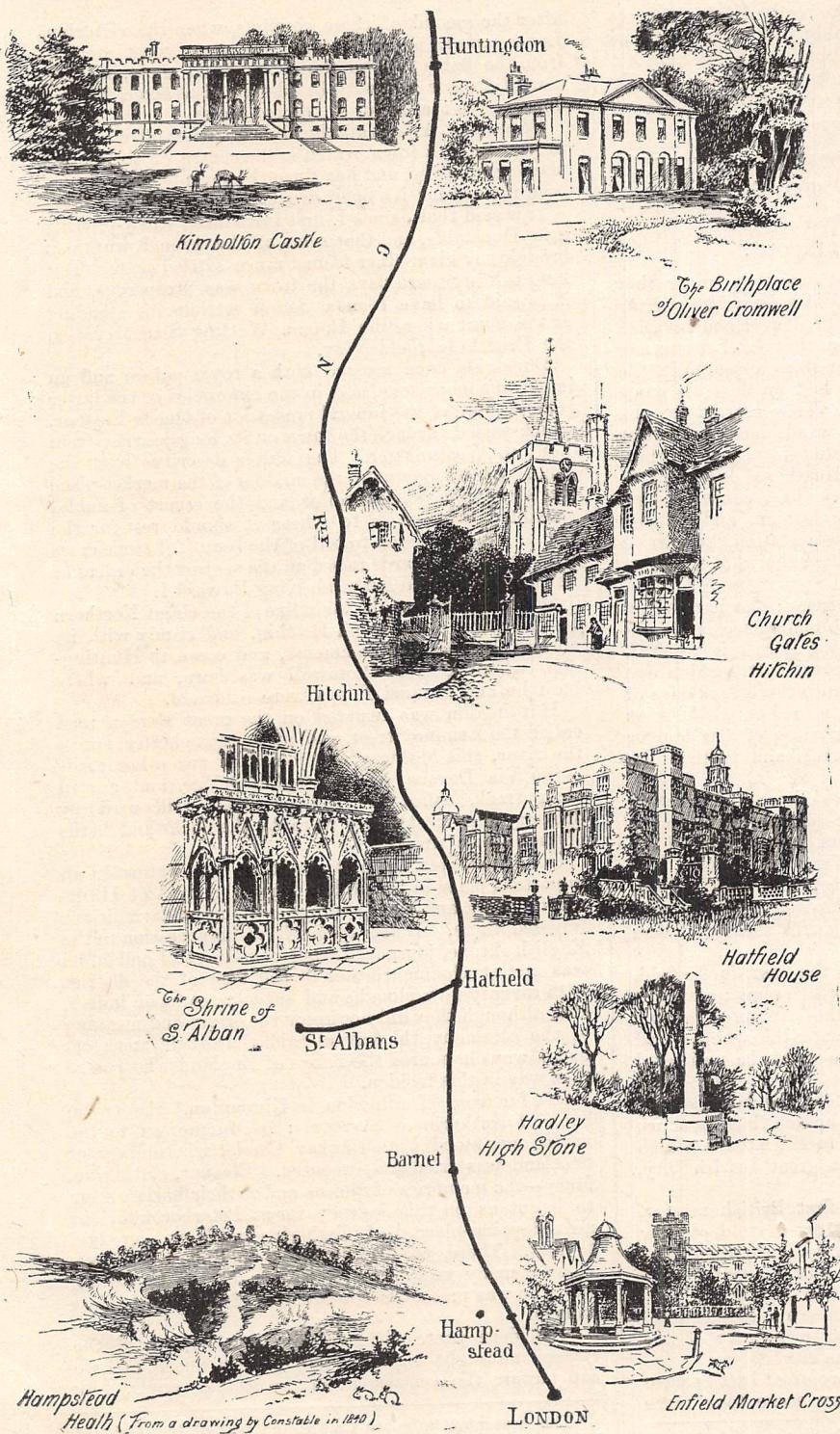
Huntingdon was situated on the great Roman road called the Ermine Street, and at Godmanchester, across the river, this highway was joined by two other roads—the Via Devana, leading to Cambridge, and a still older track, called the Bullock Road, still used by drovers, and most likely worn by the flocks and herds of prehistoric times.

Godmanchester, from its position, was naturally an important place in the Middle Ages, the rival of Huntingdon itself, and many strange customs and traditions lingered there. When James I., at his accession to the English throne, journeyed from Scotland to London, he was met at Godmanchester by the men of the district with seventy new ploughs and seventy teams of horses, and, although they did not know the origin and meaning of the ceremony, the drivers said that their ancestors had always honoured the Kings of England who passed that way in this fashion.

Not far from Huntingdon is Kimbolton,* the prison home of Katherine of Arragon; and further on, to the north, once stood Fotheringhay Castle, where Mary of Scotland was tried and executed. Eleanor, Katherine, Mary—the memories of queens and of their burials seem to haunt us on this journey, for at Peterborough, our next stopping-place, both Katherine and Mary were laid to rest. There, too, is the grave of Robert Scarlett, who for many years acted as sexton of the Cathedral, and who was present at the funerals of both the hapless women.

A modern poet, Alfred Noyes, has written of the strange midnight burial of the Scottish queen, and we can picture the amazement of the simple country folk

* The present Kimbolton Castle, the seat of the Duke of Manchester, is built upon the site of the original castle.



who happened to be abroad on that summer evening when the stately procession wended its solemn way through the lanes towards Peterborough. Heralds and banners and torch-bearers, nothing was omitted; for Elizabeth, although she had deprived her cousin of liberty and life, gave her a funeral that befitted her rank and state.

*The Birthplace
of Oliver Cromwell*

'With torches and with singing,
Unhonoured and unseen,
With the Lilies of France
in the wind astir,
And the Lion of Scotland
over her,
Darkly, at the dead of night,
They carried the Queen,
the Queen.'

Later, James I. removed his mother's body to Westminster Abbey, and the castle of Fotheringhay was destroyed; but there is still a tablet in Peterborough Cathedral, opposite the tomb of Katherine, to show where Mary Queen of Scots once lay.

Peterborough, or, to give it the beautiful old name, Medehampsted—the Home in the Meadows—was the site of a great monastery, which was founded more than a thousand years ago by Penda, king of Mercia. The place since those far-off Saxon days has had a strange and chequered history: for its first great church was destroyed by the Danes in 870; the second was pillaged by Hereward's outlaws in 1070, and burnt forty-six years later; while the present cathedral was sacked and defaced by the ruthless, fanatical troopers of Oliver Cromwell.

Not far away from Peterborough, but in another county, is Norman Cross, where in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries stood the prisons where French soldiers and sailors taken in the wars with Napoleon were confined. The prisons were emptied and pulled down after the battle of Waterloo, but in the cottages and the museums round about Peterborough may still be seen

From London to Huntingdon—

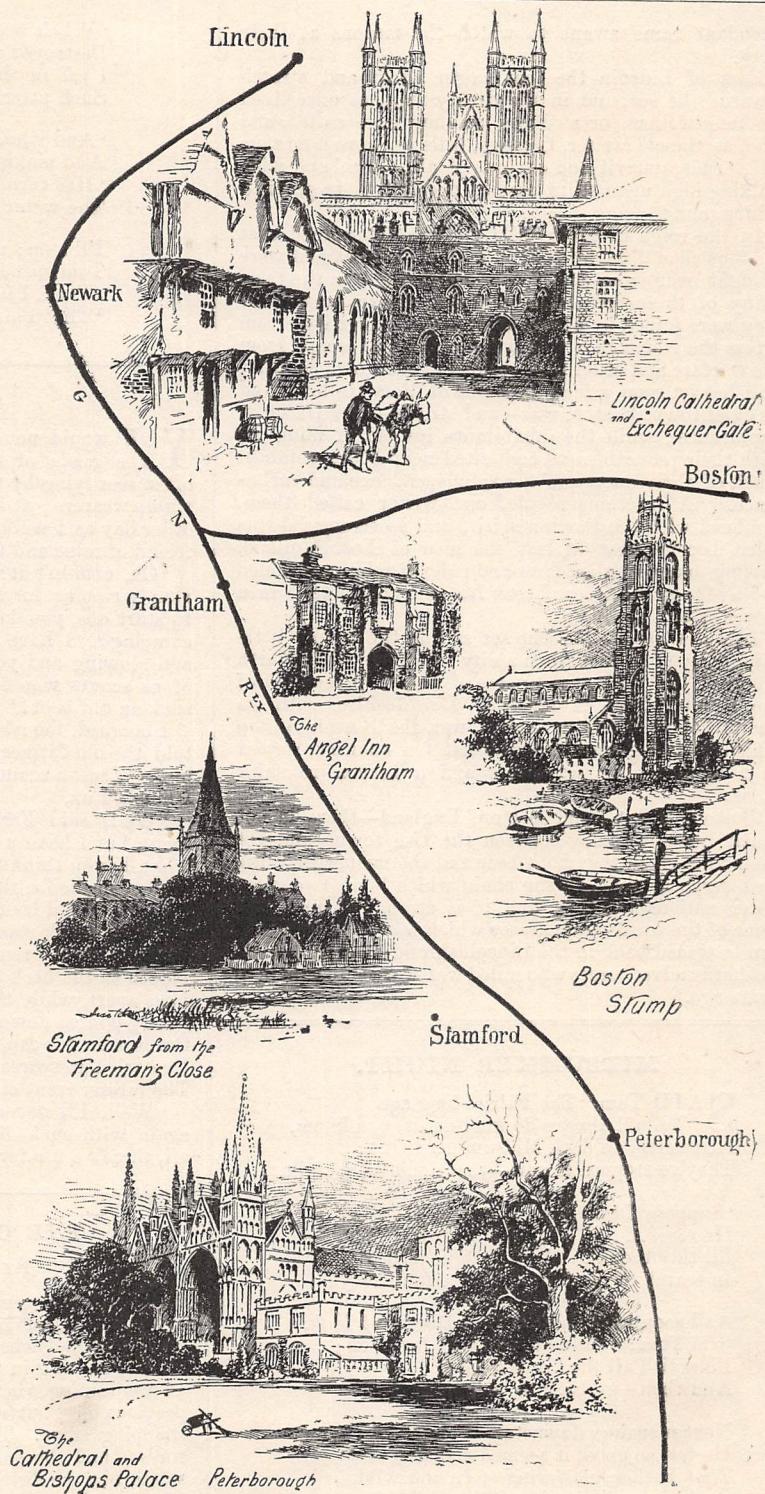
specimens of the carved bone toys and painted straw-work boxes which were made by the prisoners-of-war; while in 1914 a memorial was raised at Norman Cross in honour of those among them who died in captivity.

From Peterborough northward our way takes us across the fens, and then, after passing Grantham and Newark, we see, high on a hill, the graceful towers of Lincoln Minster. 'Our Lady of Lincoln' it was called in the old days, when it was a famous pilgrimage church; and even now, although the shrines are no longer aglitter with jewels and ablaze with lighted candles, it is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in all England.

Lincoln itself is a town of great antiquity and historical importance: for it was in turns a British camp, a Roman colony, a Danish settlement, and a Norman stronghold. As we mount the steep hill to the cathedral, many ages are represented by the buildings, and the massive stonework of the Newport reminds us of the days when Lincoln was the 'Lindum Colonia,' and its inhabitants were entitled to the proud name of Roman citizens.

There is an old proverb that says 'The devil looks down on Lincoln,' and he must often have been pleased with what he saw, for there have been blood-stained pages in the city's history, and we read of battles, rebellions, pillage, and cruel massacres. In Norman times the Empress Maud defended the castle against her enemy and rival, Stephen; there were fierce conflicts during the Barons' Wars; and later, the Jews who had settled in the place were killed or banished, because it was said that they had put a Christian child to death.

Chaucer, in one of his 'Canterbury Tales,' tells the sad story of little Sir Hew of Lincoln, and how he met his fate; but this small and rather legendary martyr must not be confused with the celebrated bishop, St. Hugh, in whose time the beautiful Gothic choir of the cathedral was built, and who used to come with his



—and on to Lincoln.

attendant tame swans to watch the masons at their work.

East of Lincoln the fens begin again and stretch towards the sea, and in the dreary marshes once lived the fen-dwellers, or slodgers, as they were called, and who, as the old writer, Camden, tells us, were a strange folk, 'rude, uncivil and envious of all others,' and who, stalking high upon stilts, applied themselves to grazing, fishing, and fowling.

In the reign of Henry VII., it was determined that the fens should be drained, and Flemish workmen were brought over from the Netherlands to help in the task. Many of these men settled in the country, and later they were joined by other emigrants and fugitives from across the North Sea, who were anxious to escape from the warfare and cruel persecutions in their own country. The district soon gained the name of East Holland, and its chief town, Boston, was—and still is—very Dutch in appearance; while the inhabitants, instead of mingling with their peaceable and contented neighbours, retained much of their ancestors' fierce independence and turbulence. 'A fractious people,' one writer called them, 'embued with the Puritan spirit,' and so strong did this spirit become that at last the men of East Holland, chafing under English laws and rules of religion, decided to leave their homes and seek freedom and fortune in a new world.

It was these people who set sail in the famous little ship, *Mayflower*, and when a city was founded in North America, they gave it the name of Boston, in memory of the country town in far-away Lincolnshire, with its quaint houses and tall church tower, the Boston Stump which, standing up above the flat fen country, served as a landmark to wayfarers and a beacon to ships at sea.

Boston, U.S.A., and Boston, England—there is not much likeness to-day between the two towns, and yet the name which they both bear and the memories of the past serve as links in the chain which binds two great sister nations together, and it is strange to find that some of the words and phrases which we call 'American' can be traced back to the Lincolnshire dialect spoken by the hardy adventurers who sailed westward three hundred years ago.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

SAID Tom, 'The Fairies long ago
Would always do kind deeds, you know,
At twelve, on dark Midsummer night;
They've stopped it now—that don't seem right.

'Suppose I take the job, myself!—
He rose. . . . 'Those papers on Dad's shelf—
I'll tidy them. . . . ' Then he looked round
In search of more things to be found.

And soon he found them. 'Dear me! look,'
Said Tom: 'I'll do good turns for Cook;
I'll polish all the kitchen taps;
And then—go back to bed, perhaps.'

Next morning, downstairs Tommy came;
He felt so good, it seemed a shame
That Father, glowering stern and wild,
Looked daggers at his 'fairy-child!'—

'Who's been inside my study, and
Destroyed my papers? Understand,
I will not have such insolence;
Such utter lack of common-sense!'

'And who,' cried Cookie, running in
And making a most dreadful din,
'Has turned the taps on? I declare
The water's running ev'rywhere! . . .'

I'll stop; no more words need be said;
Tom spend the whole long day in bed;
'Well, I don't wonder,' so he whined,
'That Fairies left off being kind!'

E. TALBOT.

OLD BOOTS.

YOU would not have thought that any use could be made of those old worn-out boots that one often sees lying by the roadside, disowned even by their tramp wearers; at least, that is what I was thinking the other day as I walked down a country lane with a scout friend of mine and told my opinion to him.

'Oh, couldn't it?' said he. 'Do you know they're simply ripping for fuel, if you've got a fire going—not to start one, you know, but to keep it in while you're camping? I have often tried it. When the fire's red and glowing and you need something to keep it in, any of us scouts would think ourselves lucky to find just such an old boot!' And he laughed.

I laughed, too; but it was a great idea, and later on I told the old farmer at the farmhouse where I was staying. 'Trust a scout to find a use for anything,' I said, as I finished up.

'Well,' said Farmer Grey, and smiled, 'I'm not a scout, but I have a good use for an old boot, too—and what do you think that is? Why, when my pigs are in need of medicine, there's no better way of giving it than through an old boot! A pig's bite's a bad one, you know, and one doesn't want to run the risk of it. So an old boot with its toe-cap removed is thrust well into Mr. Piggy's mouth to the back of his throat. As a gag it keeps his jaws apart, while the medicine he's got to take can be neatly poured down the opening of the boot. Through the broken toe-cap, you see, it passes down his throat. I've tried it scores of times, and always with success.' The farmer went chuckling away.

'Well, I'll never look at those old worn-out boots again with such distaste,' I thought to myself; 'after all, there's a use for everything if only one can find it.'

THE CINNAMON BEAR.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

WINTER begins early among the high, inland ranges of British Columbia, and the snow was on the ground when Tom Dawson and Jake Winthrop sat one evening in the kitchen of the Craythorn ranch. It was raining when they left the Pacific coast on the previous day, but now Dawson was glad to be near the snapping stove. They burn wood in the Canadian pine forests, and the stove filled the room with an aromatic smell, but the air had a harsh dryness that was different from the damp English cold Dawson was used to.

The house was built of logs, notched at the corners and chinked with moss and clay along the seams. There was no ceiling, and one could see the cedar shingles that covered the roof; the floor was laid with boards rough from the saw. Yet the ranch was comfortable, and Dawson had learned to go without many things he had thought needful in England.

By-and-by Craythorn's hired man remarked: 'It looks like a cold snap. Steve Grant won't get much gold at China Creek before she freezes up. I reckon he will be making fires to thaw his wash-dirt.'

'Is there gold in the neighbourhood?' Dawson asked.

'Oh, yes,' said the hired man. 'The gold's there all right, three or four miles off, but you have to wash a pot of dirt to get an ounce of the metal.'

'The metal?'

'Yes,' said Mr. Craythorn. 'Alluvial gold is nearly pure, but it's generally mixed with the soil in very fine grains. They separate it by washing, because gold is heavier than earth and sand.'

'But can anybody get it?'

'Anybody who thinks it worth while. An ounce of gold is worth about four pounds, and as wages are high in this country, one can generally earn more by chopping trees. Chinamen and poor ranchers now and then wash a little gold out of the sand, but I imagine don't often find enough to pay for their tents and stores. Anyhow, now the frost has come, it's too late for you to try.'

'We don't want to try,' Jake broke in. 'Shovelling tons of dirt is too like ranching, and we came here for a holiday. Tom and I mean to hunt to-morrow.'

For a time, Mr. Craythorn talked to them about the big game, and then there were steps outside and a man came in. He dropped a big blue blanket and a bundle of torn canvas on the floor. After this he loosed some straps, and a rifle, a shovel, an axe, and several pans of different sizes fell with a rattle. Dawson was surprised that a man could carry so much.

'Hallo, Steve!' said Mr. Craythorn. 'Did the frost bring you back?'

'No,' said the other, breathlessly; 'it was a bear.'

'A bear!' exclaimed the hired man. 'I guess you're joking.'

'Then you look at that,' said the other, unrolling a ragged tent. 'Cost me twenty dollars; you can see what it's worth now!'

'It's surely torn,' the hired man remarked with a laugh. 'But where's your partner? Did the bear eat him?'

Dawson understood his amusement, because the small black bear, which is common in British Columbia, is a timid animal, and feeds, for the most part, on roots and wild cabbage.

Black pulled out for home. He doesn't like starving, and I've come here for a meal. The bear ate all our grub.'

'Two men and a rifle!' the hired man remarked. 'You let the bear eat your grub? I'd have shot him and sold his skin!'

'You look at the gun,' said Steve, putting it on a chair, and Dawson saw with some surprise that the wooden stock was torn. The animal that made those marks had terrible claws.

'I'll tell you how it was,' Steve resumed. 'Black and I were gathering dead branches for a fire when the bear strolled down the gulch. The gun was in the tent, and the tent was laced, so the critter couldn't get in; we

were maybe two hundred yards off, and when we saw him pull that tent to bits we lit out up the hill. Then we sat behind a rock and watched him throw our flour and small truck about. He went through the lot, and trampled on what he didn't eat. The rifle was put across the top of a molasses can, and I guess he got mad with it because it stopped him getting at the sweets. When he had finished he began to prowl about, and we headed for the woods in case he'd got our scent and meant to look for us. We didn't come back for some hours, and then he was gone.'

'If it had been my camp, I wouldn't have watched a black bear eat up my truck,' said the hired man, grinning. 'I'd have got after him with a hefty rock.'

'Oh, shucks!' Steve interrupted. 'It wasn't a black bear. Would you have fired a rock at a big *cinnamon*?'

'I would not,' the other owned. 'I'd have got off the ranch and let him have the grub.'

He gave Steve some food, and when the latter went away, Dawson asked: 'Is the cinnamon bear a very dangerous animal?'

'Well,' said Mr. Craythorn, 'it's a big and very powerful brute, but, luckily, there are not many about. As a rule, the cinnamon and the grizzly keep to the high rocks. I'm not sure that they often attack people who leave them alone; but I have heard of their following lonely trappers, and it's certainly prudent to keep out of their way.'

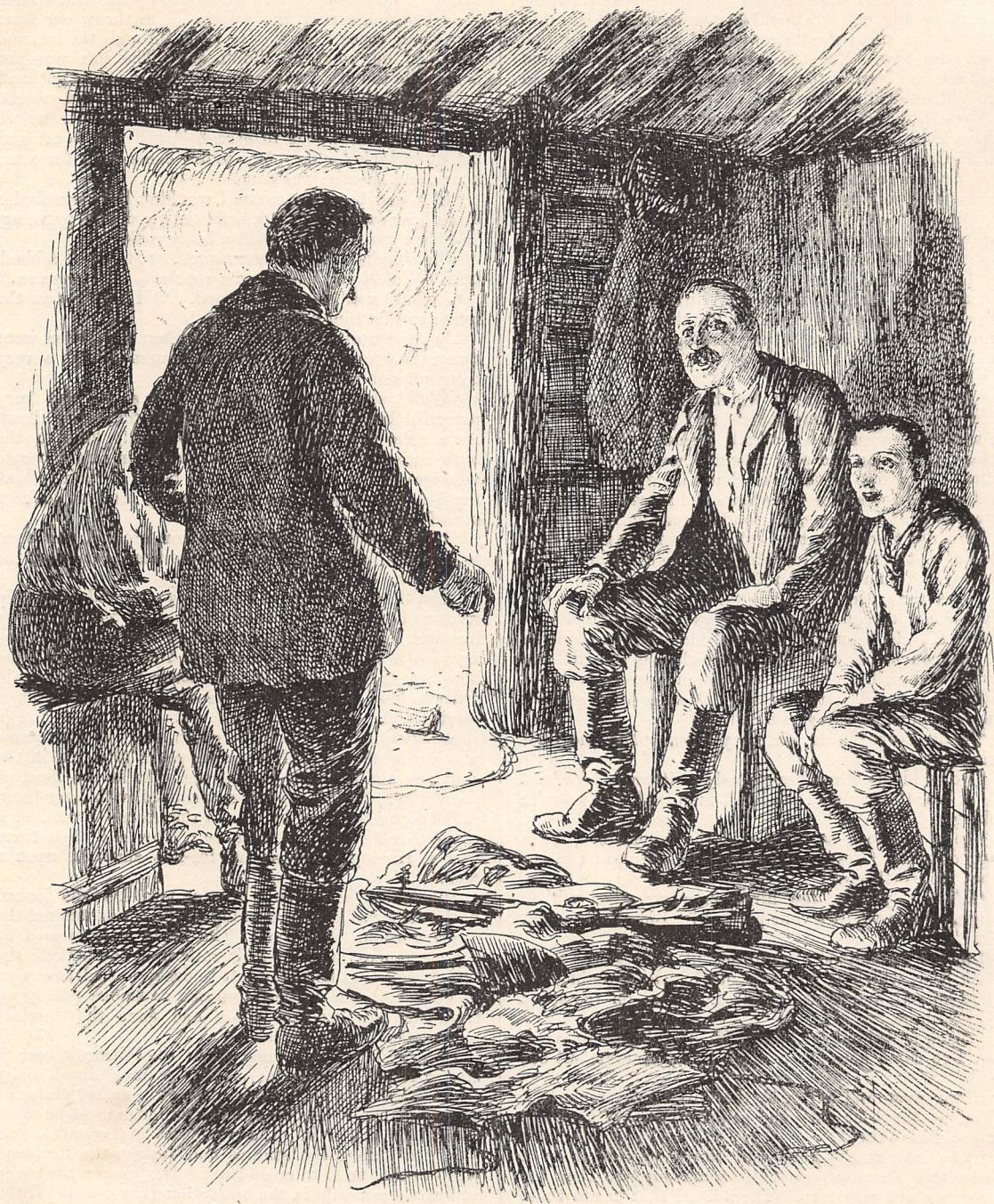
'If you think there's a cinnamon around, you want to take the other trail and lose no time,' remarked the hired man.

Then they talked about something else, and by-and-by went to bed. Next morning the boys set out for a day's hunting. Jake had a rather small magazine-rifle and Dawson a heavy, single-barrelled American gun. The bore was choked—that is, contracted at the muzzle in order to keep the shot from spreading, and the cartridges carried a heavy load. There was sharp frost and a clear sky when they left the ranch, and the thin snow was as dry as dust. Great white peaks glittered in the sunshine and a glacier caught the light at the head of the valley. Stiff, dark pines, sprinkled with hoar-frost, rolled along the river-bank, and the hoarse turmoil of a rapid throbbed in the distance. Now and then there was a ringing crash as an ice-floe smashed upon a rock.

When they had gone a mile or two, Dawson looked back. A small, oblong opening in the forest marked the clearing round the ranch. The fields were crossed by zig-zag fences, made of split rails and not nailed; the tall stumps that had been left to decay looked like rows of dots. At one corner, a plume of smoke curled up from the low wooden house and gave the desolate landscape a human touch.

Dawson knew something about the labour it cost to clear a ranch. The great pines were not chopped easily—one stood on a board notched into the trunk while one swung the axe—and then the massive logs must be sawn across and rolled in piles to burn. Afterwards, one ploughed among the stumps and fought the fern and willows that tried to creep back. In summer, the sheep and cattle ran wild in the bush; but they needed all the oat-crop when the snow was on the ground, and the sheep must be guarded from the wolves. It was all hard work, but it made one strong and self-reliant. On the whole, he was not sorry he had left England.

(Continued on page 138.)



“‘You look at the gun,’ said Steve.”



"He sank to his waist."

THE CINNAMON BEAR.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

(Continued from page 135.)

FOR a long time they saw nothing to shoot, and Jake said that now and then all the large birds and animals left the neighbourhood, for no reason that one could learn. There were no tracks in the snow when they came to a *brûlée*, or burnt patch, where tall burned trunks that the ranchers call rampikes stood like rows of charcoal pillars. There was no wind, but by-and-by a heavy crash rolled across the wood as a burned tree broke. Then another fell close by, and a cloud of dust leaped up and floated in the air as if a shell had burst. The noise was deafening, and Dawson's face was sprinkled with fine black ash.

'Let's get on,' he said. 'That one was very near us. What made it fall?'

'The shock, I guess,' Jake replied. 'You don't want to loaf about a *brûlée* when the rampikes are coming down. They look pretty solid, but sometimes they fall over in a row; you can't tell why.'

Another tree fell, and Dawson felt happier when they left the dangerous wood. An hour later they found some pigeons among the green firs, and Jake was proud of the two he shot. One needs a steady hand to hit a small bird with a rifle, and he did not mind that the pigeons were badly smashed by the bullet. Those Dawson brought down, flying, were worse damaged, for the range was short, and the choked gun threw the shot in a compact mass. Then they followed a big blue-grouse, and at length came out of the woods high up at the edge of the glacier.

They stopped, and Dawson studied the river of ice that partly filled a hollow between two mountains. In places it ran down, white and smooth, between the rocks, but in others it was curiously wrinkled, and here and there broken masses rose like breakers in a rapid. Jake looked across at the growth of willows on the other side.

'If we could get over, we might find something in that swale,' he said. 'Willow-shoots make pretty good feed, and they won't be frozen brittle yet.'

Dawson doubted if they could get across, but he followed Jake down a gully, and at the bottom they came to the first obstacle, a curving bank of large, sharp stones that followed the course of the glacier like a tide-mark on a beach. The stones were covered with snow, through which one broke, and it was difficult to scramble across the bank. Dawson imagined this was what they call a *moraine* in Switzerland, and the glacier had brought down the stones from the distant peaks. It showed that the icy river moved, although one could not see it do so.

For a short distance its surface was smooth, and they headed obliquely upwards towards a spot where they thought they could climb the other bank, but the snow presently got crumpled into ridges and hollows. Dawson was crossing one of the hollows when the snow slipped down beneath him and he sank to his waist. As he sank he fell forwards, and while he tried to crawl out, there was a curious dull thud below. He could find no support for his feet, but used his hands, and Jake, coming towards him cautiously, pulled him out. Looking back, they saw a ragged hole in the snow.

'I'm sure I don't like that hole,' Jake remarked in

a rather strained voice. 'Wonder how far it goes down. I thought I heard a splash!'

'So did I,' said Dawson. 'I'd sooner we didn't stop just now.'

They went on, keeping to the top of the ridges where they could, and by-and-by their curiosity about the depth of the hole was satisfied. A blue line ran across their path, and Jake, who reached its edge first, moved back. 'Stop right there!' he shouted.

Dawson stopped, and leaning forward, looked down into a gulf. It was narrow, but he imagined Jake had unconsciously ventured out upon an overhanging cornice of snow. He could not see the bottom, because the horrible crack was shadowy, but thought he was looking down a hundred feet. The opposite side was perpendicular and coloured a dirty, greyish blue.

'This old glacier's getting worse,' said Jake. 'Looks as if that split went right down to bed-rock. Well, I guess we'll get out. I've had enough.'

The trouble was that they did not know where to go, for the snow all round had the wrinkled look that they had come to think threatening. Some distance in front, however, a line of rough, broken masses ran nearly across the glacier, and they headed in that direction, without any very clear object, except that the ridge looked solid. They found other cracks, which they skirted, and in one place a stupendous chasm ran between them and the ridge; but they worked round and reached the broken ice. It ran up steeply, and looked like a frozen waterfall, for great white blocks were piled, like rocks, in irregular masses, with smooth channels between.

'This place isn't cheerful, but we'll have some food,' Jake remarked.

They sat down, and while they ate Dawson looked about. The sun had gone, the sky was grey, and it felt colder. The glacier ran down, like a white river, between the stiff green pines; in fact, it was a river, and it flowed. Where the bottom was uneven the surface crumpled and cracked, and great blocks were thrown up where it poured over a steep pitch in a frozen cascade. Dawson remembered having read about *crevasses* and *seracs*. Well, now he had seen them, and he rather wished he had not. In the meantime he ate his lunch, until he dropped a bannock and jumped up.

Close by a massive block of white ice leaned forward and fell, smashing others, and great broken lumps rolled down the slope. A shower of smaller pieces fell about the boys, and the echoes of the crash rolled up the valley.

'I reckon that's pretty fierce,' said Jake. 'I want to get off this glacier, and I'm going now.'

They started cautiously, and Dawson long remembered the hour they spent before they reached the bank. Crevasses were plentiful, and they trod gently even where the treacherous snow looked firm. One could not tell what horrible pitfalls it hid. At length, however, they came to the moraine, and as they crossed it Jake fell down and dropped his rifle. He got up, and climbing a gully, they rested at the top. It was bitterly cold and a wind had begun to blow.

'We'll go back the shortest way,' said Jake. 'I put my foot into a hole and wrenched my knee.'

When they were near the other end of the table-land he stopped beside a frozen swamp. Thin willows grew round its edge, and the level white space, dotted with clumps of withered reeds, ran on into dark forest.

The light was going, the bitter wind made a dreary noise in the pine-tops, and the swamp had a forbidding look.

'My knee's getting sore,' he said. 'I'd like a rest, but it will soon be dark.'

They went on for a few yards, and then Dawson indicated some marks in the snow.

'Hullo, what's this? It looks as if an elephant had gone across the swamp.'

Jake examined the marks, which were ominously large and deep. It was plain that a heavy animal had been there not long since. 'I don't know much about elephants, but this is the track of a cinnamon bear.'

They pushed on, following the edge of the swamp, past scattered trees that rolled together in a shadowy mass when they looked back. Dawson did not know why he looked back, but felt that he must do so now and then; he remembered the marks on Steve's rifle and the torn tent.

After a time Jake turned his head. 'I thought I heard something,' he remarked.

Dawson listened, but for a few moments only heard the wind in the trees. Then, some distance off, a rotten branch broke. 'Let's get on,' he said. 'It might be the wind, but I don't know.'

He heard nothing more for some minutes, but had a disturbing feeling that they were not alone. There was no obvious reason for this, but he imagined that something was following them in the shadowy bush. He began to feel breathless, and noted that Jake was limping badly. 'Am I going too fast?' he asked.

'My knee's pretty sore, but we won't stop. China Creek's not far off, and Steve said some Chinks were washing gold there. When we hit their camp I'll take a rest.'

Dawson did not want to stop; the bush was getting darker, and he felt uneasy.

By-and-by Jake looked round. 'Thought I heard something again, but I've got to rest for a minute or two. What size cartridge have you in your gun?'

'Sevens,' Dawson answered. 'I fired at a pigeon last.'

'Take it out. Load with number four; you have some.'

Dawson changed the cartridge for one with larger shot, and Jake leaned awkwardly against a broken trunk. Then dry willows rustled across the swamp, and Dawson thought he saw something move. Next moment an indistinct object came out of the gloom and got plainer as it advanced. It crossed the snow with an awkward, shambling gait, and looked rather like a very large and clumsy pig. Dawson felt his heart beat as he saw the animal was coming towards them, and Jake dropped in the snow and rested his rifle-barrel on the fallen trunk. 'Get down,' he said hoarsely. 'That's the big cinnamon, and it's after us. Don't shoot yet. I think my magazine is full.'

(Concluded on page 157.)

THE STORY OF OUR ROADS.

II.—THE ROMAN WAYS IN BRITAIN.

WE have learnt something of the splendid roads made by the Romans in different parts of Europe, and now you will like to hear about the roads in our own little island.

When the Romans conquered Britain they did as they had done when other territories fell into their hands:

that is, they 'colonised' the country, built forts and encampments at different points, and linked up these strongholds by a series of fine roads. The four principal ones are known and used to this day. In many cases, especially on the less important routes, they probably used the older British track, but remade it or altered its course to suit their needs.

Watling Street ran in a zigzag course from Kent northwards to Chester and York, whence two branches penetrated respectively to Carlisle and the district around Newcastle. The portion of this highway between London and York is now known as the Great North Road. North-east of York it is called the Leeming Lane, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many coaches ran along it, and it was the scene of robberies by notorious highwaymen like Dick Turpin.

The Fosse Way ran diagonally across the breadth of England, from Exeter through Bath to Lincoln, and Ermin Street ran from London to Lincoln, with a branch which went northwards again through Doncaster to York. Last of the four was the Ikenild, or Icknield, Way, which curved from Norwich to Dunstable and then on to Southampton. A glance at the map of England will show you that these four roads were planned in such a way as to lead north, south, east, and west, and so throw the whole country open to armies. There were also many less important roads which branched to the larger towns away from the four main roads.

After the Roman era had passed away, the roads they had made in England gradually fell into disuse and became very bad, owing to neglect. The people travelled but little, and when they did they mainly used bridle-paths and narrow tracks across country. It was, besides, the law at that date that when a road became too bad to use a new one should be laid out alongside it, and this resulted in the splendid old Roman roads being spoilt for lack of repair.

By the end of the thirteenth century people were waking up again to the importance of good roads, and in 1285 a law was passed to make them safer for those who used them. This enacted that along highways which ran between market towns all trees and shrubs must be cut down on each side to a depth of two hundred feet, so that there would be no growth in which robbers and footpads might lie in ambush.

In the middle of the next century Edward II. determined that the streets around London must be kept in better repair, and to pay for doing this he levied a toll or tax on the citizens. In 1555 Parliament passed an Act ordering every parish to elect two surveyors, who would be responsible for keeping the highways of their own districts in repair; but in spite of this measure roads continued to be very bad, especially in winter, when they were full of bogs and ruts, until coaches became common.

This was about 1750 or thereabouts, when the world was making rapid progress, and people had greater need to travel from one place to another. Coaches were such cumbersome and heavily-loaded vehicles, that they could not travel on ill-made or steep roads, and so it became necessary to improve the highways more and more. To avoid deep ruts, they must be kept in good repair, and in many cases new winding roads were cut to avoid some steep hill. As the number of coaches and coach routes increased, so did the roads get better, and they were at the height of their glory about 1820, just before railways were invented.

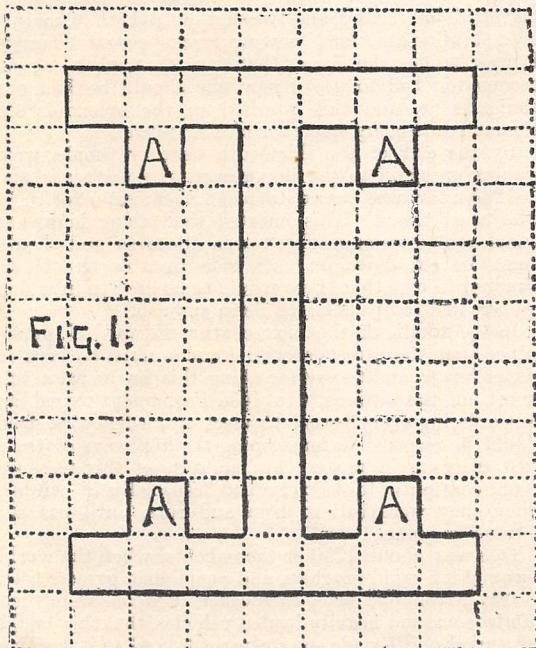
Of course, these splendid highways cost a great deal of money to maintain, but their expense was paid by charging tolls to all who used them. Toll-gates were set up every few miles along the main roads, and were open to travellers only, on payment of a fee, which varied according to the style of conveyance that was being used. Of course, these frequent charges, added to the high coach fares, and the meals and nights' lodgings one must probably have on the way, made travelling ruinously expensive, and no one took a journey unless he was forced to do so.

Compared with modern forms of conveyance, coaches were very slow. Ninety years ago, it took a whole long day to get from Huntingdon to London, though the distance is less than sixty miles. To-day the trains do it in little over an hour.

After the introduction of railways new methods of road-making were necessary, but these we must leave for another article.

ORNAMENTING BOX-LIDS.

TO cover flat surfaces, such as box-lids, with a neat geometrical design, cut a pattern similar to that shown in fig. 1. Mark out the small squares on a piece of cardboard, which should be a little larger than the wished-for size of pattern. A piece of sectional card or paper one-eighth or a quarter of an inch in size will save the trouble of squaring-off.



The length of the pattern should be nine squares; the width seven squares, with two teeth, A, projecting inwardly at each end. A number of these can be cut from thin fretwood of different kinds or from smooth enamelled cardboard, and then keyed together as in fig. 2.

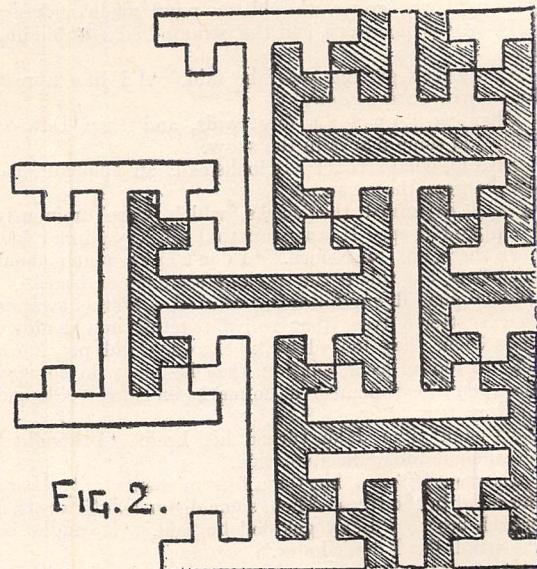


FIG. 2.

If preferred, a piece of sectional card the same size as the box-lid can be marked out with the design, the divisional lines of each key-piece being heavily marked, while adjoining keys are differently coloured, to give more effect to the design; the piece of card, without any cutting whatever, being afterwards fixed to the lid of the box.

A TRAMP IN THE WOODS.

'I SAY, Riley,' said Weldon to his chum, 'let's go and watch the Captain bowling. He's got a deadly break on. Nearly took Wright's kneecap off the other day when he stepped out for a swipe.'

'I suppose you want to practise on me when you've watched a bit. I've got a lump somewhere on the back of my head yet from your other patent twisters,' said the longsuffering victim.

Weldon smirked ingratiatingly and expressed heartfelt sorrow.

'Sorry to disappoint you, old chap,' continued Riley, 'but Lester's not on view. I heard him tell Firth he had to go to the Bank for a heap of money to clear up all the "Sports" accounts before the end of the term.'

'Oh, dash! Well, let's go into the woods and find a spot in the river where we can have a dip. I have got my bathing togs.'

Again Riley objected. 'I don't mind coming with you, old chap, but I'm not going into the water. I had a brute of a toothache all night—at least'—endeavouring to be strictly truthful in spite of the remembrance of previous agony—'I couldn't get to sleep for at least a quarter of an hour, and I know the beast is only waiting for some provocation to start again.'

'Hard lines!' sympathised his friend. 'But, dash it all! we can't waste this ripping afternoon. We must amuse ourselves somehow! Let's go to the village and get old Dykes to haul it out for you.'

'No, thanks,' said Riley, a trifle coldly. 'We'll go to the river, and I'll give you another lesson on the over-



“‘Quick! he’s getting the worst of it!’”

arm stroke. You know, Weldon’—tucking a hand through his chum’s arm—‘you’re a bit of a goat in the water. I believe you’re still frightened if you get a splash in your eye or your mouth. This is the action.’

Keeping his head well down to his shoulder, Riley ‘swam’ sideways along the high road at a pace which proved the efficacy of the stroke.

‘Try it yourself, old chap.’

Weldon joined his friend, and the two went along

in fine style with arms going like flails, heedless of the surprise of passers-by.

'That's A 1!' said Riley. 'Why don't you do it like that in the water?'

They left the road and turned into the woods. On one side of the path the ground fell away sharply. The two lowered themselves, pushed their way through thick bushes, and found themselves at the edge of the river. Here Riley planted himself on a boulder.

'Jolly nice spot this! Skip into your togs, Weldon.'

Weldon 'skipped,' and soon was disporting in the water.

'I'm going to try the over-arm, Riley!' he shouted.

A furious splashing followed without any perceptible progression resulting. Riley stood on his boulder yelling instructions of which Weldon, being totally unable to hear, took no notice.

After a short time he rose to his feet. 'Was that better?'

Riley, scarlet in the face with laughter, answered, 'No, it wasn't! Come out here and watch me again.'

In silence Weldon viewed the masterly performance on the top of the stone. Suddenly Riley's arms dropped.

'What's that?' he said under his breath. 'Listen!'

Words of altercation could be heard on the path above, followed by the sound of blows. Riley sprang from his perch and hurried up the bank, followed by Weldon. Up he clambered till he got his eyes on a level with the path.

'It's Lester and a tramp! Boost me up! Quick! He's getting the worst of it.'

Regardless of pebbles under his bare feet, regardless of kicks on his scantily-clad person, Weldon 'boosted' for all he was worth, and Riley scrambled over just as Lester went down under a heavy blow, while the tramp, holding him with his knee, drew from his breast-pocket a case. Next second, with a yell and a leap like a wild cat, Riley was on his back, fighting tooth and nail; the pocket-book hurtled through the air while the man rolled over, endeavouring to rid himself of his new assailant.

For a brief time Riley had all the sensations of being under a road-roller, then his grip loosened and he was thrown off. The man grabbed the pocket-book and disappeared into the wood at top speed.

Slowly the two victims rose to a sitting position.

'You're a brick, youngster!' said Lester, still looking white and dazed. 'I'm afraid he mauled you a trifle.'

Riley nodded spasmodically. 'But I got a bit of my own back! I feel like a blooming dog!' A pause. 'Have you—have you lost much?'

'More than I shall be able to refund with comfort'—gloomily. 'I saw the brute looking through the Bank doors, but never thought any more about him till he tackled me.'

'Riley, give us a hand!' came a plaintive voice. 'I have slipped down three times.'

Weldon was hanging on to the edge of the path, looking reproachfully at his chum. With a little assistance he managed to climb over. He was still in sketchy attire, but his neat blue swimming-suit had turned to khaki, his knees were bleeding, and altogether he looked as if he, too, had been getting the worst in a scrap.

Lester gazed in surprise at this apparition. 'I say, kid, hadn't you better retire below? You're not exactly got up for parade inspection, and this is a public footpath.'

Heedless of this suggestion, Weldon looked round furtively, and then addressed the Captain in a hoarse whisper. 'I've got the notes, Lester. It's all right.'

'What!' exclaimed the senior, running his eye over the brief skin-tight costume? 'Where?'

'In a rabbit-hole—down there. I was trying to get up, but I couldn't, and the pocket-book came whirling close to where I was clinging, and I knew as soon as he'd settled Riley he'd make a grab for it and scoot, so while he was busy I got the notes out and left the case, so that he wouldn't stop to make further inquiries. Come on!'

He glissaded down again, followed by the others; then thrusting an already filthy hand and arm into a hole he drew out a crumpled collection of notes.

'Are they all right?' he inquired breathlessly.

'You bricks, both of you!' Lester exclaimed. 'I won't forget it. If ever I do—Hullo!' as Riley's ingenuous countenance suddenly turned scarlet—'what is it, kid? Out with it.'

'I say, Lester. Weldon's dead nuts on learning how you do that patent break on your bowling.' A sudden grip on his biceps and a gasp from Weldon made him realise the enormity of the hint.

Lester laughed. 'Come down to the nets next half-holiday and I'll give you both a lesson. Slip into the water, Weldon, and get some of the thick off while Riley and I give each other a brush down.'

In a distant and secluded part of the wood a tramp sat down to estimate his profit and loss on the afternoon's transaction:

Loss.—Item: A dilapidated suit still further dilapidated.

Profit.—Item: An empty pocket-book.

Item: The marks of ten strong teeth on his arm.

(N.B.—It was not one of Riley's front teeth which had been bothering him.)

C. E. THONGER.

CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 131.)

CHAPTER XIII.

BRIAN, clothed once more in his own garments, told his tale at length next morning, and Nancy and Frederick listened with breathless interest and admiration. And Brian showed them the axe, to prove that everything had happened exactly as he said it had happened; and there were the hens also, though these were soon disposed of, for Chinna ordered Mrs. Chinna to cook all three for the mid-day meal. Chinna liked to eat at one sitting as much as he could stuff inside his small body. If there was nothing in reserve in consequence for next day, he still felt he had done better than if he had divided the food into two portions.

'I'm very glad it was Chinna who found us, and not the villagers,' Brian ended. 'He said they were treacherous people, and he was quite right. And they probably would have treated us worse than they tried to treat him, because they wouldn't have been afraid of anything we could do. It was fun to see how scared they were when Chinna threatened them.'

Nancy did not answer immediately. Brian's story had started a new train of thought in her mind; and,

presently, she said: 'We've been here two whole days now, and nobody has come to look for us yet; and, oh, Brian, I get dreadfully afraid sometimes that no one will ever come. Do you think Chinna would take us home if we told him he would get a reward—a much nicer reward than the villagers gave him?'

Brian considered the question for a little. But, after a while, he answered doubtfully, because he was beginning to understand Chinna rather well by this time: 'He might, but I don't think it was exactly for the reward that he killed the tiger. I think he'd have done it in any case, though he pretended he wouldn't. And he was sure the spirits approved. If we could make him think the spirits wanted him to take us home, then it would be all right.'

'It would be rather difficult to do that,' said Nancy, 'because he would say at once he knows more about the spirits than we do. Shall we talk to him about the reward, and see what he says?' And, Brian agreeing, they looked round for Chinna. He had just finished rubbing the tiger-skin again with ashes, and was at work on the grass slippers he had promised to make.

He smiled at Nancy and Brian as they sat down beside him. And then Nancy began: 'Chinna, if you will take us to our home, our father and mother will give you anything you like to ask; I know they will.'

'And they won't try to cheat you, like the villagers did,' Brian put in. 'They'll give you *more* than you ask, instead of not as much as was promised.'

'H'm-m-m-m,' said Chinna. And this was the only answer he would give. Moreover, he immediately began to talk of the slippers, as if he found the subject of much greater interest. 'Shoes of grass are good shoes,' he said, 'but to walk with no shoes at all is best. Soon the skin becomes hard. But watch thy feet carefully, for on their soundness may thy very life depend. Who can hunt when sorefooted? Who can flee from an enemy?' And he looked at the tough soles of his feet with a critical eye for possible cracks, and searched between his toes for thorns, or the little blood-suckers of the forest.

The shoes were finished very quickly, and when Brian had put them on, Chinna announced that it was time to gather in the nets again. He continued his instructions in forest lore on the way to the lake, and told Brian that the brown dye was a kind of medicine, and showed him the tree from the fruits of which it was brewed. 'There is a use for all forest things,' Chinna added. 'From the biggest of the nuts do I make a necklace for myself, and this I wear when I am Chinna, the healer—not Chinna, the hunter.'

The little man was in the best of spirits. The slaying of the tiger meant much to him, experienced hunter though he was. He had always hoped to equal his father's exploit, and now he had excelled it. He touched his little bow affectionately from time to time, and strutted along on the tips of his toes, his chin high in the air, his chest well thrown out. And thus he and Brian came to the edge of the lake. And, as Chinna stooped to unmoor the raft, across the water came the tap-tap of a drum, beaten in a steady, insistent fashion.

The most surprising change took place in Chinna at the sound. He dropped the rope he held, and stood upright, staring across the lake in a perplexed and nervous manner, with no trace left of the confidence that had inspired him so lately.

Brian watched him, astonished. What could there be in the beating of a drum to disturb Chinna so greatly,

he wondered. And after a moment he asked: 'What is it, Chinna? Is anything wrong? What is the matter?'

And Chinna answered slowly, and his voice was as anxious as his face: 'Canst thou not hear that sound? Dost thou not know that only to drive ill-luck away are drums beaten in such fashion? And what ill-luck can have overtaken the village since I freed it from the striped one yesterday? I cannot understand. My heart misgives me.' And then he fell silent for a while, and listened intently to the drum-beats. And, at last, he said: 'T'were best to go across to the island, and see if any be there. Maybe we shall find a messenger. At least, then we shall know.'

And he began to paddle towards the island, helped by Brian. He muttered apprehensively from time to time, rather to Brian's surprise. But it was soon clear that there was good reason for this apprehension, for no sooner had Chinna crossed to the further side of the island, than a voice could be heard in loud and angry protest.

'Why didst thou reject the kid, Wonder-worker?' it asked. 'Was it not a good kid? In all things perfect? Very meet to be given as a reward?'

'I did not reject it,' Chinna answered, still in that anxious voice. 'The kid broke loose. Already I was weary. I had the burden of the skin on my shoulders. I could not follow. It was a good kid enough, though small—small,' he added, with a touch of his old lofty manner.

'Small,' the other echoed. 'Then why didst thou not ask for a larger kid? Why didst thou, instead, send the sickness upon us when to please thee was all our desire? Why didst thou so cruelly punish those who had dealt with thee so honourably?'

'The sickness?' faltered Chinna—and all the assurance had gone from his voice again—'the sickness? I send not the sickness upon any. I deal with the good spirits only. I fight ever those that are evil.'

The messenger did not answer for a moment. Then he said, very sharply, as if he were issuing an order, not proffering a request: 'To-night thou must come to the village, Sorcerer, and take the sickness away. We will await thee at the landing-stage with torches and conch-shells, and all things that are meet. See that thou dost not fail us, or else, surely, we will come to seek thee in thy lair.'

'It is already late, and there are things that first must be made ready,' said Chinna, still submissively.

'We cannot wait. Already our headman lies dead, and many others are stricken. Shall we fall, as the leaves fall when the hot wind blows, at thy pleasure? A few hours thou shalt have in which to prepare. More we will not grant thee.'

And, as the voice stopped, from the far side of the lake came a wailing cry, so pitched that it carried to the island: 'From house to house the sickness spreads. Bid the man of spells come, and come quickly.'

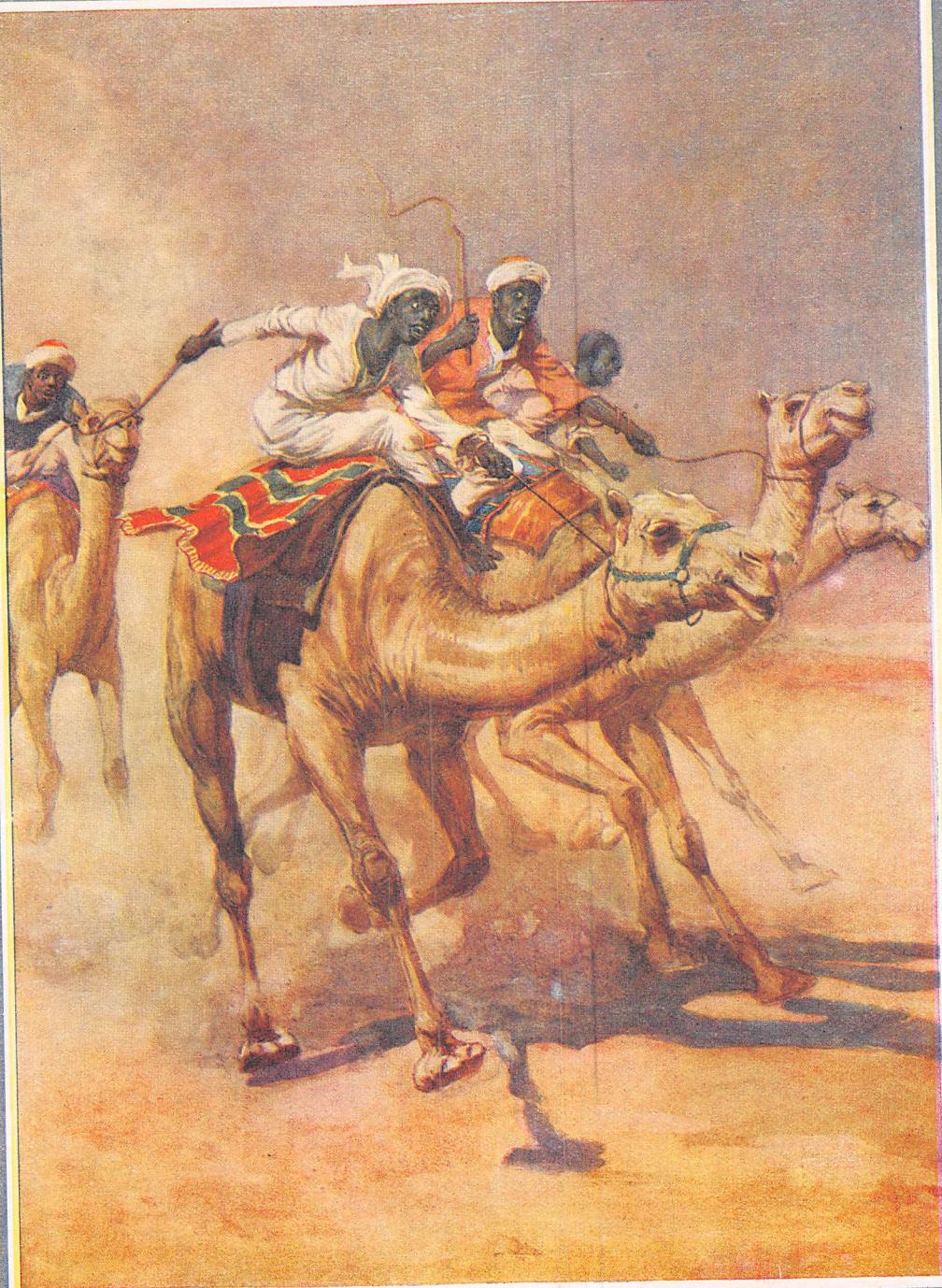
And, at that, Chinna seemed to gather his courage together, and answered defiantly: 'I come at the hour of midnight. Without doubt, the sickness will fly before me. Begone, and do thy part.'

There was the sound of descending feet, the splash of a paddle in the water, as on the previous occasion, and then Chinna came down towards Brian again, and greatly disturbed he seemed despite his last brave words.

(Continued on page 146.)



"He had just finished rubbing the tiger-skin again with ashes."



CHATTERBOX.

THE CAMEL RACE.



"It was astonishing to see the change that came over Mrs. Chinna's face."

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 143.)

'WHAT is it, Chinna?' Brian asked quickly.

And Chinna answered: 'There is sickness in the village. I feared it might be so when first I heard the drum. And the people think that I have sent it—of this also I was afraid. I must go this night to take it away. And if I fail to do so—and the sickness will not always go at my bidding—then surely my fate is sealed.'

'I don't understand,' said Brian. 'You told me once that, when there was sickness, you made offerings to the spirits; and if that wasn't enough, you let a kid loose; and if the sickness didn't stop then, it was the fault of the people who had sinned. Why should they blame you instead?'

'There are two kinds of spell-workers,' Chinna explained. 'The good, such as I am, work ever to turn evil aside; the bad send it in revenge. They think that, because I was angry last night, and because I threatened them in jest, I have now done this thing.'

'If, when I go to the village and make the offerings, the sickness does not cease, they will not now acknowledge that the fault is theirs; they will say I only am to blame, and will deal with me accordingly.'

'But that would be very stupid of them,' Brian argued. 'If it was really you who had sent the sickness, of course you could take it away again. And it just proves that it can't be you if the sickness doesn't stop.'

'Nay,' said Chinna; 'the workers of evil delight in that which they do. It is well known they will not willingly remove a punishment they have sent; therefore are they put to the torture, that they may be forced by the pain to do so. They will put me to the torture, the people of the village, if I do not cure the sickness. Me—me—me!' he repeated, his voice rising shrilly.

CHAPTER XIV.

'ME—me—me!' Chinna repeated, and then fell suddenly silent. He seemed too disturbed to talk any more. He scrambled on to the raft, and sat in a huddled heap, and signed to Brian to paddle unaided to the mainland again, and, with some difficulty, the task was accomplished. Then, leaving the nets untouched, Chinna at once turned to the path that led to the encampment.

'The fish, Chinna,' Brian ventured. 'We haven't emptied the nets yet.'

'The fish!' Chinna retorted indignantly. 'How shall a man eat at such a moment?' And on he trotted, his shoulders humped to his ears, and Brian followed, not liking to suggest that the rest of them might be hungry, even though Chinna did not wish to eat. Chinna did not speak again until the encampment was reached; then he strode straight across to where Mrs. Chinna sat by the fire, busy, as usual, with her cooking-pots.

'There is sickness in the village,' he said, and looked at her as if he expected she would understand at once all that this implied.

'Sickness,' said Mrs. Chinna cheerfully. She thought at first, as had Brian, that if there was sickness in the village, it was very natural that Chinna should be summoned to fight against it, and banish it. 'I will

brew some medicine immediately,' she went on, and smiled at Brian; 'since all I had prepared was used for another purpose. There will be more gifts. This is good indeed.'

'Good?' Chinna stuttered indignantly. 'Good? Owl, woman! dost thou not understand? They say 'tis I caused the sickness, because I was a little angry when they would have cheated me of my just reward after the death of the striped one. And, also, because they think that I rejected the kid.'

It was astonishing to see the change that came over Mrs. Chinna's smiling face as she listened to this explanation. She looked far more alarmed than Chinna had done when first he heard the drum. Her black skin almost grew paler, and her round eyes threatened to jump out of her head.

'Let us flee to the depths of the forest; let us flee at once, lord!' she gasped. 'I have seen such things before. I know; I know what they will do. Let us go; let us go with great swiftness.'

But Chinna was by this time a little calmer. Also, perhaps, he felt that, since Mrs. Chinna was so frightened, it behoved a great hunter to reassure her. And he said in a more even voice, though still gloomily: 'It is not my way to flee easily, and why should not the sickness depart at my bidding? Make ready such things as I need while I will ask counsel of the spirits. Doubtless they will lend me their aid, and all will yet be well.' And he strode across to the tree, and placed the customary offerings before it, and began to mutter incessantly, and weave strange patterns with his hands in the air.

And meanwhile Brian told Nancy and Frederick all that had happened, and they all three gathered round Mrs. Chinna to question her.

'Will they really hurt Chinna?' Nancy asked, a lump in her throat.

And Mrs. Chinna poured out a flood of shrill, breathless talk in answer. So fast she spoke in her excitement, it was difficult sometimes to follow her. 'They will hurt him; in truth they will hurt him, if they believe the sickness is of his causing. Thus did other villagers treat my brother, a man all good. His front teeth did they knock out; iron—red-hot iron—did they place beneath his feet, and a bag of red pepper over his head. And, lastly, they threw him into the water; but already the life was gone from him. And when he sank, and did not rise again, they cried, "Here was a sorcerer indeed!"'

She paused to take a long breath, and then rushed on once more, helter-skelter: 'And my uncle—'

But at this, Chinna, who had been listening unhappily all the time, and who probably felt that to hear of the fate of the brother was quite sufficient without having the fate of the uncle added thereto, called indignantly, 'Cease thy gabble, woman! How can I hear the voices of the spirits above the noise that thou makest?'

And Mrs. Chinna subsided into silence, and stirred diligently at the new brew of medicine; while the children removed themselves to the furthest corner of the clearing, where they could talk without disturbing Chinna.

'It's too bad,' said Brian indignantly, 'that they should turn on him again like this. I wish the tiger had eaten every single person in the village, and eaten them quite slowly.'

'Not the children,' Nancy pleaded. 'Anyway, it wasn't the fault of the children.'

'The children too,' said Brian firmly. 'They'll very likely grow up just as disgusting as their fathers and mothers, and their uncles and aunts, and all the other villagers.'

He and Nancy were by this time quite cross with each other, because they were so anxious on Chinna's account.

Frederick alone saw no cause for alarm. 'Chinna's spells are sure to send the sickness away,' he asserted. 'What do you think it looks like when it goes, Nancy? If it's a spotty kind, do you see the spots flying about?'

There was something rather fascinating in the suggestion, and they began to discuss what form a defeated sickness might take, until, presently, Chinna rose to his feet and took the medicine from Mrs. Chinna. And then he adorned his small person with the necklace of nuts of which he had spoken to Brian. The nuts were very large and most elaborately carved.

'What answer did the spirits give?' Mrs. Chinna asked eagerly.

(Continued on page 158.)

MR. DORMOUSE'S VISIT.

SAID Mr. Dormouse to Miss Mole, 'You are such a sweet old soul, May I come to tea with you? 'Any afternoon will do.'

Said Miss Mole to Mr. Dormouse, 'Though I've never been in *your* house, If you care to come to tea, Come by all means, Mr. D.'

Then Miss Mole put on her best, Tittivated all her nest; Cleaned her whiskers, smoothed her hair, And drew out her easiest chair.

'Make yourself at home now, pray,' She begged him in the kindest way; 'Here are dainties I have stored For the winter-time, my lord.'

He ate and ate, then fell asleep; And his slumbers were so deep, She could not wake him where he sat In her best chair, sleek and fat.

All the winter through, his nose Sang a song of sweet repose; And not till primroses were showing, Said he, 'I fear I must be going.'

R. B. I.

THE FAITHFUL BIRDS.

SOME French soldiers, on arriving at a village which had been destroyed by the Germans, were astonished to find, in the midst of the ruins, a family of living creatures. Some sparrows, unwilling to quit their native place, and finding not a single tree left in the neighbourhood, had made their nest in the lamp of a solitary lamp-post which, by some miracle, still stood upright. Several generations have been successfully reared in this strange home by the trustful birds, who seemed to know that in time there would be in that desolate place a glad resurrection, which they awaited with a calm confidence. Brave and ingenuous little patriots!

E. D.

BOBBY AND THE BIRDS.

WHEN Bobby Grey sets off to school, the way seems very long; He's wondering, wondering as he goes, whether his home-work's wrong; He's wishing that he hadn't rubbed those figures off his slate, And hoping that he isn't very, very, *very* late; And all the birds on all the boughs, they shake their heads and say, 'Oh, what *can* be the matter, please, with Master Bobby Grey?'

When Bobby Grey comes out of school, the birds all hear him shout; And every one begins to sing with joy as he comes out— Thrushes and Blackbirds, Robins, too, as glad as glad can be; 'Hurrah!' they sing; 'he's quite cheered up! Hurrah! and Tirra-lee! It's really quite a treat to us to see him look so gay! But—tell us what *was* wrong with you this morning, Bobby Grey!'

ETHEL TALBOT.

THE STORY OF SOME ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

II.—ORDERS OF KNIGHTLY CRUSADERS.



OU have already heard how Knighthood was at first a system by which vassals held lands from their lords-superior on condition of military service, and have seen too that knights were not bound into an Order until the time of the Crusades.

The story we have to tell concerns the two famous orders of military or fighting monks—the Knights Templars, or Red Cross Knights, and the Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, neither of whom were ever to take part in wars carried on by Christian princes, but to fight only against unbelievers.

The Order of the Knights Templars was founded in 1118 by Baldwin II., King of Jerusalem, for the purpose of protecting the highways of the Holy Land against the numerous robbers who infested them, so that Christian pilgrims might journey in safety to Jerusalem to visit the Holy Sepulchre. It consisted originally of certain noblemen, horsemen, who banded themselves together, and took a vow 'to serve Christ and renounce their own wills for ever.' There were only seven of them, and so poor were they that they had but one horse between two.

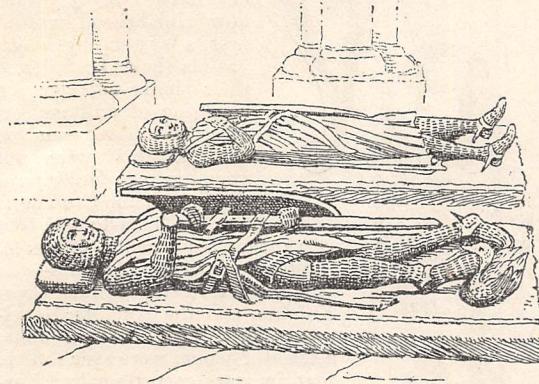
In addition to being required to be perfect men-at-arms, the Knights Templars were bound by very strict religious rules, and wore a white mantle (as a symbol of the purity of their lives) to which, later on, a red cross

was added. Their name of 'Templars' arose from the fact that they were granted quarters by the King of Jerusalem within the sacred enclosure of the Temple.

For one hundred and fifty years these valiant men, with the knightly spirit of chivalry and self-sacrifice, waged war against fierce and powerful enemies. In the forefront and thickest of the fight was always to be seen the banner of the Templars, for *Beau Séant* (as it was called from their war cry) led to victory or to death. It was half black and half white—'fair and favourable to the friends of Christ, black and terrible to His enemies.'

Nor were these soldiers of the Cross less faithful and courageous when called upon to declare their faith, for upon being taken prisoners by the infidel Turks they were commanded to give up Christianity or die. Unhesitatingly two hundred and thirty of them chose death, and thus became the first martyrs of the Order. In their last great military exploit, in 1291, the larger number of the Order perished, those who survived retiring to their possessions in Europe.

The Knights Templars first formed a home in England in 1128, when the Master of their Order visited our shores to obtain help against the Infidels. They established themselves, to begin with, in Chancery Lane, but after their return from the Second Crusade built, on what was then a large space of meadow-land extending from Fleet Street to the River Thames, a great monastery and handsome church protected by gates. The circular form of the latter was in imitation of the Temple of Jerusalem, and still stands to this day. On the tiled



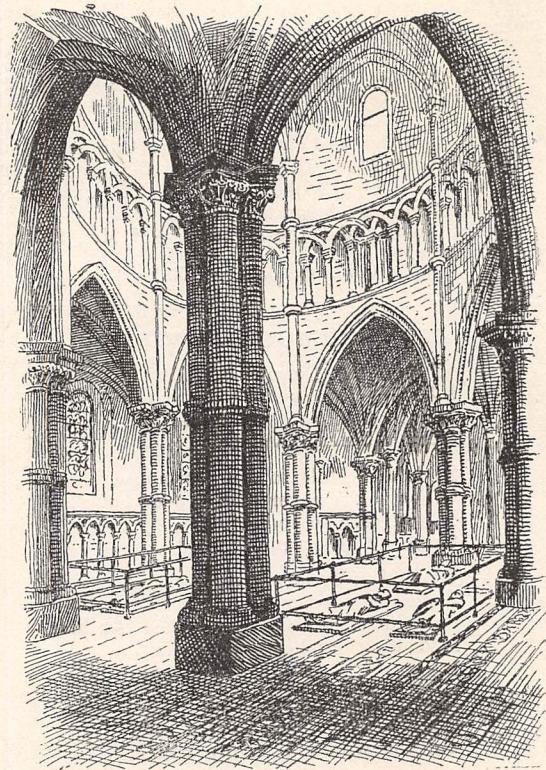
Tombs of Knights Templars in the Temple Church, London.

pavement of the round part are figures of knights in full armour; you can tell crusaders by their crossed legs. On the tiles, too, among other emblems, is their badge—two men riding on one horse.

As time went on they became possessed of great wealth and property both in England and France, and this not only caused great jealousy, but, if report tells true, tempted our brave soldiers of the Cross to give up all attempts to recover the Holy Land. Worse still, they grew both proud and haughty, gaining in consequence many enemies.

In the reign of Edward the Second they were persecuted and imprisoned, while members of the Order were enticed into France, and, together with those holding lands

there, received still more cruel treatment at the hands of the King, Philip the Fair, who had numbers of them tried and condemned, and then either burnt alive or hanged. Finally, by a decree of the Pope, in 1312, their Order was done away with, and their property given to the Knights Hospitallers.



Interior of the Temple Church, London.

Whatever their faults may have been in later times, the memory of the earlier deeds of the Knights Templars is a memory of which England may well be proud.

Equally ancient is the Order of the Knights Hospitallers which came into existence even earlier than that of the Templars, and with the same simple beginnings. It was originally founded by some pious Italian merchants who obtained leave to build a refuge or 'hospice,' as it is called, for the entertainment of pilgrims and the care of the sick. This was the chief difference between Hospitallers and Templars; the latter were under no obligation to nurse the sick or relieve the poor, their duty being simply to make war against the Infidels.

The year 1099 marked the beginning of the Knights Hospitallers as a regular religious Order, for it was then that Gerard (who became their first Master) proposed a distinct habit or dress, consisting of a black robe and a white eight-pointed cross. His successor went a step further by making the Order a military one, adding to their duty of ministering to the sick and poor that of defending the Holy Sepulchre. From that time onward they were also fighting monks and, together with the

Templars, took a prominent part in the Crusades, indeed in every battle and siege they were to the front, the Templars occupying the post of honour on the right and the Hospitallers that on the left.

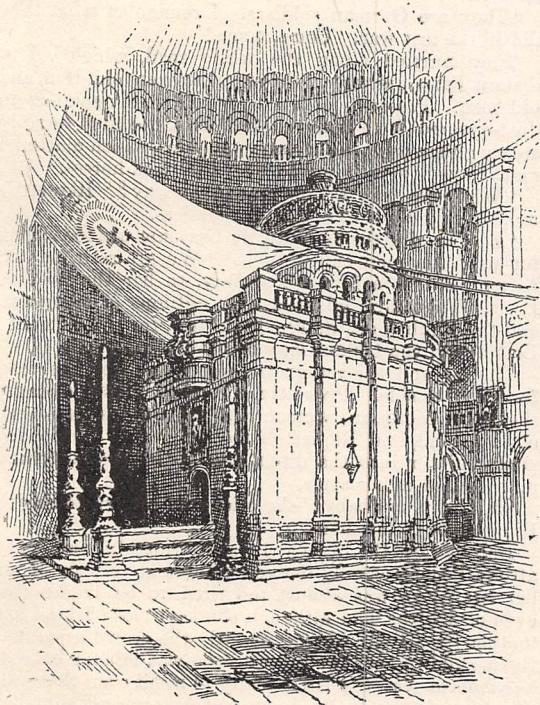
Almost at the same time as the foundation of the Order in its military form in Palestine a branch of it was set up in England, in Clerkenwell, and in less than a hundred years it grew to be a very powerful and wealthy organization—so wealthy, in fact, that by the year 1237 they were able to send men and money to the help of the Holy Land.

But we are sorry to say that though both Orders were doing good work, they were not only rivals, but often enemies. However, they laid aside their jealousies in the face of a common danger, and when the final storm burst upon the Holy City (now once more in Christian hands) they fought in this and in the later Crusades side by side as true brothers-in-arms, outvying each other in deeds of valour.

After the final defeat of the Christians, the small surviving band of Hospitallers withdrew to Cyprus, and later on to Rhodes, while we hear of them last at Malta, where they remained until driven out by the French in 1798. They were then scattered in different directions over Europe, the once illustrious Order of St. John of Jerusalem thus coming to an end after having existed for more than seven hundred years.

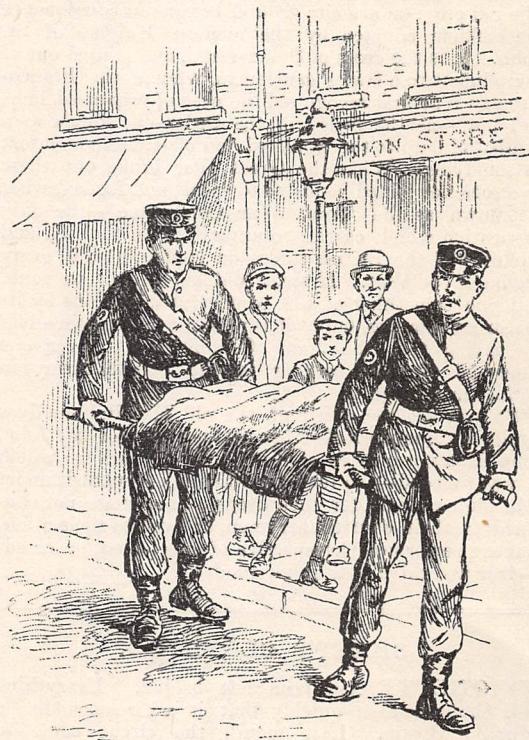
The branch of the Order in England was revived in 1831, but did not attract much attention until the time of the Franco-German War, when they rendered great service to the wounded.

The experience gained by the new Knights of St. John during this conflict proved to them the need of



Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem.

greater proficiency, with the result that in 1877 the St. John's Ambulance Association was definitely founded in England. Its chief object was to teach people how to render 'first aid' in cases of accident or sudden illness and also as to the transport of the sick and injured. The rules ordered that the work should be carried on 'in peace or war, irrespective of race, class, or creed.' Training centres were by degrees established all over the country, but it was not until the rise and marvellous success of the 'first aid' instruction that it obtained the national recognition it now enjoys.



First Aid by the St. John's Ambulance Association.

Finally there grew out of the parent society the 'St. John's Ambulance Brigade,' a voluntary organization for the rendering of 'first aid' by members who held certificates of the Association. The Brigade is now famous the world over, for not only in mine, factory, or crowded street are its members ever ready to render help, but the certificate-holders are enrolled in a corps which supplies thousands of trained orderlies (as they are called) to work in military and other hospitals. We learn that it numbers not less than 1594 divisions, 58,164 members, and has 200 auxiliary hospitals in England and one in France. The latter is at Etaples, and among the colony of British hospitals in and around this place the one known as the 'St. John's Brigade Hospital' is very conspicuous. It consists of fifteen large well-ventilated huts, these being connected by covered causeways adapted for wheeling patients to and fro in all weathers.

Most appropriately the Order of St. John of Jerusalem has its headquarters at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell—

all that remains of the famous monastery of the Knights Hospitallers, founded in 1100.

Perhaps some of you wonder why the members of St. John's Ambulance Brigade wear a red cross on their uniform, and think possibly that it and the Red Cross Society are one and the same thing. Nothing of the sort. The British Red Cross Society was an organization founded in 1905 to supply trained nurses in time of war. The term 'Red Cross,' however, is used as a symbol for both nursing and ambulance work, and refers, in war-time, to the care of the sick and wounded. The red cross on a white ground became in consequence the emblem adopted by the modern Knights of St. John. It is the cross of Switzerland, and is used out of compliment to a Swiss gentleman, who in the Franco-German War first recognised the need of organized help, and now—as the badge of the Order—it stands as a symbol of help to the wounded and oft-times of comfort to the dying. When the Great War broke out these two societies joined hands, so to speak, and formed what is known as the 'Joint War Committee'—the only institution which carries voluntary aid to the sick and wounded of the British forces on land and sea in every region of the War. If space did but permit we could tell you something of the wonderful work done by its motor ambulances, but as it is we must content ourselves by saying that the Joint Committee has over one thousand of these serving in the British Army in France and Belgium.

So you see the spirit of the old Hospitallers lives again in the modern Knights of the Order of St. John, who have not only revived the original work for which it was founded—the tending of the sick—but do it under still higher ideals, for their deeds of mercy are not confined to their own countrymen, or even to their allies, but are performed 'irrespective of race, class, or creed'—true and chivalrous knights indeed! C. M. Foot.

SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

RIQUETTE had been left behind. Everything happened so quickly that it all seemed like a horrible dream. Last month the circus came to Lourville: this month . . . the Boches.*

Between, there had been hurry and excitement, and good news and bad news and much talking. Riquette's father did not talk, but he looked very stern as he put on his uniform, and kissed his wife and the two children.

'I must go at once to my regiment,' he said. 'But get to Paris with the children as soon as you can, Marie—surely they won't reach Paris!'

Riquette's mother had no time to cry when her husband left her, she was so busy packing as much as she possibly could into the baby's perambulator. Then she put Baby on the top of the pile, where he sat sucking his thumb contentedly, and the three set out for the little railway station, four miles away.

It was a very hot, very dusty morning; from behind the low hills to eastward came a sullen growling of thunder, although the sky was blue and unclouded.

When they reached the station, they found it crowded with people, all tired, all dusty, all carrying babies, or bundles, or baskets.

'When does the next train start for Paris?' Riquette's

mother asked the ticket-collector at the entrance. He shrugged his shoulders.

'Who knows?' he said. 'Perhaps to-morrow—perhaps next week!'

'To-morrow! next week! But I want to go now—to-day!'

'So does everybody!—he pointed to the crowded platform—'but all trains are taken for the soldiers, and I can promise nothing. You must wait like the others.'

Riquette and her mother and the baby waited, sitting on the curbstone outside the station. It grew hotter and hotter, and all the time thunder grumbled and growled behind the hills. They waited until a little knot of women and children came running down the street, white-faced and wild-eyed, saying one word again and again to everybody as they passed by.

'Uhlans! Uhlans!'

Riquette's mother heard the word, and her own face grew white as she snatched at the skirt of one of the newcomers.

'Where are they—the Uhlans?' she asked, nervously.

'They were at Estercourt, only six miles away, this morning—at any moment they may be here, with all the German army close behind them. Hark! Don't you hear?'

'The thunder?'

'The thunder?—no! It is the sound of great guns!'

Riquette's mother sprang to her feet, and began to push the perambulator up the street in a great hurry.

'We must go, little one—we must go!' she cried feverishly. 'We cannot wait here if the Uhlans are coming.'

'Who are they?' Riquette asked, running beside her mother.

'They are German soldiers. I remember what they did in the last war. Come, come!'

They hurried along the white road, which led to distant Paris, amongst a throng of women, children, and old men. Presently others overtook them: soldiers in dust-covered blue and red uniforms, looking terribly weary; huge waggons, cavalry and guns, which clattered and swayed past, drawn by teams of tired horses.

'Why are you all coming this way?' Riquette's mother called out to one of the soldiers.

'Because, for the moment, the Germans are too strong for us!' the man called back. 'We are retiring to a better position a few miles away, to bar the road to Paris. There are millions and millions of Germans, and the English are driven back also, for the moment! Best hurry, the Uhlans may be near!'

Thicker and thicker grew the press, filling the road from side to side. Presently, a rumour spread amongst the tired, frightened women that the Uhlans were very close behind, and Riquette's mother pushed the loaded perambulator into the ditch, and left it there, catching up the child in her arms.

'My baby, my baby!' she cried, and ran on, calling to Riquette to follow her.

But by now the little girl was thoroughly tired out; after all, she was only ten years old, and very small for her age. She was almost too tired to be frightened, even of Uhlans, and although she kept close behind her mother for a little while, presently the crowd separated them, and in a very few minutes she was left far behind.

Riquette was too tired really to mind even that; all she wanted was to lie down somewhere and shut her burning, smarting eyes, and sleep and sleep . . .

* The French slang name for German troops.

She saw a half-open gate close beside her, and, hardly thinking what she was doing, she turned through it. Within was a cobbled yard surrounded by sheds, and into the nearest Riquette stumbled, only realising that it was cool, and dark, and delicious after the glare outside. She fell against a great pile of something soft and pungent-smelling; she was too tired to struggle up again. In a few minutes the child had burrowed herself a little nest, and was sleeping almost like a dead thing.

Riquette slept, and slept, and slept. Evening came, and night, and still she did not move. It was broad daylight when she woke at last, and then some minutes passed before she could remember what had happened.

The little girl found herself nearly buried in a pile of brown bark shavings. Through the open front of the shed she saw a sunny yard, surrounded everywhere with other sheds, holding huge piles of calf and sheep skins, some already turned into leather, others still covered with wool or hair. The air was full of the curious smell of hides and bark, and Riquette knew that the place must be a tannery.

Only a wall separated her from the road, and from the noise she could tell that crowds of people must still be passing along it. There was a tiny window above her head, and scrambling up on the pile of bark, she managed to look through.

Great numbers of horses and waggons and soldiers were passing, but they were quite different from the soldiers of yesterday. These were dressed in dull greenish-grey, with ugly flat caps or grey-covered helmets. Riquette had heard and seen enough to know at once who they were.

'Les Boches!' she whispered, with wide, frightened eyes.

She stared out, almost too terrified to move. Herds of sheep and cattle passed, driven by German soldiers; while Riquette watched, half-a-dozen terrified sheep ran into the yard and huddled together, but the rest went on without heeding them. Presently, the little girl slipped down and sat in a forlorn heap upon the bark. Then, suddenly, she sprang up and stood listening; from somewhere close at hand there came a sound.

When Riquette's father fell from the ladder and broke his arm, he had made a sound like that. It was somebody hurt—and at once Riquette forgot to be frightened any longer. The little girl always longed to help anything in pain—babies, or kittens, or puppies, or even worms cut with the spade.

Riquette found that the sound came from one of the other sheds. Presently she discovered a young man lying almost hidden by a huge pile of undressed hides. He wore the uniform of a French officer, and he lay huddled sideways, white-faced and with eyes tightly closed, though his forehead was wrinkled as though something hurt him very badly. Riquette watched for a little while, then very timidly she said, 'Monsieur!'

At once the soldier's eyes opened, but they looked dull and clouded. He spoke very slowly, in a queer, gasping way, as though every word hurt him.

'Who are—you?'

'Riquette, Monsieur.'

'Where—do you—come from?'

'Lourville—oh, miles from here! Mother and Baby and I ran away when we heard the Uhlans were coming, and I was left behind.' Riquette's eyes filled with tears at the thought.

'Poor child!' The soldier spoke very kindly. 'I was left behind—too.'

'It's horrid, isn't it?' Riquette said confidentially.

'Yes!' He closed his eyes and frowned again with pain.

'Does something hurt you?' Riquette asked gently.

'Yes, my leg—it's broken. But that doesn't matter—at least, it *does* matter terribly, because I can't move, and I was carrying a message—to the General. They hit me a few hours ago, but I managed to crawl here without being seen—then I suppose I fainted.'

'Is this message so important?' Riquette asked timidly.

'Yes. If the General does not receive it, it may mean the loss of our army—or Paris itself. Ah, it is terrible to think what may happen, because I cannot take it!'

It made Riquette miserable to see how unhappy he looked. 'Oh, can't I help you, Monsieur?' she cried. 'Couldn't I take the message to the General?'

'A baby like you!—no—it's quite impossible! It would be far too dangerous if the Boches caught you, and suspected.'

'I am not a baby at all,' Riquette said with dignity. 'I am ever so much older than I look; and if it is to save our army—to save Paris—oh, Monsieur, may I not try? Because—I am French, too, and being so small, I might slip through somehow. Is it far?'

'No, that makes it worse for me; I had so little further to go. Our positions are just beyond the next village—not more than a couple of miles away. The General will wait there for this message from the Commander-in-Chief—which will never reach him!'

'It shall!' Riquette clasped her thin little hands. 'Monsieur, I *must* take it! Could I not disguise myself—somehow?'

'As a German soldier?' The officer laughed, but kindly.

'No, no—but something!' Riquette's eyes, bright and dark as those of a squirrel, sought here and there about the yard and sheds. 'And suddenly the little girl jumped up, clapping her hands excitedly. 'Monsieur, I know, I know!' she cried. 'I will dress as a sheep! I prayed that I might think of something, and it came!'

'A sheep!' The wounded man stared at the child, as though he fancied she must have gone suddenly mad.

'Yes; the Boches drive them past—right through the village, I expect. When another flock comes by, I will drive out these poor beasts here and run out with them—as another sheep, see you?'

'How can you?'

'Monsieur, here are the sheepskins: it is only to fill one with a body. Well, I will be that body.' Riquette spread out her hands with a triumphant gesture. 'Never before have I been glad that I am so *very* small for my age.'

Without waiting to hear the soldier's opinion, the little girl ran to the nearest pile of skins and dragged out a huge, woolly fleece. Pulling it over her shoulders, she showed the wounded man that it met easily round her slim little body.

'And although it is dirty, what matter, since it is for France? But, alas! what is to be done? I have neither thread nor a needle.'

'I have both.' The soldier pulled out a neat little housewife. 'It seems a crazy plan, child, but we will try.'

(Concluded on page 154.)



"She showed the wounded man that the fleece met easily round her."



"He read the message eagerly."

SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

(Concluded from page 151.)

RIQUETTE, wrapped in the sheepskin, seated herself close beside him, and for some time the two stitched in silence. The big fleece more than covered the small girl, and where the skin of the legs would not meet about her wrists and ankles, all gaps were hidden by the long, matted wool. The soldier arranged the head, so that it appeared quite natural, leaving a slit for Riquette's eyes under the neck.

'I could not have believed it would look so well!' the wounded man cried, when all was finished. 'Go amongst the other sheep, so that I can see. No, don't crawl so fast. They are not sure what to make of you, now they've smelt the wool and decided that you really are a sheep—a rather clumsy little sheep! Riquette, you are a wonderful child!'

The little girl returned to sit by the soldier's side and receive her final instructions. The message had been carefully sewn into a slit in the fleece, and Riquette learnt exactly where to find the General, after she had managed to get through the village, which was in the hands of the Germans, unobserved. They looked a quaint pair, the handsome young soldier talking to a sheep! But both were far too serious to think of the funny side, as Riquette listened to her directions and learnt the pass-word which would help her through the French lines, if she reached them.

Suddenly there came the scuffling and tapping of hundreds of little feet along the road.

'It is more sheep,' whispered Riquette. 'I must go now.'

'I can't kiss you, little one,' the soldier said softly. 'That must wait, until—perhaps—we meet again. But God be with you, for your own sake and for France!'

The next minute Riquette was driving the half-dozen sheep towards the gate. They huddled together for a minute, then scampered out to join their companions. Dropping down on all fours, the little girl slipped in amongst them, and they all pattered away along the road.

There must have been several hundreds of sheep. Riquette could see nothing but woolly bodies and silly, bobbing heads all about her, and the voices of the German soldiers who were driving them sounded from some distance behind. The pattering hoofs raised a great cloud of dust, which hung over the flock, partly hiding them. Riquette was thankful for it, although it got into her mouth and nose and eyes, making her cough and choke and feel utterly miserable. She crouched as she crept along with the slow-moving flock.

It was terribly hot inside the fleece and terribly tiring to run on all fours, yet Riquette dared not fall behind, in case the Germans should notice something strange about her. It was best to keep as far from them as possible, but the only thing which could have made her struggle on was the thought that it was all for France.

It seemed hours and hours before the fields and trees turned to houses, and Riquette knew that they were in the village. They went along the cobbled street, passing many soldiers. One of them called some directions to the men who drove the sheep, telling them in German to put the whole flock into a field just beyond the village, where part of the army corps was to encamp.

Of course, Riquette did not understand what was said, yet nothing could have been better for her plans. Through a gate she went with the other sheep, and once there it was easy to slip into the deep ditch which skirted it, and work her way along until she was out of sight behind a hedge.

Now, at last, she could stand upright and look about her, across a couple of fields, and a belt of straggling woodland, to where, through the trees, she could just see a white farmhouse.

That was the place which she must reach, but it seemed a terribly long way off, and she felt quite dizzy with heat and tiredness. Yet, somehow, Riquette struggled on and on, falling against tree-stumps, hardly able to walk upright, until without warning she found herself in the midst of an amazed group of red and blue soldiers. The little girl had forgotten what an extraordinary object she must appear, but, just in time, she remembered the pass-word which the French officer had given to her.

'Jeanne d'Arc!' she gasped, and fell in a little heap amongst them.

When Riquette came to herself, they had taken off the fleece, and her face was wet with deliciously cool water. Presently she was well enough to be taken up to the farm, and to deliver her message to the General.

He was a charming, white-haired old man, who did not make Riquette feel at all frightened. He read the message eagerly, and the little girl was quite bewildered by the praise which she received from him for her bravery.

Wrapped in a rug and tucked up on the General's own sofa, Riquette slept through all the confusion and noise of the hours which followed, and next day rode to the town which the troops were now to occupy, perched in front of the horse of one of the General's own aides-de-camp.

In that town, to Riquette's great delight, she found her mother and the baby; and you can imagine, without being told, just how delighted her mother was to see the little girl once more, safe and sound, and quite a heroine amongst the French soldiers.

During the days which followed, the Germans were driven back from the village near the tannery, and the French officer was discovered, very weak, but still alive. And one of the first people whom he asked to see in hospital was little Riquette, that he might give her the kiss which he had promised.

V. M. METHELEY.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SPICE TRADE.

V.—THE LONDON SHOWS—CINNAMON AND CASSIA.

I EXPECT many of you have seen the Lord Mayor's Show in London; but I do not expect that you took much notice of the large number of representatives of City Companies who always attend. In fact, if the truth were known, you very likely thought them all unnecessary and uninteresting. Yes, they certainly are not much to look at, but they are all that remains now to represent the gay times of the past.

Of late years we have had, in various towns, wonderful pageants, depicting the different events of important history associated with the particular town in which the pageant took place. This kind of thing is all very interesting when held just now and then, but in Tudor

days pageants were at least a yearly occurrence. They were the outcome of what were called 'mystery plays,' which were founded upon Scriptural subjects.

Now, in the sixteenth century these plays were very popular, and there is still in existence an account of the doings of the city of Norwich. Here they were arranged by the different traders of the city, each trade being made responsible for the production of a certain pageant or portion of the Scriptural history. The Mercers, Drapers, and Haberdashers had to start by producing a pageant depicting the creation of the world! Now, the Grocers and Raffemmen (Tallow Chandlers) had allotted to them the pageant entitled 'Paradise,' or, to give it its full title, 'The Story of Man in Paradise.' As it had to be produced every year, the company naturally had a stock of 'properties' necessary for the players.

Mr. Rees, whose book I have mentioned, gives a list of some of these, and here they are: 'A Griffon, gilt, with a fane to sett on the said top, a rib coloured red, a coat and hose and tail for the serpents, stained with a white hue; an Angel's coat and overhose of aphis skins; and a cote of yellow buckram with the Grocers' Arms for the pendon (pennant) bearer.' Now, does not all this remind you very much of the Lord Mayor's Show? It seems there was a set sort of play, which they performed on a car described thus: 'A House of Wainscot painted and builded on a cart with four wheels.'

The Grocers' Pageant at Norwich was discontinued somewhere about 1570, and all the weird properties came to a bad end. They were, first of all, turned into the street because the Grocers' Company would not pay for their storage, and then, after six years of exposure, they were handed over in lieu of rent!

But, although pageants declined in some parts, they grew in importance in London. You know how Queen Elizabeth loved a show, and naturally this sort of thing was popular in the capital. Pageants of all kinds were given frequently, and the City Companies seem to have vied with one another to produce the most brilliant parade. One occasion always chosen for a gorgeous pageant was the election of the Lord Mayor of London. The Company to which he happened to belong seems to have always made itself responsible for the pageant, or 'Show,' as we now call it. Mr. Rees gives many interesting details of the pageants arranged by the Grocers' Company when a grocer was elected Lord Mayor. For these pageants they spared no expense, one in 1617 costing the Company 882*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.* This sum of course represented four or five times as much as it does to-day. The particular detail which interests us here is the fact that in all these pageants there was always a young Indian very gorgeously attired in robes of Eastern design, seated on a camel. The camel had 'two silver paniers, one on each side, filled with all kinds of fruits and spices,' representing the wealth and trade of the Grocers. At given points the Indian scattered the contents of the paniers to the people, who scrambled for the possession of them. Raisins, almonds, figs, dates, prunes, nutmegs, were scattered around! (I wonder whether this custom gave rise to the practice of throwing coins to the crowds from the windows while waiting for the Lord Mayor's Show? I do not know whether this is done now, but I remember years ago that it always caused much fun.) The Indian boy always carried a banner on which was the arms of the

Grocers' Company. The shield of the Company shows a camel at the top, recalling the times when the spices had to be carried long distances by these animals. On the shield there are three groups of cloves, showing again the importance of the spices in the trade of the grocer.

There was a very wonderful pageant for the Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Middleton, a great grocer, in 1613. One of the items was 'five islands artfully garnished with all manner of Indian fruit trees, the middle island with a fair castle especially beautified.' The pageant does not seem to have started complete; but, as they conducted the Mayor on his way to the Guildhall, they were joined by certain cars carrying emblematical figures, several of whom addressed the Mayor, giving him welcome or advice. There was 'Truth,' 'Zeal,' 'Error,' 'Envy'; also 'London,' surrounded by 'Religion,' 'Liberality,' 'Love,' and other figures.

In 1617 there was an even more wonderful 'Show,' which cost 900*l.* Among the expenses were 'fifty sugar-loaves, thirty-six pounds of nutmegs, twenty-four pounds of dates, and fourteen pounds of ginger,' which were, I suppose, thrown to the crowd as usual. One of the cars in this pageant represented a number of Indians working on a Spice Island, some planting nutmegs and others trees; some gathering the fruit, and some taking up bags of pepper.

So you see, although the terms 'Spicer' and 'Pepperer' had departed, the spices were still highly valued. One of the songs sung by a party of supposed spice-planters at the Lord Mayor's pageant in 1681 included the following quaint lines:

'Of cinnamon, nutmegs, of mace and of cloves,
We have so much plenty, they grow in whole groves,
Which yield such a savour when Sol's beams do
bless 'em,
That 'tis a sweet kind of contentment to dress 'em.'

(Concluded on page 164.)

MAY HAS COME.

MAY has come! The April showers
Called a host of lovely flowers
From their sleep beneath the mould.
Bluebells carpet every dingle,
Purple plumes of lilac mingle
With laburnam's drooping gold.

May has come, and brought the swallow;
Soon the dusky swift will follow;
Sparrows build in cottage eaves;
Nightingales sing in the gloaming,
And the village children, roaming,
Spy their nests amid the leaves.

May has come, with blossoms laden,
Like a pretty rustic maiden,
Garbed in dainty robes of green,
When the sunbeams gay are falling,
And the merry cuckoos' calling
Echoes from the coppice screen.

May has come! In woodlands shady
Lilies bloom to greet their lady;
Kingcups glitter by the stream;
Cowslips nod amid the grasses,
As the gentle Spring wind passes,
And the rosy campions gleam.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

'DONKEY.'

THERE was once a gallant little horse which was also a donkey. That is to say, his name was 'Donkey.' He belonged to a young officer who fell, mortally wounded, in the famous Charge of the Light Brigade. The horse was captured by the Russians.

A few weeks later, in the middle of the night, an alarm was sounded in the British camp. The urgent cry, 'Guard, turn out!' was passed from sentry to sentry, and the soldiers, aroused from sleep, sprang up and prepared for the enemy's attack. The sound of galloping horses was plainly heard. Nearer and nearer it came, and each soldier grasped his rifle firmly, and peered anxiously into the darkness.

But presently some one laughed, and the next moment all the men were shouting with merriment. Trotting towards the British lines was little Donkey. And not alone! A long string of riderless horses followed his lead. What did this mean?

A daring French Zouave had silently crept into the Russian camp and cut the picket-rope of the horses belonging to a squadron of Cossack cavalry. Donkey was among these liberated animals, and the clever little creature started off at once towards his own camp. The Cossack horses, following him, were now in their turn made prisoners. Thus Donkey did a good turn to his own side, and won for himself much honour and praise.

E. D.

A YEAR IN A GARDEN.

V.—MAY.

MAY is the great nest-building month, when the garden is full of the music of the birds. It is much louder and more varied now, and consequently it is much more difficult to distinguish the different notes. There is the 'chink, chink!' of the blackbird, the song of the nightingale, the trill of the shy grasshopper warbler, the chattering notes of the starlings. The yellow-hammer is busy building and singing now, and



Grasshopper Warbler.



Yellow-hammer.

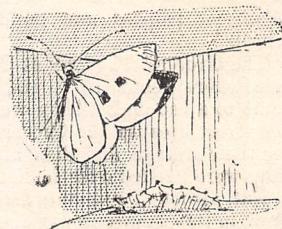
already some of the swallows have got their eggs laid. But if it turns out a cold month, the swallows always have a hard time in May.

Part of the children's work last winter had been the making of boxes for caterpillars and pupæ. It was quite a new occupation, for neither of them knew very

much about butterflies and moths, and still less about their eggs and caterpillars. But one day a neighbour had given to Billy the chrysalis of a butterfly she had found under her garden fence, suspended by a thread of silk round its body. Billy put it in a matchbox and carried it home. It was his first pupa, and he and Babe looked at it with delight when it was safely placed on a bed of moss in the matchbox. It was a curious grey little thing, spotted with black and white dots. Billy put it into a larger box, properly ventilated, with a glass door, and here it stayed very quietly all the winter. Then, one morning at the end of the month, it waked again to light and life. It had already been through quite a number of strange adventures. First of all it was one of a batch of little bright yellow eggs on a cabbage leaf; then it was a tiny caterpillar, eating the cabbage leaf all day long: then it stopped eating, cast its skin for the last time and came out as a chrysalis; it had climbed on the under side of the fence and there it hung by its silken thread till Billy's neighbour found it.



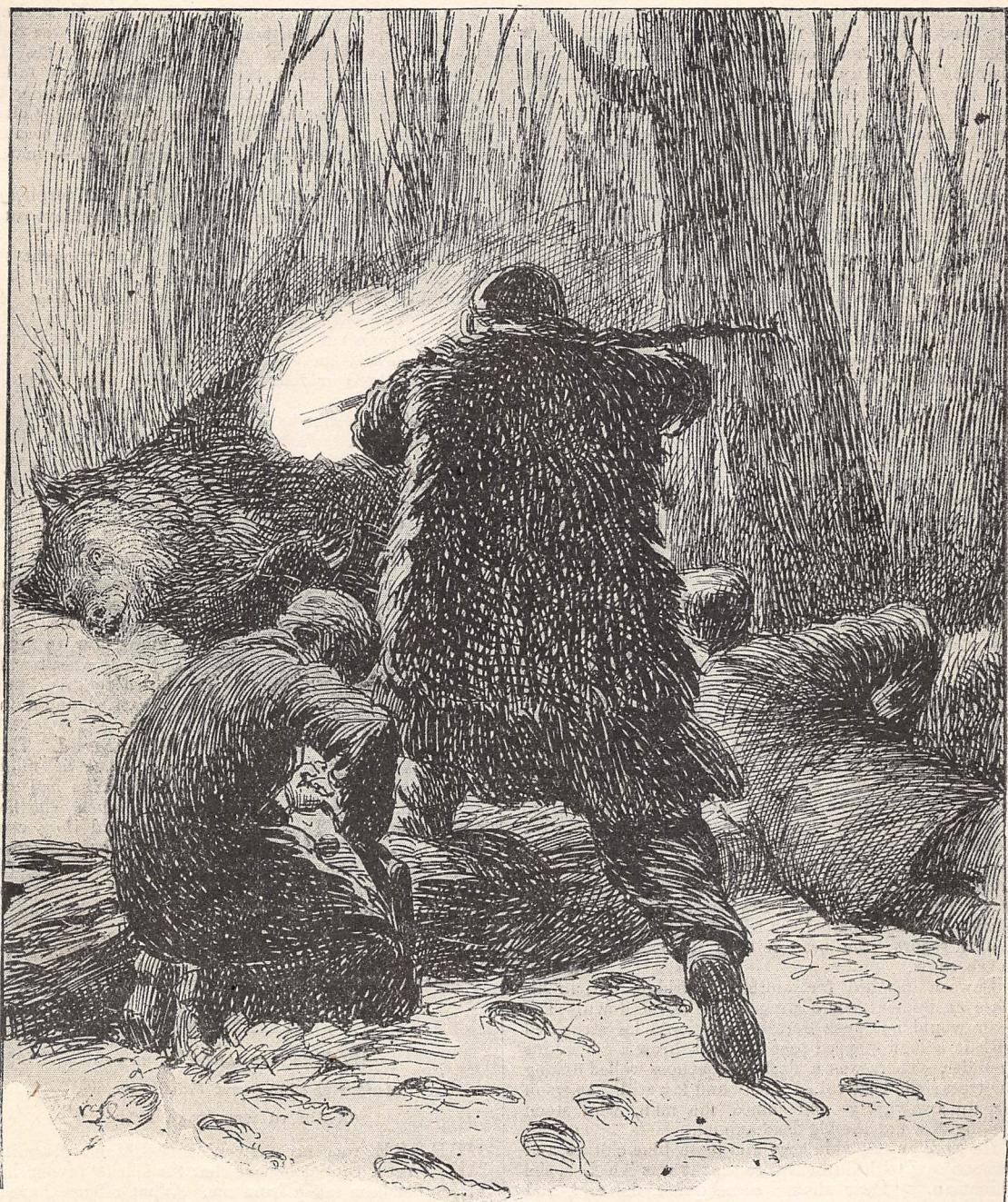
Swallow.



"A lovely white butterfly
clinging weakly to the
top of the box."

And now it was going through the most wonderful change of all. The sun and the garden were calling it, and it split its case and became a lovely white butterfly. Babe found it clinging weakly and limply to the top of the box. She called Billy and they watched it as its wings filled out and grew stronger. When they came home from school it was walking all over the box, trying to fly, so Billy opened the door and let it out. At first it flew very awkwardly and fell down into the grass several times, but presently a light breeze carried it safely over the top of the hedge out of sight.

After this Babe's quick blue eyes were always looking out for caterpillars. In the orchard, on an apple-tree, she found some pale grey hairy ones, about an inch long, spotted with red and blue. These were captured and placed in a caterpillar house. As the children did not know whether they would turn out to be butterflies or moths, a bed of fine earth covered with moss was placed in the box for the cocoons they might make. A few leaves from the apple-tree were placed in the box too, in a bottle of water; a cork was fitted into the neck of the bottle, and a hole made in it just large enough to admit the stem of the leaves; this was to prevent the caterpillars from crawling down into the water and getting drowned.



"The bear rolled feebly and lay still."

THE CINNAMON BEAR.

(Concluded from page 139.)

DAWSON sat down, with his right foot drawn under him, behind the trunk, and tried to brace himself, but his hand shook as he took out two or three

cartridges. Jake could not run, and they durst not wait to see if the bear meant to attack them. It might be too late when they found out. The animal was half-way across the opening, and looked very big in the fading light. He doubted if it could be stopped by a shot or two.

The muzzle of the rifle jerked, red sparks leaped out, and a thin puff of smoke drifted past Dawson's head. He was not conscious of the report, because his mind was fixed upon the bear, which he could not see very well, for the smoke stung his eyes. The animal seemed to stop and rise half upright, then dropped on all-fours, and came on faster. Jake had obviously not missed, but his rifle was rather small, and Dawson waited with keen suspense for the second shot. He heard a sharp snap as the cartridge sprang out, but Jake was very slow, and seemed to be struggling with the lever. Still, there was no use in Dawson's shooting yet; the choked-bore gun would carry about sixty yards, but the shot would not hurt the bear at that distance; he must wait until it got quite close, so that the shot might strike it before spreading. The rifle flashed again, but the bear did not stop, and Jake beat the stock upon the trunk.

'Magazine-spring's stiff, and my hand's cold!' he gasped. 'Watch out; you haven't got to miss!'

For a moment Dawson felt unnerved. His throat seemed to swell, so that he was forced to swallow, and his hands shook; besides, they were numbed, and he could scarcely hold the gun. It was doubtful if a shotgun would stop the bear; he must let the animal get very close, and then there might not be time to load again. One would need a few seconds to replace the burned cartridge. For all that, he must brace up, and he tried to pull himself together.

He thought he heard something behind him, but durst not look round. Struggling hard to keep cool, he fixed his eyes on the animal. It was twenty yards off, and at that distance the shot ought not to scatter much; at ten yards the pellets would hang together in a nearly solid ball. He wished he knew where he ought to aim.

Then he felt the gun butt against his shoulder, though he did not remember that he had thrown it up. The muzzle wavered, but got steady, and he pulled the trigger. There was a flash, and smoke blew in his eyes; he could not see, but heard the ejector snap as the cartridge was thrown out. His numbed fingers slipped, as he pushed in another and tried to close the breach; he must close it, and he forced the barrel up against the tree. The bear was only a few yards off; he must be quick. But as he pulled the trigger there was a curious, double report; the bear fell on its side and rolled in the snow.

Dawson reached for another cartridge, but, in his tense excitement, could not get the barrel down. The lever would not push across, and while he struggled with it a man stepped past him and threw a gun to his shoulder. There was a flash and echoes rolled among the trees; the bear rolled feebly and lay still. Dawson got up awkwardly and joined the man, who stood looking down at the big dead animal.

He wore an old skin coat and loose blue clothes, and Dawson saw with dull surprise that it was Ah Lee, the Chinaman. 'Hear shoot; come quick,' he said, and smiled at Jake, who limped up.

Jake nodded. 'Well, I'm glad you came in time!' Then he held out his hand for the other's gun, and put his finger in the muzzle. 'Six dollars at the cheap sport stores!' he exclaimed. 'It's lucky she's full-choke!'

This was not quite what he meant to say, but his brain was dull, and the others silently examined the

bear. So far as they could see, it had been hit at three different spots, and although the rifle's mark was only just distinguishable, one could not miss the holes the shot had torn. Then they sat down on the fallen tree and began to talk. Ah Lee had been returning to his camp from a distant ranch when he heard a shot close by, and explained that he had brought his gun because one sometimes found a pigeon or a blue-grouse in the woods.

Jake asked for one of his cartridges, and turning it over, remarked, 'Number six; you certainly have some sand!'

Dawson was getting cool again, and thought the compliment justified. It needed pluck to fire at a charging cinnamon with small bird-shot when the animal was only a few feet off; but, in a way, the shortness of the distance was an advantage. An ounce and an eighth of lead, gathered into the space of three or four inches, strikes with a terrible shock.

'I don't know what's the matter with my gun,' Jake resumed. 'Perhaps she got a jar when I let her drop; perhaps the oil got stiff with cold. Anyhow, my fingers were cramped and awkward; you're sometimes clumsy when you try to be too quick. Well, I suppose we ought to skin the brute; but I've had enough. Ah Lee can have its hide, and we'll pull out for the ranch.'

He got up, and after thanking Ah Lee, who stopped behind, limped away with Dawson. 'I reckon he deserves the skin,' he said. 'A cinnamon's hide ought to be worth a pile, and the Chinks know how to get a good price for anything; but I allow that wasn't what he was after when he butted in. Tried to give him a hint I knew it, but I'd got kind of rattled, and didn't say what I meant.'

Dawson understood his comrade, and agreed. They had pulled Ah Lee out of the water when he might have been drowned, and it looked as if he had not forgotten. After all, it did not matter much who had killed the bear. The brute was dead, and they were tired, but safe. For all that, Dawson was glad when the lights of the ranch began to twinkle among the trees. The minute or two he had spent in crouching behind the fallen tree had shaken him worse than he thought.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 147.)

'THERE was no answer,' said Chinna gloomily. 'Yet I cannot believe that the spirits' favour has altogether been taken from me. What offence have I committed that so it should be? They will help me. Surely they will help!'

'Oh, let us flee while yet there is time,' Mrs. Chinna besought again, wringing her hands.

But Chinna answered: 'Peace, woman; such matters are too high for thine understanding. I will not flee until I am very sure it is needful to do so.' And, at that, he slipped softly into the darkness of the

forest, for night had come by this time—a black and heavy night, obscured by thick clouds.

CHAPTER XV.

It seemed very lonely in the forest when Chinna had gone, most extraordinarily lonely, and each sound that pierced the silence took on an aspect sinister and threatening. A barking deer called on a high, alarmed note that suggested the presence of some stealthy pursuer. And the monkeys, perched in huddled groups on the trees surrounding the encampment, surely murmured and whispered together of danger to come? And overhead the thick clouds banked and banked, and the air was breathless and very still.

The children could not sleep. Nancy and Brian were too anxious, and Frederick too excited. He was determined to remain awake until Chinna returned, that he might hear all about the fight with the sickness and the victory that must certainly have resulted. They all sat round the fire, despite the heat, for its cheerful light was most companionable. Its dancing flames defied the loneliness of the forest, and kept, it seemed, all the dark, secret terrors at bay.

Mrs. Chinna was very restless, and the fact that a storm was brewing seemed to add to her disquiet. She fussed over one little task after another, and threw so many stones on the heap beneath the tree that it perceptibly increased in size.

'The spirits are angry to-night,' said Mrs. Chinna. 'They will speak presently with loud voices. (She meant that it would thunder.) 'And, perchance, the people of the village will say that it is because he, my man, has done wrong.'

'But perhaps they'll say it is because the spirits are angry with them, and not with Chinna,' Frederick suggested, and this seemed to comfort the little woman somewhat.

'It may be so,' she said; 'it may well be so. In truth, my man has ever done good to all, and never harm. Why, then, should not the spirits fight on his side?'

And she grew more cheerful, and began to tell the children tales of Chinna's prowess. And she spoke of the wild things of the forest as people speak of those they know well. There was a striped one, very large, but with a short tail, she said, who ruled over a certain portion of the forest. And sometimes he would choose to sit in the very centre of a narrow track, so that none might pass to right or left of him. But, if he was treated with due respect, and addressed by high-sounding titles, such as 'Maharajah,' 'Cherisher of the Needy,' and the like, he would move aside courteously, and harm none.

'The striped one that my man slew yesterday hunted always with his mate until he took up his abode in the house of the headman,' Mrs. Chinna went on. 'Doubtless she seeks him now everywhere. It would not be well to meet with her in her wrath.'

'I wonder what made him go into the village?' said Brian.

'Maybe, in some way he was injured,' Mrs. Chinna answered, 'and so could no longer follow the swift wild things. Some such reason there must have been to drive him to the haunts of men, for the creatures of the forest leave not the forest easily. But the spur of hunger is sharp.'

And Brian remembered how the tiger had limped.

He had covered the ground quickly for a short distance, it was true, but probably he would soon have grown weary.

'It is for this same reason that the striped ones first take to eating men,' Mrs. Chinna explained further, 'if other food, even cow-flesh maybe, is hard to come by. Man cannot run far; man is easily caught. But, once the striped ones have eaten of human flesh, then does a spirit enter into them which drives them to eat of it again and again. There is a tale of a striped one that I know.'

She looked round, smiling at the children, her fears forgotten for a while, because every one was so much interested in her stories, and this pleased her simple soul. It was not often she found herself the most important person present, for she was used to consider herself vastly inferior to Chinna, though she in no way resented the fact.

'Once there was a man and a woman,' Mrs. Chinna began, 'and they were returning together from a fair. Through the forest they walked, since their village lay on the further side. And it was dark. And the woman said, "I am afraid, lord"; and the man made answer, "Peace, peace. What need of fear, since I am with thee?" Moreover, he had in his possession a most powerful charm of which he had not told her. Now, after a little, there came a rustling in the undergrowth.' Here Mrs. Chinna paused impressively, and the children glanced hastily at the forest, as did Mrs. Chinna also, and she hurried on again, lest she should be too afraid to tell the rest of the story. 'And the rustling grew louder, and forth there crept on to the path a striped one, very fierce. And the woman screamed, and said, "Lo, this is death." But the man replied, "I have here a powder, half of which I will give to thee and half of which I will swallow. And, at that I shall become a striped one myself, and drive this other away. And afterwards I will return to thee, and thou must place the second half in my mouth, and I will take my own shape again."

'And, as he said, so it was. In his mouth he placed one half of the powder, and no longer was he a man; but the woman saw two striped ones on the path before her. And one drove the other afar, and returned to her thereafter with open jaws and eager tongue outstretched. And, lo, so fearsome was the sight, that the woman dropped the powder in the mud, and, screaming, fled. Therefore was she slain by him she had betrayed, and who never might be a man again. And afterwards did he live on human flesh only, seeking always a new revenge.'

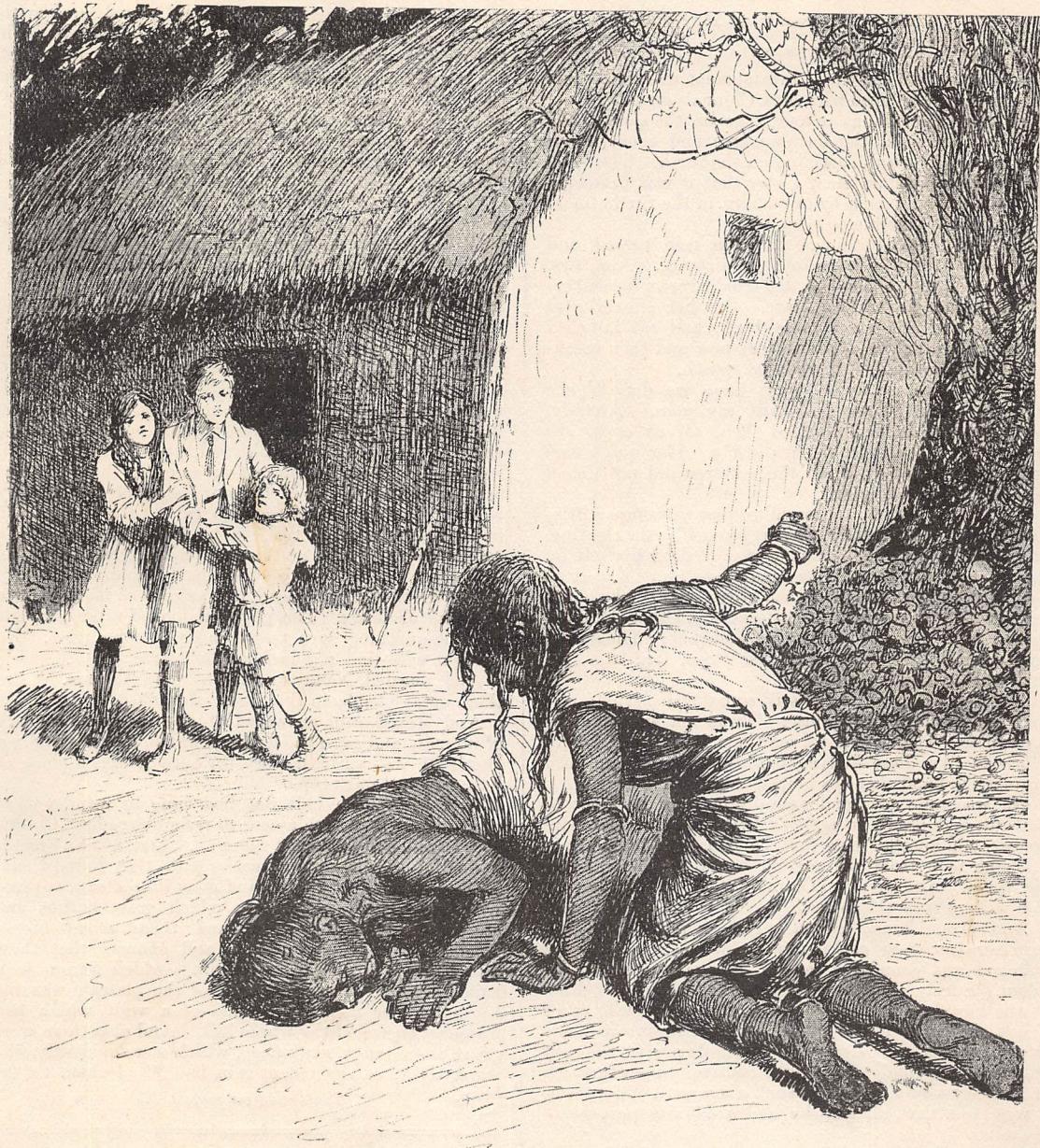
A low roll of thunder interrupted Mrs. Chinna at this point, and was followed very shortly by another. The storm was coming up with great rapidity, and, scarcely was there time to seek the shelter of the hut before its full force swept over the encampment. For a while the rain held off, and the lightning darted and flashed everywhere at once with a keen and blinding light. Hither and thither it sped like some cruel lance-point guided by a cunning hand. And, all in a moment, the hollow tree flared up towards the sky, one mass of blue and yellow flame.

And upwards rose, too, a shriek from Mrs. Chinna, a shriek of horror and despair. 'See, see,' she wailed, 'the spirits are angry with us. They have destroyed the tree; they will abide with us no longer.'

(Continued on page 162.)



“With open jaws and eager tongue outstretched.”



“Mrs. Chinna pointed to what was once the hollow tree.”

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.
(Continued from page 159.)

CHAPTER XVI.

FOR a moment the whole encampment was lit by blue flames, and echoed with Mrs. Chinna's shrieks. Then down came the rain, as it had come on the day of the flood, and drowned the burning tree and every sound save that of its own drumming on the earth. The little hut, luckily, faced in such a way that it was protected from the storm. And, by crouching in the furthermost corner, it was possible to keep dry.

Gradually the storm passed. The rain ceased, and the thunder rumbled away into the distance. And Mrs. Chinna crept out of the hut, and tried to coax the embers of the camp fire into a blaze. But her efforts were fruitless, and she soon came back, and sat hunched together, sighing deeply, and every now and then breaking out into miserable, bewildered speech.

'What have we done—what have we done?' she moaned. And 'They will kill my man. Already, perchance, he is dead.' And then, all at once, she stopped her moaning to listen eagerly. Her quick ears had caught a sound which the children did not detect till several seconds later.

They heard it then, the sound of feet running swiftly. And, almost immediately, Chinna burst into the clearing. So breathless was he, he was forced to fling himself on the ground and pant. They could see him as well as hear him, for now the moon had risen. Before he could recover sufficient breath for speech, Mrs. Chinna pointed to what was once the hollow tree, and said: 'The spirits have turned their faces from us. See, lord, the tree that was their home is dead.'

And Chinna stared at the still smouldering stump, and the first words he said were: 'Twas not well done of the spirits. I have ever served them faithfully. I have not been like these evil men of the village who turn against the hand that has helped them.'

He was able to stand again now, and he went to the hut, and began to make a little heap of his spare arrows, and another bow that he had. And the silver coins he took from the thatch, beneath which he had hid them. And to Mrs. Chinna he said, 'Make ready. We will go from this place.'

And Mrs. Chinna at once set to work to gather together her few cooking pots, while the children watched and wondered where now they would be taken. Surely Chinna would not leave them behind in the clearing, at the mercy of the angry villagers? Would he listen if they suggested that their own home would prove a safe refuge for the whole party? But it did not seem likely he would consent to embark on an entirely new venture at such a moment. Moreover, it was plain that, already, he had a definite purpose in his mind.

At last, Brian ventured on a question. 'What has happened, Chinna?' he asked. 'Is the sickness just as bad as ever?'

'I know not,' said Chinna; 'I did not wait to see, for, without doubt, it is the intent of these people to deal evilly with me if the sickness does not speedily depart. They shut me within the empty house of the headman when I had made the offerings, and sung the song of

banishment. And they said: "There shalt thou remain until we are very sure that the gods have hearkened to thy voice." And, since the spirits had vouchsafed no answer to my prayer,' Chinna went on, and his voice was bitter, 'my heart failed me, and now I know with what good reason I did not wait, as I have said, to see if the sickness would indeed cease, but at the height of the storm I escaped, while the village people hid within their houses, cowards all. They will not dare to follow in the dark, for of that, too, they are afraid.'

'Where go we, lord?' Mrs. Chinna asked now, her bundle already complete. She placed it on her head as she spoke.

'To the fort of our people,' said Chinna. 'There we shall be safe, and can lie hid until I see clearly what we must do. The people of the village will not follow us thither. They have neither the wits nor the courage.'

His own preparations were finished now, also, and he turned to the children and said: 'Ye, too, shall come with me. Hitherto have ye brought good fortune in your train; perchance, ye will do so even yet.'

And, without further explanation, he moved off into the forest. Mrs. Chinna quickly untied the rope with which the goat was tethered, and thrust the end into Brian's hand. Then after her lord and master she went, and Nancy and Frederick followed, with Brian last of all, leading the goat. And in and out amongst the tree-stems they went for a couple of miles or less, guided unerringly by Chinna, until the little man came to a halt at the foot of a rockstrewn rise. 'The fort is near by, above us,' he said. 'I will go first, and make certain that the road is clear. Wait ye all here until I summon you.'

And he flitted on ahead, and seemed to melt at once into the shadows. The children looked after him, but could see nothing save trees, and yet more trees. No straight wall-line, nor indented battlement.

And, puzzled, Nancy questioned Mrs. Chinna. 'Are there many people in the fort?' she asked.

And Mrs. Chinna answered: 'It is the dwelling-place of no man, and even the defences are no longer standing. But still we call it the fort, for once it was a place of refuge for all our people.'

And before the children had time to wonder what need there was in such a case to reconnoitre first, Chinna reappeared, and beckoned them on. And, after a breathless climb up a steep and rocky path, they found themselves standing on a wide and moonlit plateau, covered with great hummocks, over which grew bushes and creepers and grass. Here and there stone blocks emerged from the greenery, and showed that these hummocks had once been buildings which were now in ruins. And at the further end of the plateau was the beginning—or rather the end—of a wall which had formerly encircled the whole hill. And also there were great stone tanks, sunk deep, which were evidently still water-tight, as the recent rain had filled them to the brim.

(Continued on page 175.)

THE COOK'S OPINION.

THE great scientist, Charles Darwin, was not appreciated by his cook. It is said that one day Mrs. Darwin, troubled because her husband had such a poor appetite, consulted the cook as to how they could tempt him to eat.

'He does not seem to care for ordinary food,' said

Mrs. Darwin. 'Do try to think of something very nice.'

'If you will excuse the liberty I'm taking, ma'am,' said the cook, 'I think that master would be able to take his food better if he got something to do. Idle folks are never hungry.'

Mrs. Darwin was indignant. 'But your master is not an idle man,' she said. 'He is always at work; in my opinion, he works too hard.'

'Excuse me, ma'am,' said the cook; 'but if I may make so bold as to say it, I can't agree to that. With my own eyes I saw him in the garden yesterday staring at a leaf for over two hours—two whole hours! That isn't work, anyhow!'

E. D.

THE KEEPSAKE.

IT was John Prior's birthday, and his little sister, Katie, who was very fond of him, and whom he loved dearly, gave him a birthday present. It was a knife with many blades, which John had chanced to see and admire when he was out walking one day with Katie.

'This is for a keepsake,' said the little maid to her big brother. 'Promise me that you will never, never part with it as long as you live.'

'I promise,' said John, laughing.

Before John's next birthday came round, the great war had begun. John Prior was one of the first to volunteer for active service. After his training in England as an artilleryman he was sent to France. And, of course, wherever John went, he carried with him his precious knife.

One day, when the artillery—protecting the soldiers who were carrying out a flank movement—was in action under heavy fire, something went wrong with one of the guns belonging to John's battery. It seemed to be jammed, and to re-charge it proved impossible. The lieutenant in command of the battery came forward and examined the gun. 'We need a tool,' he said, 'a sharp-pointed instrument—'

Instantly, without speaking a word, John took his knife from his pocket and handed it to the officer. Then he applied himself again to his duty.

With the aid of the knife, the difficulty was surmounted in a moment, and the gun resumed work. Soon afterwards the order came to rejoin the main body of the troops. The position was abandoned.

'If you please, sir,' said John to the lieutenant, as, still under fire, the men were retreating in good order, 'may I have my knife?'

'Your knife?' said the lieutenant. 'Ah, yes! I did not return it to you. I dropped it and forgot to pick it up.'

Then, observing that John looked rather troubled, the officer added, 'Never mind! I will give you a better one in place of it.'

John thanked his officer, but said to himself that he wanted no *new* knife. He wanted the old one—the one which his little sister had made him promise to keep.

So John loitered in the rear, and presently slipped away and turned back towards the spot lately occupied by the battery. A rain of deadly missiles was falling all around him.

Regardless of this, the young soldier coolly went on until he caught sight of his knife, half buried in the

ground. He wrenched it out, wiped it with his handkerchief, and put it into its accustomed home—his pocket. He then ran back to his comrades.

'Where have you been, Prior?' inquired the lieutenant, severely.

'To look for my knife, sir,' answered John. 'And I have found it,' he added, joyfully.

The lieutenant frowned at him.

'You might easily have lost your life for that worthless knife,' he said. 'Did I not promise you another?'

'But you see, sir,' said John, with a smile, 'this is the one I wanted—because it is a keepsake.'

E. D.

THE CUCKOO.

THERE'S a cuckoo in the coppice,
Just across the field of mangold.
All among the twigs and branches,
Where the trees are low and tangled.

For a mossy nest she's searching,
Home of chaffinch or of linnet;
When the treasure is discovered
She will drop her small egg in it.

Then across the meadows speeding,
Leave to other birds the hatching
Of her young one, and its feeding,
While's she's caterpillar catching!

Stranger bird than any other,
Won't you even stay to look who
Come's to sit—a foster-mother—
On the egg you've left her, Cuckoo?

LILIAN HOLMES.

MICHAELMAS DAY.

GOOSE for dinner on Michaelmas Day is a very old custom indeed, and a great many of the people who enjoy their helping of goose on that day have no notion of how the idea originated. I do not think any one is *quite* sure, but there is one suggestion that seems to be a likely one.

Michaelmas Day is quarter-day, and quarter-day is rent-day; and in the olden times, when the country folk used to come to their landlord's house, rent in hand, they would also bring along with them a fine fat goose: no doubt with the hope of putting him in a kindly humour towards them. They chose a goose, no doubt, as their present because at that time of year the geese are naturally well fed and plump. Evidently the plan worked, and the landlords were pleased, for in time the custom grew so common that the mention of 'one goose fit for the lord's dinner' as part payment appeared in the title-deeds of an estate in the days of King Edward IV.

There is another mention of the old custom in long-ago history that is also interesting to us to-day. It is said that Queen Elizabeth was actually enjoying her Michaelmas goose when she heard the delightful news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Whether that goose was a particularly plump and tender one, or whether it was not, I am pretty sure that *that* eventful Michaelmas dinner stood out for ever in the memory of the Good Queen Bess more clearly than any other.

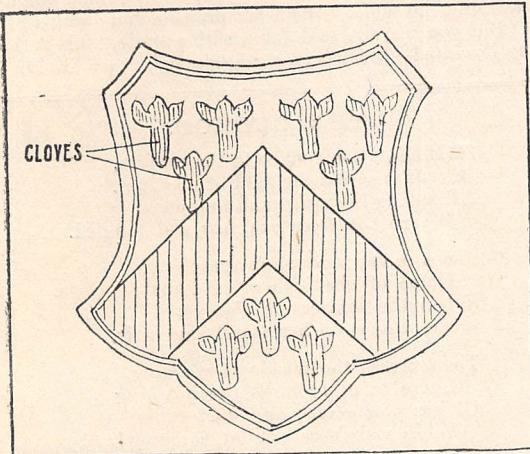
ETHEL TALBOT.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SPICE TRADE.

V.—THE GROCERS' COMPANY: CINNAMON AND CASSIA.

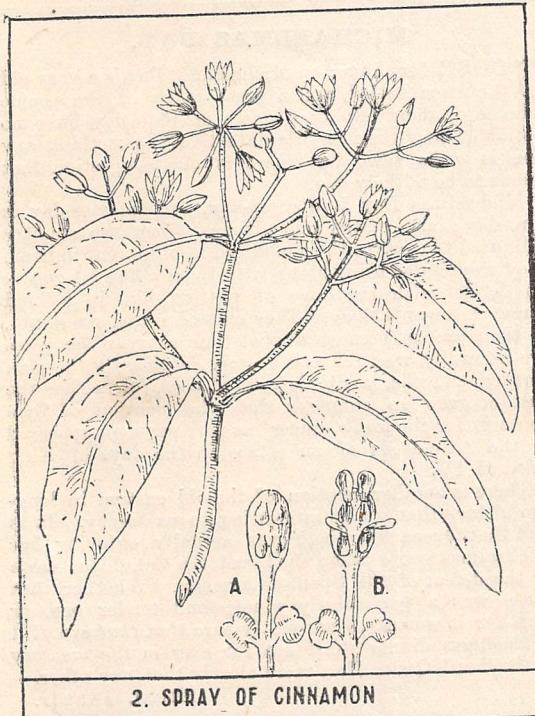
(Concluded from page 155.)

LET me turn now from the Grocers' Company, whose shield is shown in fig. 1, to some of the spices themselves.



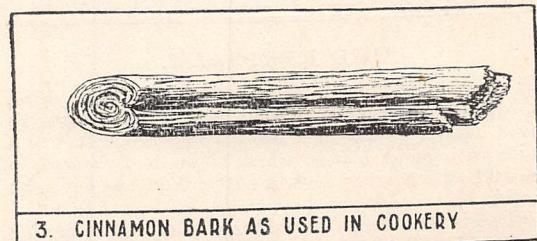
I. SHIELD OF THE GROCERS COMPANY

I think the best known among those still remaining to be described is Cinnamon. We have had spices which were fruits, parts of fruits, flower-buds, roots, but now



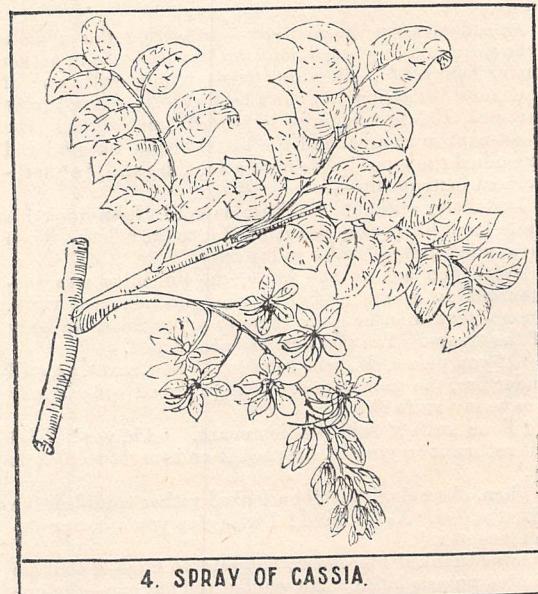
2. SPRAY OF CINNAMON

we have one which is a bark. Yes, cinnamon is the dried inner bark of a tree of the laurel family. There are a number of similar trees the barks of which are often sold as true cinnamon, all having an aromatic bark, but the proper one is *Cinnamomum zeylanicum*. Its original home was Ceylon, where even now it grows best, but it will grow, if properly planted and tended, in most tropical countries of the East. It attains a height of thirty or forty feet, and bears loose clusters of not very large white flowers. The leaves are large and very like those of ordinary laurel. Fig. 2 gives a sketch of a spray. The stamens of this plant are rather interesting, having special lids to keep out the wet! At a



3. CINNAMON BARK AS USED IN COOKERY

and B I give two sketches, showing one with its lids shut (A), and one with its lid open (B). The bark used as cinnamon is taken from the younger branches and is an inner layer, not the outside part which we know as 'bark.' This is peeled off in short

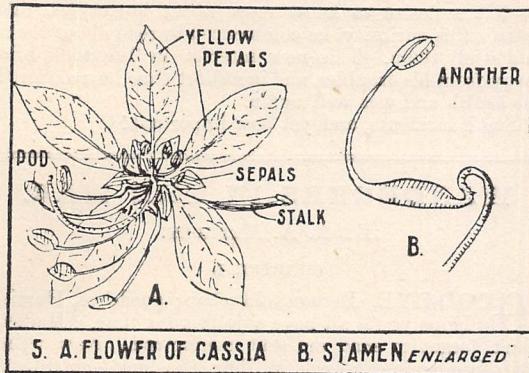


4. SPRAY OF CASSIA.

lengths, which promptly curl up, and as it dries it curls tighter, arriving here in what I have seen well described as 'closely rolled quills.' In fig. 3, I show you a piece from my spice-box. If I tried to uncurl it, it would split all to pieces, and it seems to be curled round about three times, and is about three-eighths of an inch thick.

It smells beautifully aromatic, and its colour is shades of warm brown, including, of course, the shade known as 'cinnamon.' Cinnamon is several times referred to in the Bible, the spice being used in oil for sacred purposes and as a perfume.

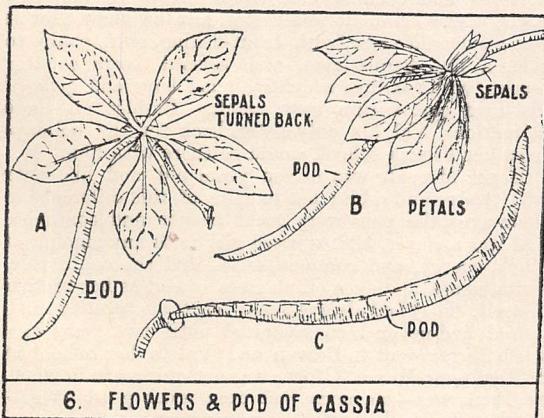
A near relative of this tree is *Cinnamomum cassia*; this supplies what is known in commerce as 'cassia bark,'



5. A. FLOWER OF CASSIA B. STAMEN ENLARGED

and the buds of the flowers of this same species supply the cassia buds of commerce, both being important in the manufacture of medicine.

Another spice mentioned in that long list I gave you was *Cassia fistula*. This is a beautiful member of the pea family. Its native land is India, but it is possible to cultivate it in most tropical countries. I was enabled to obtain sketches for you from the Natural History Museum from very beautifully coloured drawings. At fig. 4 I give you a sketch of a spray, very much reduced in size. Here you see the leaves are compound, occurring

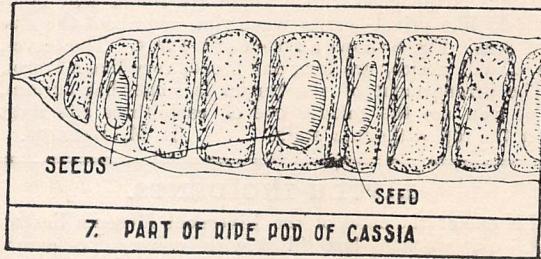


6. FLOWERS & POD OF CASSIA

in pairs, but having no terminal leaflet. The flowers are in long, loose, hanging clusters, and are of a delightful lemon-yellow in colour, veined with orange. These flowers are most interesting in structure; there are five small green sepals, and five leaf-like petals. These latter seem almost as if they are attached by stalks, so slender are the attachments. There are five long and five short stamens, which are of a curious shape.

In fig. 5 I show a complete flower at A, and at B an enlarged drawing of a single stamen, which you see has

a curious kink and swelling. This peculiarity gives the flower a confused appearance. Then in the middle there is a slender pistil which is a pod. The flower eventually loses its stamens, and appears as seen at fig. 6, A and B. Finally the petals fall, and it is as at C. This pod grows to be as much as eighteen inches long. It is round in section and quite black when ripe, and as they ripen they twist. Now, the part of the plant included as a spice was a sort of pith which forms a lining to the many



7. PART OF RIFE POD OF CASSIA

divisions of the pod. In fig. 7 I show you a part of an open pod; the cavities here shown are lined with this pith or pulp, and it is this which is the *Cassia pulpa* of commerce.

Senna is another spice in my list. This is made from the dried leaflets of several species of cassia. Alexandria senna is the leaflets of one kind (a sharp-leaved cassia), and long-leaved senna is made from another ('lengthened cassia'). Senna tea used to be



8. A SPRAY OF PIMENTO (ALLSPICE)

greatly used as a 'spring medicine' in olden times. 'Salts and senna' it was called. I have never tasted this, but I understand it had a very curious sweetish flavour. The spice is also used in making licorice powder.

The last of my spices for this article is Allspice, or Pimento. This is another member of the myrtle family, like the clove. Its proper name is *Eurenia pimenta*. The flowers are small and white, but the part used as a spice is the dried fruit. These are round and blue-black, like privet-berries when ripe, and about the size of peas. Fig. 8 shows a sketch of a spray. The leaves, you will notice, are long and broad, very like a laurel. The arrangement of the berries is somewhat curious, for you see the middle one of each three sits right on the top without a stalk.

E. M. BARLOW.

LITTLE INCIDENTS.

IN one of the cases of the Liverpool Museum lies an old wooden box filled with coins. To casual observers it seems out of place amid the rich treasures of the Museum. But those who care to look more closely at this old box will discover on the lid a piece of paper containing some information about the box and its treasures. According to the writing on the lid, this box contains the first collection of relics ever made by Joseph Meyer. When he died, Meyer's collection (which he bequeathed to the Museum) was valued at sixty thousand pounds.

The story of how Joseph Meyer became interested in relics of bygone times is worth retelling. When but a small boy he was walking with his grandfather through a Cheshire field, when they saw a ploughman turn up a number of old Roman coins. Young Meyer was naturally interested in these, and his interest was deepened when his grandfather offered him five shillings if he could read the inscriptions round the coins within a month. Meyer won the five shillings, and more besides, for the effort to gain the prize caused him to take an interest in old coins, an interest which he never lost and which was the means of providing him with a lifelong hobby.

It seems a small incident, yet how many careers have been shaped by similar incidents which at the time they occurred seemed but trifles?

Michael Faraday, the great scientist, was only a poor boy. His first occupation was that of errand-boy to a bookseller. Faraday performed his errands so well that at the end of a year his master agreed to teach him the art of bookbinding. Whilst engaged in binding a book he noticed an article on electricity. It was the reading of this article which turned Faraday's thoughts towards science.

Adam Sedgwick, the famous Cambridge professor, was obliged to take long country walks for the benefit of his health. During these walks he began to notice the shape of the land round about him. He began to inquire into the structure of the earth, and thus took an interest in geology. In a short time he became the professor of geology in the University.

Helmholtz, the great German scientist, attributed his choice of a career to a serious illness which confined him to his bed. To while away the tedious hours of confinement, he sent for a microscope. This was the beginning of a great scientific career.

There is a story told of how a man was saved from

insanity by the sight of a butterfly. He had been brooding and brooding over his misfortunes until he was on the verge of madness. One day he wandered into the country and threw himself down on a grassy bank to rest. Presently a butterfly lighted on a spot close beside him. He began to watch the little creature, and his curiosity was aroused. Before he left the spot he felt a desire to know more about butterflies. To satisfy this curiosity, he commenced to read about them and study them. This new interest in life took him away from his troubles, and in a short time he recovered his health and was well again.

Small incidents, and yet how important!

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

CHAPTER I.

'GOOD-BYE, Dermot, old chap; good-bye, Harris. Hope you'll all have a jolly good time. Hailes, don't forget to send me that fishing-rod. Now we're off! See you next week, Wilbur. So long—good-bye.'

Roger Mervyn leaned out of the railway-carriage window, waving his straw hat to the group of schoolboys on the platform, in the forefront of which stood his friend, the red-haired American, Sam Wilbur; and then, when the shouts of farewell had died away, he settled himself comfortably in a corner and took out the magazine which he had just bought at the bookstall. It was a beautiful morning, and the boy felt happy and excited as he started on his journey, for the summer holidays had begun, and he was going down into the country to stay with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Danvers, at Monkton Ashe.

Roger had been several times before to Monkton Ashe, where his uncle was rector, and he knew that it was a splendid place, with trout-fishing, golf, ponies to ride, a fine tennis-lawn, and several large country houses, with families which included boys and girls of his own age, within easy reach. Besides all these attractions, Val, his only sister, back for the holidays from her French school, would be there with him.

Roger Mervyn was fifteen years old, and his sister was twelve and a bit; but in spite of this difference in their ages, the pair were great friends and comrades. Val was a clever, high-spirited girl, with any amount of pluck, energy, and common sense, and she could ride, swim, skate, and even climb trees as well as her brother himself. They had always done everything together, and, indeed, had never been separated until two years ago, when Roger went to Craven and Val to her school at St. Denis-sur-Meuse. Roger was not quite certain where St. Denis was—he never had been much good at geography—but he knew that it was somewhere in France.

Usually the boy and girl had been to Scotland in the summer with their father and mother, but now Major Mervyn's regiment had been ordered to India, and his wife had accompanied him to the East. They would not be home again for several years, and in the meantime it had been arranged that Roger and Val should spend their holidays at Monkton Ashe.

'You will have fine times there, my boy,' Major Mervyn had said to his son; 'plenty of riding, golf, and the rest of it. And, remember, you must look after Val. Your uncle and aunt are quiet, stay-at-

home people. They are not used to children, and Val is always inclined to be a bit reckless. I trust you to take care of her.'

'All right, Father.' Roger had spoken rather huskily, for he had just said good-bye to his mother, and there seemed to be a lump in his throat; and then Major Mervyn had shaken hands with the boy, and given him an extra half-sovereign to add to his term's pocket-money.

Roger remembered every detail of that parting, and how lonely he had felt when he stood on the wharf at Tilbury and watched the great P. and O. liner vanish into the yellow river fog. It had been February then, and Val had already left for her French school after the Christmas holidays. She had not been home at Easter, so that it was now nearly eight months since the brother and sister had met, and although Roger pretended to be indifferent, and would most likely greet Val with the most casual of salutations, he was really looking forward eagerly to seeing his sister again. He smiled to himself as he thought of how she would be waiting to welcome him on the platform at Monkton Ashe, and of all they would have to talk about as they drove through the narrow, tree-shaded lanes towards the Rectory.

Roger opened his magazine. It certainly would be awfully nice to see Val again; and then the train drew up at a station, the carriage-door was wrenched open, a porter piled bags, suit-cases, and bundles of golf-clubs on to the rack, and two men—one brown-faced and clean-shaven, the other with eye-glasses and a grey moustache—got in.

Roger did not at first pay much attention to his fellow-travellers, for he had opened his magazine at an exciting story. When that was finished it was time for lunch, and after the sandwiches, cakes, and ginger-beer had disappeared, he felt drowsy, and almost fell asleep in his corner of the carriage.

He was roused at last by the voices of the two men, who, having laid aside the newspapers in which until now they had been absorbed, were talking earnestly together.

'Things certainly look bad,' the younger said, filling his pipe, and then touching the paper on his knee. 'What do you think of it, Burke? Does it really mean war? Or will things settle down again as they have done before?'

The other shrugged his shoulders, and his face was very grave. 'One can't say for certain, of course,' was his reply; 'but I don't like the news to-day. In my opinion, this time it does mean war.'

'War!—the younger man repeated the word almost eagerly. 'Well, you ought to know, Colonel; but I suppose England won't be in it?'

The grey-haired man shrugged his shoulders again. 'If it is war, it seems to me that every one will be in it,' he said. 'In fact, I think so seriously of things that I'm going over to Paris to-night to fetch home my little girl. I don't want her to be out there if any trouble comes.'

'Really, you think it so bad as that? But of course you'll feel more comfortable when you have Betty at home. Well, here's my station. Good-bye, and a pleasant journey.'

The two shook hands as the train slowed down, and when the bustle of arrival and departure was over, the man who had been called Burke took up his newspaper

again. Roger sat watching him, and wishing that he could summon up courage enough to ask some questions.

War! The air of the stuffy railway carriage seemed suddenly to be charged with excitement and suspense. What did it all mean? What was going to happen? Like most boys of his age, Roger had been almost completely absorbed in school interests, and during the last week of term, when cricket-matches, prize-givings, and house-suppers had been the order of the day, he had hardly glanced at a newspaper, or had time to realise that, in the great world outside, strange and terrible things were happening. At the same time, he was a sensible, intelligent boy, and had always been a great deal with his father, Major Mervyn. Some day he intended to be a soldier himself.

After a few minutes Roger picked up the newspaper which the departed traveller had left behind him, and began to study the startling headlines on the first page.

Colonel Burke looked up from his own paper and watched the boy's intent face with amusement. 'Well, sir,' he said at last; 'these are anxious times. May I ask what is your opinion of the European situation?'

Roger coloured, for he knew that the speaker was laughing at him. But the keen blue eyes twinkled behind the glasses, and although the grey moustache had a fierce twist, it did not entirely conceal a very kindly smile.

'I don't know anything about it, sir,' he said shyly. 'But I could not help hearing what you were saying just now. And—and do you really think that there is going to be war?'

'Yes, I'm afraid I do,' was the reply. And then the man went on to explain what he meant, and, spreading his newspaper on the seat of the carriage, showed Roger a map and pointed out the different countries that might soon be at war together—Germany, Austria, Russia, Serbia, France—perhaps England!

The boy felt awed and bewildered, for he felt as if some great tempest, of which until now he had only heard the distant thunder, were about to overwhelm the whole world.

'The Germans are determined to smash France,' Colonel Burke said, in conclusion. 'They have been preparing this for over thirty years. I am going over to Paris at once, to fetch my little girl back from school.'

'My sister is at school in France, too,' Roger told his new friend. 'At least, she was there. She is at home now for the summer holidays. She came yesterday, and went down to Monkton Ashe. I shall meet her there to-day.'

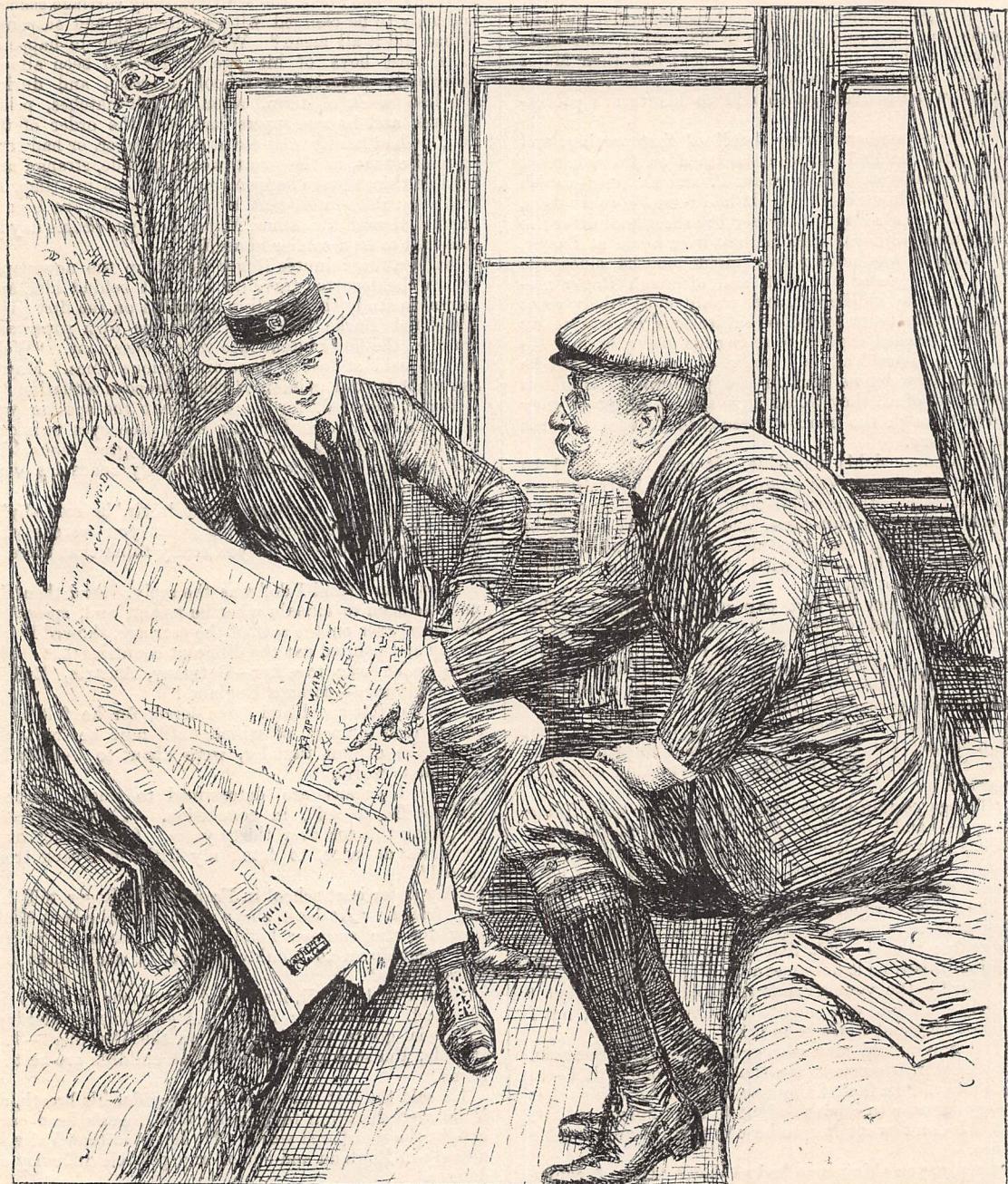
'Ah, I see! Well, it's a good thing she is safely in England. I wish my Betty had got home yesterday. There is going to be trouble on the Continent—bad trouble, I'm sure of it, and English children are best at home.'

He said the last sentences almost under his breath, as if he were speaking to himself; but Roger's keen ears caught the whispered words. He felt glad that Val was already in England and out of any possible difficulty or danger.

Colonel Burke reached his destination soon after that, and when he had collected his luggage he shook hands with Roger as if they had been old friends.

'I change here,' he said; 'so good-bye, my boy; and I hope you and your sister will enjoy your holidays together.'

(Continued on page 170.)



“‘Do you really think there is going to be war?’”



"He was delighted to see his nephew."

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

BY A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 167.)

ROGER was not left alone for very long. The next station was Monkton Ashe, and for some minutes before the train stopped he was leaning out of the window, looking eagerly along the platform.

Where was Val? Surely she must have come to meet him, and yet he could only see his Uncle Robert and the two big sheep-dogs, Bob and Dick. Beyond the little station, in the road, the pony-cart was waiting under the elm-trees, but there was no one in the cart except the old coachman.

Roger jumped out of the train almost before it had stopped and ran towards his uncle.

'Hullo, Uncle Robert, here I am. How are you? And where's Val?'

Mr. Danvers shook the boy's hand warmly. He was a grey-haired elderly man, with short-sighted eyes, and a kind but rather fussy manner. He was delighted to see his nephew, and the two dogs, as if delighted too, careered up and down the platform with noisy barks of welcome.

'Well, Roger, so here you are. Glad to see you, my boy, glad to see you. How you have grown, to be sure! Let me see: is it a year or eighteen months since we met? And your luggage? Two bags and a box. Is that all? Yes, Simmons, take the bags out to the cart, and the box can be sent up to the Rectory later on.'

Roger fidgeted and listened impatiently to his uncle's exclamations and directions.

'But Val? Wherever is she? Why hasn't she come to meet me?'

Mr. Danvers smiled indulgently and patted the boy's shoulder. 'Val? Oh, she's all right—at least, all right except for a sprained ankle. You will have to do without her for a day or two longer and put up with your aunt and me. Val is still in France. She had a fall a week ago and could not travel with the other girls. However, there's nothing to be worried about. She is better already, and will be home early next week.'

'Still in France!' Roger repeated the words with a sudden misgiving at his heart, but Uncle Robert went on with his explanations as they drove out of the station, and it was evident that he had no idea of anything being seriously amiss.

Val had written most cheerfully, Roger should see the letter, and she was not really ill, only lame. She thought that the journey home would be great fun. One of the governesses would bring her, the German governess, who was coming to spend a few weeks in England.

It all sounded very commonplace and satisfactory. Roger's spirits rose as he listened. Perhaps Colonel Burke had been mistaken, and there was no need for worry and alarm. There were certainly no signs of coming trouble in Monkton Ashe; and as for Uncle Robert, he laughed heartily when the boy asked him about the war, and said that it was foolish to pay attention to rumours and scaremongers.

Roger laughed too, feeling completely reassured for the time; and then the pony-carriage turned through the Rectory gates, and there was Aunt Minnie, wrapped

in her usual white shawl, sitting on the lawn beside a most delightful-looking tea-table.

'My dear boy! I am delighted to see you, and isn't it sad about poor Val? However, you won't have to do without her for long; she's quite certain to be home next week. Now, come along, dear, and have tea. I'm sure you must be nearly starved to death.'

It was a very merry tea-party, there under the big cedar-trees, and Roger did full justice to the country fare of bread and honey and freshly-gathered raspberries. Later, he read Val's letter and exhibited his prizes and the silver cup he had won for the junior half-mile race. It was not until ten o'clock came and there were only his uncle and aunt to bid him good-night, that he remembered Colonel Burke and his anxious forebodings for the future.

'Of course, Val will be all right,' the boy said to himself, but still he could not help wishing that his little sister were safely at home in England, instead of being away on the other side of the Channel, somewhere in France.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning, when he awoke at six o'clock and looked out of his open bedroom window, all Roger's fears of the evening before seemed dreamlike and unreal.

It was a beautiful day, warm, clear, and sunny. The flowers in the garden below were covered with dew. A thrush was singing loudly and a delicious fragrance of newly-cut grass mingled with the perfumes of roses, stocks, mignonette, and purple heliotrope.

War and danger seemed impossibilities on this lovely summer morning, so Roger whistled cheerfully as he dressed, and then hurried out to the tennis lawn, where old Williams, the gardener, was busy with his mowing machine.

'Well, Master Roger, I am glad to see you, and no mistake!' The man rubbed his grimy hand on his trouser-leg and then held it out with a broad smile of welcome. 'This tennis court is just spoiling for a game. No one played on it for eight months and more. A sin and a shame it is, says I, for you won't find a better bit of grass in the whole county.'

'All right, Williams; don't grieve,' said Roger gaily; 'there will be plenty of games on it now, and then you'll be grumbling at the bare patches.' His thoughts flashed to Val and the closely-contested singles they would have together. Old Williams seemed to know what was in his mind.

'And your sister, sir, when will she be a-coming? It doesn't seem natural to have one of you here without the other, that it don't.'

'Oh, she will be here in a few days—next week for certain.' Roger spoke decidedly, for saying the words seemed somehow to make them true. Williams nodded as if well satisfied.

'Next week—well, well, and it's Saturday now. But it's to be hoped they won't let the little lady travel on Monday. Bank Holiday never is a good time for a journey. Tuesday, now, or Wednesday. And I must try to keep back some of them late raspberries. She always is a rare one for the raspberries, is Miss Val, bless her pretty face.'

When the lawn had been mown and rolled, the courts were marked out and the net put up, for Roger had decided to go up to the Hall directly after breakfast and

make his two friends, Jack and Robin Henley, come back with him for some tennis. They would have to play singles, turn and turn about, as Val was not here to make a fourth, and Roger wondered whether, even when she did get home, his sister would be much good for tennis with a sprained ankle.

'It will be pretty poor fun for poor old Val if she can't have any games these holidays,' he said to himself, and then the breakfast bell rang and Aunt Minnie met him in the dining-room with a thin foreign envelope in her hand.

Another letter from Val! Roger tore it open eagerly, and as he read the scribbled lines his misgivings seemed to become more ridiculous and unnecessary than ever, for the girl wrote quite cheerfully and was evidently well on the road to recovery.

'My foot is nearly all right again, and we start for home some time next week—Thursday, I expect. It's an awful bother having to stick on here; but, really, we're not having half a bad time. There are three of us—Marie and Jeanne Vernet, who come from Belgium, and me. Fraulein Heinz, the German governess, is here, too; and fat old Susanne, the cook, looks after us all. I can't walk much yet, only hop, but there are woods all round the house, and we have picnics every day. Mind you keep the tennis lawn well rolled, and don't eat up all the Victoria plums before I get back.'

There were four spelling mistakes and two blots, but Roger did not feel inclined to be critical. All that he noticed was that the letter had only been posted three days ago and that there was not a single word in it about the possibility of war. Surely if there had really been anything serious the matter—over there in France—Val must have known all about it.

The newspapers did not arrive at the Rectory until ten o'clock, so that the topics of conversation at breakfast were the garden, the parish, and the weather, which Mr. Danvers hoped would keep fine over Bank Holiday.

'We are going to have a cricket match on Monday, for the village boys,' he said; 'you will like that, Roger; and on Wednesday there is the school treat. I want you and the Henleys to help me with the sports and prizes.'

'Yes, Uncle, it will be awfully jolly,' agreed Roger. 'And I'm going up to the Hall directly after breakfast, so I can settle about it with Jack and Robin. May I ask them to come down and have some tennis this afternoon?'

'Certainly, my boy, certainly,' was the answer, and then, before any other arrangements could be made, there came the loud throb and rattle of a motor outside. Roger sprang up from his seat and ran to the window, reaching it just in time to see Jack Henley, on a brand-new motor bicycle, dash up to the door.

(Continued on page 180.)

THE WAG OF HIS TAIL.

A GENTLEMAN and his young son were one evening passing a labourer's cottage when the little boy took a sudden fancy to the labourer's dog, which was sitting at the door, evidently on the look-out for some one.

The animal was no rare specimen. He was not a 'chow' or a 'King Charles,' or a Yorkshire terrier. He was only a common cur, yet the boy wanted him.

'Perhaps his owner will sell him to us. Ah, here he comes!'

How the dog barked with joy as he rushed down the garden to greet his master! Wag! wag! wag! went his merry tail; his whole body vibrated with happiness.

'What a nice, affectionate dog that is!' said the boy's father to the labourer. 'My little son wants to know if you would sell him to us.'

'I can't sell that dog, sir,' replied the labourer.

'He is of no value,' said the gentleman; 'but since my boy wants him, I don't mind paying a good price for him. I will give anything—in reason—that you like to ask.'

'I know he's a poor dog,' said the labourer, 'but to me he is so valuable that I can't part with him. He is my only companion, and *I can't sell the wag of his tail* when I come home at night.'

MY LOVES.

O H! how I love a garden,
And all a garden brlngs!
Oh! how I love the country,
And all dear country things.

The thrushes and the honey bees,
Small clinging creepers, giant trees,
Each clover field, each leafy glade;
The sunshine and the restful shade;
The birds' nests, and the scent of moss,
Cloud shadows drifting over grass;
Snow-laden trees, with frosted stems,
Bedecked with diamonds—Nature's gems;
A level marsh, a lonely shore,
A sleepy sea, and waves that roar;
The peewit's call, the curlew's cry,
And storm-clouds piling up the sky,
The fresh-ploughed furrows are my joy,
Earth's autumn dress of corduroy,
The hedgerows hung with pearls of dew,
I love them every year anew;
And oh! a thousand other things,
Each plant that grows, each bird that sings,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, too,
Don't you?

LILIAN HOLMES.

A JOURNEY TO GO.

[Second Series.]

VI.—A JOURNEY THROUGH EAST ANGLIA.

WHEN we leave London on a journey through the Eastern counties we make Liverpool Street Station our starting-point, and this is only right, for the terminus is near the site of one of the principal gates of the old walled city, and in Stow's *Survey of London* we find these words: 'The gate towards the north is called Bishopsgate, and true it is, that it was first built for the ease of passengers towards the east, as into Norfolk and Suffolk.'

Our next journey, then, is to be 'towards the east,' into Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, the country which was once the East Anglia of the Saxons and which, before that time, was inhabited by the most powerful of the ancient British tribes.

In our travels through Devonshire and Cornwall we found many traces and memories of these strange Celtic

ancestors, but then we saw them as fugitives and seemed to follow in their footsteps as they fled before their conquerors and finally took refuge among the desolate moors and wild valleys of the West Country. In those remote districts it is natural to think of the Britons as a defeated and dying race, lingering on into mediæval times, and leaving behind them a legacy of curious customs, place names and fairy tales, and even their primitive stones, homes, and deserted altars.

In the Eastern counties it is all very different, for there dwelt the powerful warlike tribes of the Iceni and Trinobantes, warriors who fiercely withstood the invaders, holding them at bay through many months, and who, when at last they were supposed to be subdued, rose in rebellion and almost succeeded in regaining possession of their country.

We see the great entrenched camps of the Britons on many an East Anglian hill, often encircling the ruins of a later Roman castle, for, when they had defeated the old inhabitants of the country, the conquerors established themselves there and Camalodunum, or Colchester as it is now named, was one of their most important settlements.

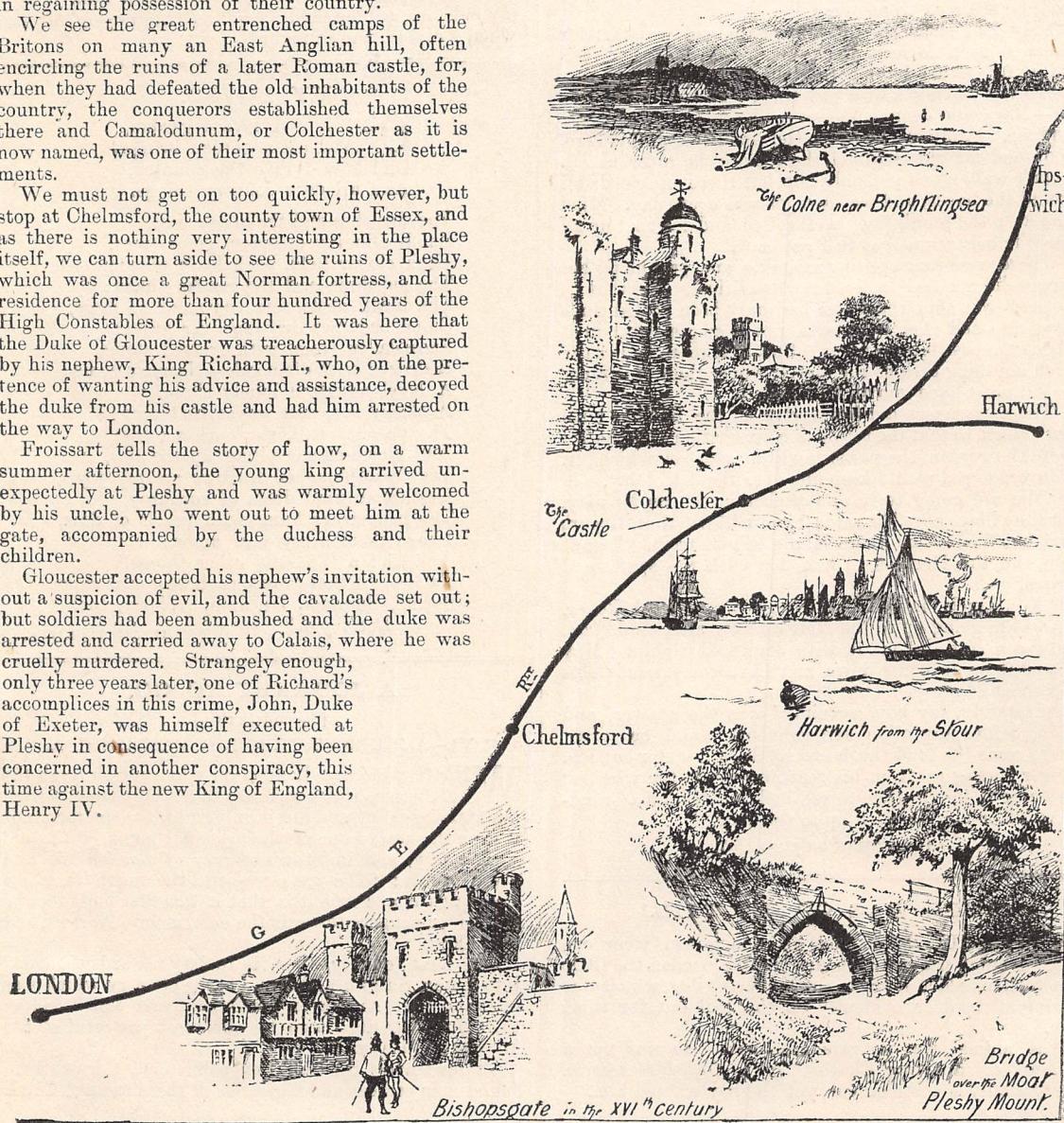
We must not get on too quickly, however, but stop at Chelmsford, the county town of Essex, and as there is nothing very interesting in the place itself, we can turn aside to see the ruins of Pleshy, which was once a great Norman fortress, and the residence for more than four hundred years of the High Constables of England. It was here that the Duke of Gloucester was treacherously captured by his nephew, King Richard II., who, on the pretence of wanting his advice and assistance, decoyed the duke from his castle and had him arrested on the way to London.

Froissart tells the story of how, on a warm summer afternoon, the young king arrived unexpectedly at Pleshy and was warmly welcomed by his uncle, who went out to meet him at the gate, accompanied by the duchess and their children.

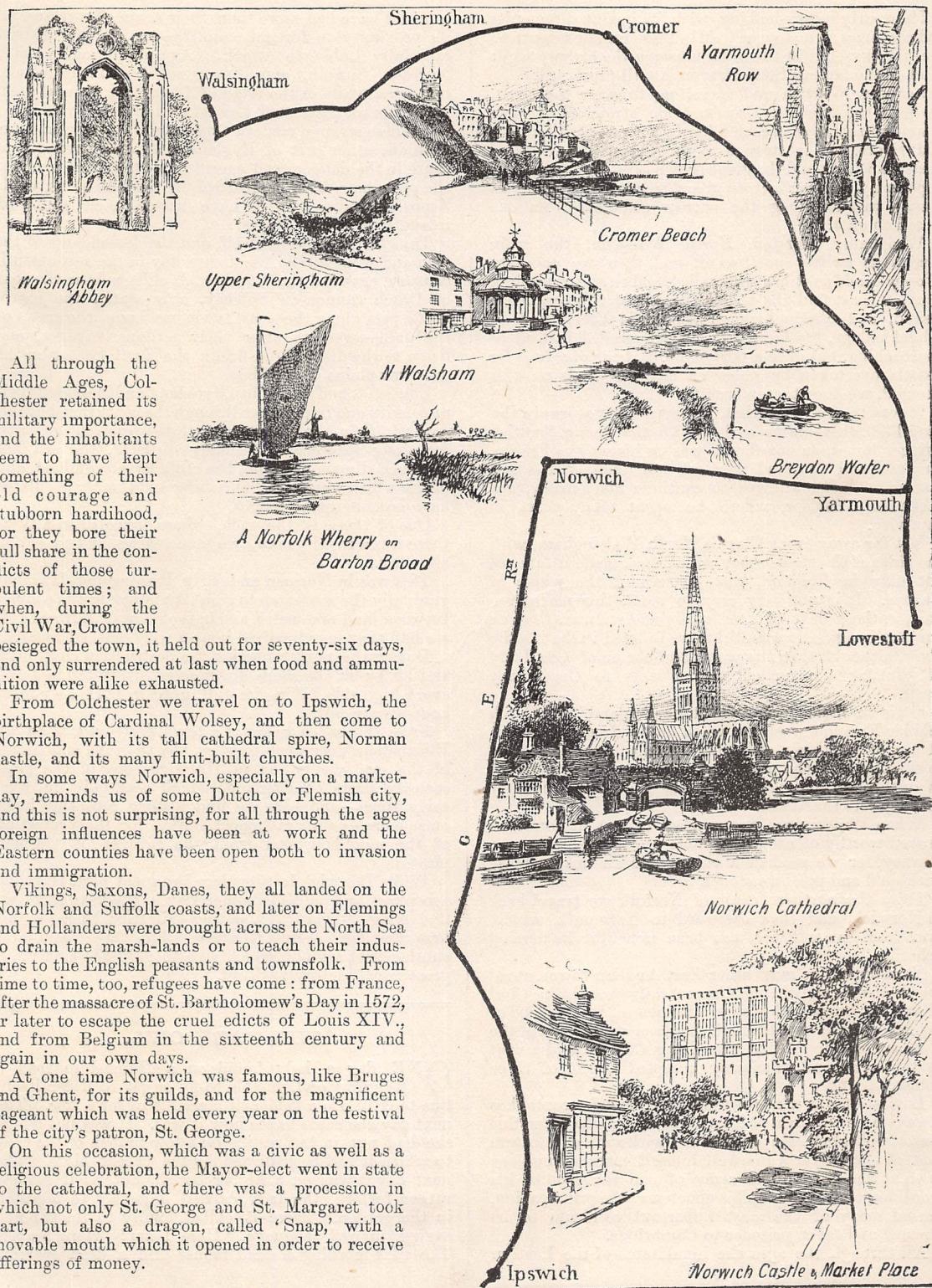
Gloucester accepted his nephew's invitation without a suspicion of evil, and the cavalcade set out; but soldiers had been ambushed and the duke was arrested and carried away to Calais, where he was cruelly murdered. Strangely enough, only three years later, one of Richard's accomplices in this crime, John, Duke of Exeter, was himself executed at Pleshy in consequence of having been concerned in another conspiracy, this time against the new King of England, Henry IV.

From Chelmsford we go on to Colchester, one of the oldest towns in England, where the great circle of the British entrenchments can still be traced outside the Roman walls, which, in their turn, show traces of having been repaired by Saxon masons.

The great British town of Colchester—its original name is unknown—was captured by the Emperor Claudius, who marched against it with a strong army which included elephants. It is easy to picture the terror and amazement of the ancient Britons when they saw these huge beasts in their gorgeous trappings of war, pushing through the undergrowth of the forests or marching clumsily across the flat Essex swamps.



From London to Ipswich—



All through the Middle Ages, Colchester retained its military importance, and the inhabitants seem to have kept something of their old courage and stubborn hardihood, for they bore their full share in the conflicts of those turbulent times; and when, during the Civil War, Cromwell besieged the town, it held out for seventy-six days, and only surrendered at last when food and ammunition were alike exhausted.

From Colchester we travel on to Ipswich, the birthplace of Cardinal Wolsey, and then come to Norwich, with its tall cathedral spire, Norman castle, and its many flint-built churches.

In some ways Norwich, especially on a market-day, reminds us of some Dutch or Flemish city, and this is not surprising, for all through the ages foreign influences have been at work and the Eastern counties have been open both to invasion and immigration.

Vikings, Saxons, Danes, they all landed on the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts, and later on Flemings and Hollanders were brought across the North Sea to drain the marsh-lands or to teach their industries to the English peasants and townsfolk. From time to time, too, refugees have come: from France, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day in 1572, or later to escape the cruel edicts of Louis XIV., and from Belgium in the sixteenth century and again in our own days.

At one time Norwich was famous, like Bruges and Ghent, for its guilds, and for the magnificent pageant which was held every year on the festival of the city's patron, St. George.

On this occasion, which was a civic as well as a religious celebration, the Mayor-elect went in state to the cathedral, and there was a procession in which not only St. George and St. Margaret took part, but also a dragon, called 'Snap,' with a movable mouth which it opened in order to receive offerings of money.

—and through East Anglia.

The yearly merry-making, with its quaint ceremonies and costumes, is no longer held in these prosaic twentieth century days, but in the town museum the elaborate gilt head of the famous Snap Dragon is still preserved.

Leaving Norwich and travelling towards the coast, we pass the Norfolk Broads, wide stretches of open water connected with each other by a network of streams and rivers. It is strange to see the white wings of pleasure yachts and the great brown sails of the wherries apparently moving across green meadow-lands, but in reality passing along the narrow channels from one Broad to another.

Wroxham, Worsted, North Walsham, the train carries us swiftly northward, and then we come to 'Poppy-land,' as it has been called, and on the crumbling Norfolk coast find the holiday towns of Cromer, Overstrand, and Sheringham. Beyond is Cley, now an inland village, for here the sea has receded instead of encroaching, but once a port and a harbour of refuge for vessels overtaken by gales or adverse winds on this exposed, weather-beaten coast.

It was to this place that, during a great storm in the year 1496, there came a ship with the young Scottish Prince, James, on board, who was on his way to France. England and Scotland were at war then, so the boy, instead of being allowed to continue his journey, was taken to Windsor, where he spent many years in captivity.

Not far away from Cley is North Walsingham, with the ruins of the great abbey which once made it famous, not only in England, but throughout the whole of Europe. It is not very easy to reach this place even now, in these days of good roads and railways, but, as we may imagine, it was still more isolated in the Middle Ages, although then the wonderful shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham ranked second only to Canterbury itself.

'It is in the uttermost part of England,' the Dutch scholar Erasmus was told, when he inquired the whereabouts of the abbey, and, indeed, it must have seemed so to the pilgrims who plodded wearily along the Palmer's Way through Newmarket and the swampy fen country that borders the Wash.

When Walsingham was reached at last, it doubtless proved worthy of all the trouble and hardships of the journey, for we read of a chapel and an image ablaze with gold and precious stones.

From the northern coast of Norfolk we travel back to Norwich, and then eastward to Yarmouth, which, even from Saxon times, has been noted for its herring fisheries.

Yarmouth, like most other East Anglian towns, stood for Cromwell and the Parliament all through the Civil Wars, but seems to have been influenced by the flood of loyalty which swept through England at the time of the Restoration, for we find that King Charles paid a visit to the place and graciously accepted a gift of three golden herrings.

Lowestoft, the next town on our coastwise route, has always been the rival of Yarmouth, and perhaps for this reason upheld the Royalist cause with such enthusiasm that at last Oliver Cromwell himself marched into the town at the head of an army of one thousand of his Ironsides, and, taking up his quarters at the principal inn, caused many of the most important residents to be arrested and taken prisoner to Cambridge.

All through the ages the inhabitants of the Eastern

counties have had more than their share of warfare, for its proximity to foreign countries makes this district especially liable to attack. Again and again have Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex suffered invasion and massacre, while in the reign of Charles II. several great sea-fights took place off Lowestoft and Southwold.

In these strange modern times, too, East Anglia, more than any other part of England, has been privileged to share in the dangers and sacrifices of the great war, for the ports have been bombarded by German ships, while Zeppelins and aeroplanes have dropped their bombs on inland towns and villages.

Thus history repeats itself, and the descendants of the men and women who, one foggy day in the seventeenth century, crowded the Southwold cliffs to hear the roar of Dutch cannon in Solebay, now watch the patrol boats pass along the coast, welcome home the crews of the mine-sweepers after their perilous voyages, and listen to the distant gun-fire in the North Sea or on the far-away plains of Flanders.

Lowestoft and Yarmouth have kept and increased their prosperity and importance through the centuries, but this has not been the case with all the eastern seaports, for along this coast, in many districts, the sea has encroached upon the land, the cliffs have crumbled, and places which were once flourishing and thickly populated have become mere villages.

One of these is Dunwich, where, once upon a time, there was a royal palace, two monasteries, and six parish churches.

This was in Norman and early Plantagenet days, but gradually the sea began to gain its victory in the conflict between land and water, and in the reign of Edward III. we find that four hundred houses were washed away.

During the next centuries the destruction continued, and bit by bit the shore disappeared, every tempest and every high tide taking its toll, until in 1811 only forty houses were left.

From this sad remnant of a town, destroyed, as an old Elizabethan document tells us, 'by the rage and surges of the sea,' we go on to Harwich, one of the most easterly ports in England, which was built in very early times—and here we find history repeating itself once more—as a coastguard station for the protection of the neighbourhood from the ravages of German pirates.

While Dunwich lost its place as a great port, Harwich prospered, and on Midsummer Day in the year 1338, we find King Edward III. setting sail from there on his first campaign against France; while three years later another fleet set out which was to gain England's first great naval victory at Sluys.

THE BABY OWL.

ONE day a lady found on a Hampshire road a fledgling owl, unable to fly or get food for itself. She took it into a field and placed it under a tree. The next day she came to see how it was. It was not where she had put it, but resting on a low branch of the tree, to which it had been helped by the parent birds. The next day it was on a higher bough, but, as it seemed rather forlorn, the lady carried it gently to a hut in the garden. There it called loudly to its parents, saying, in owl language, 'Here I am! Here I am!' The next morning a dead mouse and a dead sparrow

were found on the hutch. Night after night the same thing happened, dead mice and other small prey being brought by the old birds to their baby. As soon as the young owl seemed strong enough to fly, the lady opened the hutch and let it go. Then, it may be, there was great rejoicing in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Owl.

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 162.)

ACROSS the hummocks Chinna picked his way, until he came to a big heap of stones which had fallen together in such a fashion that they made a rough little house. The biggest formed the roof, and the remainder the sides, and grass and small creeping plants filled the chinks and crannies, and made everything snug and warm. At one corner there was a fair-sized hole, and through this Chinna crept, and bade the others follow. And when the whole party was safely inside, he began to explain, more fully than had Mrs. Chinna.

'In the ancient days,' he said, 'the days that no man living has seen, here stood the fort of our people. Great and powerful were they then, and all the villages of the country-side paid tribute to them as over-lords. But there came a new strong nation from beyond their borders, and there was a great war. And by the score our people perished, and lost all that was theirs, until only this fort remained to them. And it, too, in turn was taken, and all within put to the sword, save for a few who fled into the forests, and whose children's children live as I and my woman live to this day.'

He paused for a moment, and Mrs. Chinna seized it to ask in a somewhat scared voice: 'Shall we not bring the goat inside, lord, lest those come who now frequent this place?'

And Chinna at once began to tug at the goat, who was browsing contentedly on the grass of the plateau, and came slowly and with much reluctance into the little house. Chinna pushed and pulled her into the furthermost corner before he was satisfied.

'Since this place is now deserted of man,' he explained further, 'the wild things of the forest have made it their own. And, more especially, do the striped ones come hither, because there is usually water in the tanks with which they can quench their thirst, and they are a thirsty folk.'

He pointed to one of the largest tanks which was clearly visible in the moonlight.

'Often have I seen the marks of their feet at the edge,' he added, 'as I passed through the fort on my own affairs.'

The children listened with breathless interest. It was certainly alarming, if exciting, to know that they had invaded a spot so favoured by tigers, and even Brian found himself hoping that the tanks would remain unvisited on this particular night. The little stone shelter could not compare with the mango-tree as a refuge; it was very easy to picture a furious tiger tearing it stone from stone; and they all began to listen intently to every sound that came from the surrounding forests.

And, as they listened, there came sighing across the plateau a strange and haunting cry. It was like the moaning of a man in pain, but a man of greater than

mortal strength. And gradually the moaning swelled into a short, sharp roar. And the goat trembled in every limb, and cowered against the wall, her thick coat damp with fear.

'Tis a striped one that speaks,' said Chinna, below his breath. 'Tis the mate, doubtless, of the striped one of the village. It is to her lost one that she calls, seeking him where once they roamed together. Quick, let us block the entrance with stones lest, even now, she should come hither.'

And he ran outside, and began to tug at a large stone near by which would almost fit the hole in the shelter; and the children and Mrs. Chinna helped with all their strength. And, all the while, that angry, sorrowful sound rose and fell through the still night air, spurring them on to fresh exertions.

The stone was in place at last—a very long last it seemed—and the whole party safe behind it. And still the sound persisted, but it came no nearer, and gradually it faded into the distance as the tigress moved through the forest on her endless, useless search. And in the quiet that followed, one by one the fugitives fell asleep, and they did not wake until day had dawned, and the danger was fully past, and they could safely roll away the stone that blocked them in. And very soon Mrs. Chinna had a fire burning, and had begun to prepare some rice she had brought with her from the hut, mixing it with milk. She portioned it out presently between the children and herself, for Chinna was both too gloomy and too resentful to eat. He sat hunched by the fire, smoking his little cigarettes, and trying vainly to discover the reason of the misfortunes which had overtaken him.

'First the villagers turned against me, and then the tree was destroyed,' he mused. 'Without doubt, the spirits are angry. Yet what have I done? What have I left undone? Wherein have I offended? Always I gave honour where honour was due; always I made the right offerings.'

And, after a moment, he added vehemently: 'It is not just. No, it is not just that these things should be.'

And at that, Mrs. Chinna, on the point of tears, made answer nervously: 'Do not anger the great ones further, lord. Humble thyself instead, and say it is thou who hast done the wrong. It is better so—it is more prudent. How shall we stand against their anger, we poor and lowly folk?'

But this advice did not suit Chinna at all. He was very firmly convinced of the justice of his cause: so firmly that he was in no mood to listen to counsels of caution. And he stood up and shook himself, and began to look almost the obstinate, determined little person he had been before the sickness broke out in the village, and the tree was destroyed. If the spirits behaved so unjustly, he would show them he could do without them, he thought. They would be sorry then, because they had lost so good a servant, and they would surely turn round, and try and coax him back again.

And Chinna thought, too, of the empty larder, and he said: 'I go hunting for food. If the spirits will not help me, then I will help myself.' And he added, much to Brian's disappointment: 'I will not take thee with me, boy, for it is likely I must go far. Since the striped one visited this place last night, all other game will have fled the neighbourhood.'

(Continued on page 178.)



"The children and Mrs. Chinna helped with all their strength."



CHATTERBOX.

A FRENCH RED CROSS DOG.



"Off went the boar at a wild gallop."

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.
(Continued from page 175.)

CHAPTER XVII.

CHINNA, his mind made up, set off at once on his expedition. Down the steep path he went which led to the forest below. He moved with even more than his usual caution, for, though he hoped his enemies would not follow him to the old fort, and was almost certain indeed that they would not do so, he did not mean to run any needless risks. Moreover, though he had defied the spirits, he was not quite easy in his mind as to the effects of that defiance. He was nervous, therefore, as well as cautious, and more than once he started, thinking he saw some dreadful shape where were only empty, harmless shadows.

It was a long time before he could find any trace of game, as he had supposed might be the case. But, presently, he came upon the footmarks of a spotted stag, and he followed the trail carefully for awhile. And then he persevered no further, for there appeared suddenly the imprint of the tigress' pads beside the slot of the deer, and he knew he could not compete with this fierce huntress. So, patiently, he cast round for a new and more promising trail.

He found one after awhile that seemed all that he could wish, the trail of a big wild boar. Again he followed for a mile or two until he was close enough to his quarry to hear it grunting and rooting. But, just as he was fitting an arrow to the bow, and creeping behind a sheltering bush to take aim, off went the boar at a wild gallop, startled by something that Chinna could neither see nor hear. And again and again some mischance overtook him. Whatever the object of his pursuit, it escaped him at the very moment when success seemed assured, until, disheartened, Chinna almost lost his cunning, and an arrow flew wide which should have hit an easy mark.

'It is the spirits,' said Chinna, awestruck, to himself: 'the arrow surely was bewitched—the creatures of the forest are bewitched also. It is useless to defy the great ones. They would punish me, and I cannot escape that punishment. Yet, what have I done? What have I done?' he again repeated.

He was very weary by this time as well as very hungry, and he sat down under a tree to rest, and to consider further the behaviour of the spirits. Some reason they must have for their anger, if only he could discover it—and, once discovered, it could surely be removed.

'Perchance I was too boastful when I slew the striped one,' thought Chinna. 'But did I not in my song give due glory to the great ones? Did I not proclaim it was through their help I was victorious? I cannot have transgressed in that matter.'

And then, suddenly, he leapt to his feet, convinced that he had solved the mystery, for into his queer little head a new, a most welcome, idea had entered.

'I see—I see my fault!' he cried joyously, quite sure that the spirits could hear him. 'Great ones, I see it. Too soon I thought I had offended, and so lost faith and sinned indeed. I made sure that the sickness was sent upon the village for my undoing. I did not understand it was to punish the people for their treachery, and that

I might be further exalted in their eyes. Therefore was the tree struck, because I had no faith, and did not wait to see the sickness depart. Therefore is my hunting spoiled to-day. It is the will of the great ones, doubtless, that I should return to my own place, and there shall I find peace and honour awaiting me.'

He chuckled with joy as he came to this conclusion. He no longer felt tired, so immense was his relief. It remained only to choose whether he should at once return to the clearing, or fetch Mrs. Chinna and the children first from the fort; and, finally, he decided on the former course, remembering the venison still hanging in the tree, which had been left behind in the hurry of the previous night.

'I will fetch the meat, and we will have a great feast,' said Chinna. 'And we will return rejoicing loudly. Thus the spirits will know that, at last, I understand.'

And off he set immediately in the direction of his home. He guided himself thither with a sure instinct that never failed. And, presently, he came to the edge of the clearing. Most peaceful it looked, warm with the noonday sun; and Chinna smiled widely as he glanced at each familiar object in turn. There was the hut, untouched, with the little grain-mill inside it. The tiger and deer skins pegged on the ground just as he had left them. If the villagers were still angry, surely they would have visited the place to rob and destroy.

'All is well,' said Chinna, chuckling again, and even smiled at the blackened tree-stump. It seemed to him no longer a sinister portent, but a signpost to guide him rightly.

He had just slung the venison over his shoulder, and was about to return to the fort, when he remembered that the nets were probably full of fish. It seemed a pity not to take these with him, also, that the feast might be complete. And it would be good, he thought, to stand again at the water's edge, and listen only to the lapping of the lake against the reeds, instead of to the hateful, haunting drums which had almost proved his undoing. And he turned away from the track which led to the fort, and took that which went down to the water instead. It was good—oh, very good—to be at peace again with all his world.

A little way he went, and then the monkeys met him. Since Brian had thrown the grain for them they had haunted the road to the lake, in the hope, apparently, of finding more. They welcomed Chinna, and accompanied him for a short distance, and all the while they chattered in a fashion which could not but make him uneasy. They were chattering a warning, he well knew, yet what need could there be of such, since the spirits must, by now, have forgiven him? To falter would be to display a lack of faith again. He must not, would not do so. The monkeys' part was to try him, he decided to test his new-found trust.

'There are men down by the lake,' they tried to tell him in their own fashion. 'Men, who have been hiding by the nets since dawn, and who seem afraid to venture into the forest. Men we do not know and whom we distrust. They have sticks in their hands; and knives—shining knives—also. Turn back, Chinna. Chinna, turn back. We do not think these men are friends of ours or yours.'

But Chinna turned a deaf ear to the chattering voices, and went on towards the water. And now he stood

upon the brink and looked across to the island. And, as he did so, the chattering of the monkeys burst into a loud, insistent clamour. And mingled with that clamour was another sound which caused Chinna to wheel round quickly. So ominous it was, so danger-laden, that even his strong faith was not equal to the proof.

(Continued on page 190.)

A FUNNY PARSNIP.

A CURIOUS vegetable freak came from an allotment garden at Birmingham. Midway in the root of a parsnip was embedded a doll's head!

This allotment ground was formerly a play-place, but how some little girl's doll came to lose her head here we do not, of course, know. The parsnip-root somehow managed to grow through the neck and out again through the little hole by means of which a doll's wig is usually attached. The long, tapering root resembled a pigtail growing from the doll's head. Evidently Mr. Parsnip was a funny fellow who loved a joke.

THE STORY OF OUR ROADS.

III.—THE ROADS OF TO-DAY.

MODERN road-making, as we know it now, began a little over a century ago, when a Scotsman named Telford introduced a new system of road building. The chief point about it was, that it had a foundation at the bottom of everything else, with broken stones above, not more than six inches deep. Above the layer of stones came the roadway proper. Telford constructed many roads, especially in Scotland, during the first twenty years of last century, and though his method was afterwards improved upon, the highways he built have stood the test of time.

Telford's great rival, in his later years, was a fellow Scot, John Loudoun Macadam, who invented a different system of road-making. Instead of employing a firm foundation, as Telford did, with broken stones above it, Macadam would have no foundation, even in boggy country, but relied on small angular stones of a size and shape that would pass through an iron ring, two and a half inches in diameter. All these angular pieces dovetailed into one another, and had not the loose, shifting surface of gravel.

Macadam's process is still in use, with improvements which have been suggested by time. Nowadays, roads are made with a 'hard core' or foundation underneath, because heavy motor traffic ploughs up the roads and makes the wear and tear much greater. This hard core is made of cheap waste material, such as chips of brick, stone, and broken-up concrete, and is twelve inches deep. Heavy rollers are passed over it, grinding all the pieces and pressing them down until finally the core is not more than nine inches in thickness.

Above the hard core comes a five-inch thickness of ballast, which is nothing more nor less than clay that has been set on fire and smouldered for weeks until it becomes a brittle red substance. You must often have seen piles of it in country districts, being slowly burnt ready for use.

After the ballast has been laid and well rolled, it is

covered with two separate layers of broken granite, each three inches deep. This substance is called 'macadam,' after the man who first introduced it, and roads built in this way are known as 'macadamised' roads. As each layer is put down, it is so well rolled that the two combined are finally only four inches deep. The upper macadam receives a coating of sand and water, thus forming the surface which is all you see when you walk along the road. The middle of the highway is always raised above the gutters, in order that water may run off quickly. The curve of the road up from one gutter to the middle and then down to the other gutter is called the 'camber.' Macadamised roads are now usually tarred, especially in summer, to prevent clouds of dust arising every time a motor-car goes by.

Another modern method of road-making is wood-paving, which is especially used in towns, because the wood deadens the noise of heavy traffic. In this case the foundation is concrete, and above this the wood—a very hard, coarse kind—is laid down in oblong blocks which fit closely. Liquid tar is poured over the wood, and this dries into all the cracks between the blocks, making it impossible for them to shift. As the tar surface would be rather slippery, it is generally sprinkled over with fine chips, which are well rolled in.

Sometimes, again, asphalt is laid down over the concrete. For town streets which have heavy traffic there is no better road than two inches of asphalt over six inches of concrete. It lasts splendidly and does not get muddy, but in wet weather the asphalt surface is inclined to be slippery. The great virtue of asphalt is that it can be easily and quickly patched.

Motor-cars and omnibuses wear down roads so quickly, that it is necessary always to be discovering better methods of construction, and it seems probable that as time goes on our roads will come nearer and nearer to absolute perfection.

THE CLOCK.

I TICK away the summer day,
The winter night as well,
And mark the time with willing chime
Upon my silver bell.

With solemn face from my own place
I see a lot of things :
The peevish boy who finds no joy ;
The cheerful lad who sings.

There's noisy Bill ! I hear him still
Go tramping up and down.
He troubles me ; but then you see,
A clock must never frown.

There's gentle Nell, who loves my bell,
And stands for quite a while
The chime to hear . . . Ah, dear ! oh, dear !
A clock must never smile.

I tick away the summer day,
The winter night as well ;
And thoughts, you see, that rise in me
I'm not allowed to tell.

JOHN LEA.

A YEAR IN A GARDEN.

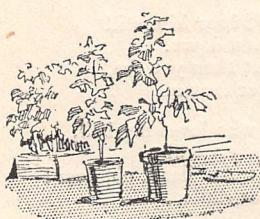
VI.—JUNE.

A VERY affectionate pair of bullfinches lived in the wood, and they constantly paid visits to the garden during the summer in search of caterpillars. In the autumn they would probably also come for some fruit and privet berries, but the children's garden was a bird sanctuary where traps were unknown, and so the bullfinches knew they could always come in safety. Very often the whole bullfinch family would come, and their short pointed beaks would be busy eating as many 'looper' caterpillars and leaf-rollers as they could find. It was due to this big family of bullfinches and to other birds that there were not many caterpillars in the garden. Only the big 'woolly bears' were really safe, for none of the birds except a stray cuckoo would touch them. A late woolly bear was crossing the footpath one morning when Babe saw him. She knew he was the caterpillar of the lovely red and yellow and black tiger moth, so she rolled him gently on to a leaf, and laughed to see him curl himself up at once into a black hairy ball. Billy put him into a tin canister with some fresh strawberry leaves, but he never ate anything. He immediately hid himself under a small stone on the moss and fine soil that lay at the bottom, and a day or two later he had spun himself into a cocoon.

On the first half-holiday in the month the children planted a long row of scarlet runner beans against a fence. Babe made the holes four inches deep with a dibber, and Billy dropped in the beans and raked the soil over the holes. It had been raining the day before, so the ground was quite moist and there had been no need to soak the seeds, but after they were planted Babe gave the whole row a good watering. Before the end of the month the little plants would push up their seed-leaves, and then it would be time to give them some firmly-planted sticks up which to climb. Some beans were also planted at the foot of a tall trellis arch between the kitchen and the flower gardens, where last summer a clematis had tried to grow and had failed. But the

children expected the scarlet runners would be more successful and they knew that such an arch was a splendid place for them.

The tomato plants also needed attention now. A bed had already been prepared for them in a very warm corner, sheltered from north and east. Out of his seedbox, which was only ten inches square,



Young Tomato Plants.

Billy had raised about thirty sturdy little plants; these were all now growing quickly in pots, pushing their rootlets through the drainage holes. When they



Bullfinch.

were planting the tomatoes Billy saw a very curious caterpillar crawling out from under some bramble bushes. 'A tufty caterpillar!' he exclaimed, and at once took possession of it. It was very pretty with lines of orange and white and tufts of yellowish brown hairs.

VOCAL FISH.

FISHES are usually supposed to be dumb, but if oysters can whistle, there seems to be no reason why other fishes should not sing. Several species, at any rate, are capable of making some sort of a noise. In America there is the bearded drum-fish, which makes a sound like the tap of a drum. A 'singing fish' is known in Ceylon. This is a shell-fish—a kind of mussel—which in calm weather and at low tide, can be heard 'singing.' The note is low, flute-like, and long drawn out.

But the sounds produced by fish are not always songs. The red gurnet, so frequent on the Devonshire coast, grunts and squeaks when taken out of the sea. For this reason, the Devonshire fishermen call it 'the cuckoo fish.' 'The buttermen,' a fat fish found off the coast of Scotland, is said to hoot distinctly when caught in a net or on a line.

In the Gulf of Mexico there is a fish known as 'the grunt,' which can not only lift up its voice, but can even use it with great expression. A gentleman who had caught a grunt was so touched by its piteous cries that he had not the heart to let it die. 'My better nature was aroused,' he said. 'I made haste to toss him back, and as he disappeared he uttered a squeak, which, together with the splash, sounded to me like a "Thank you!"'

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

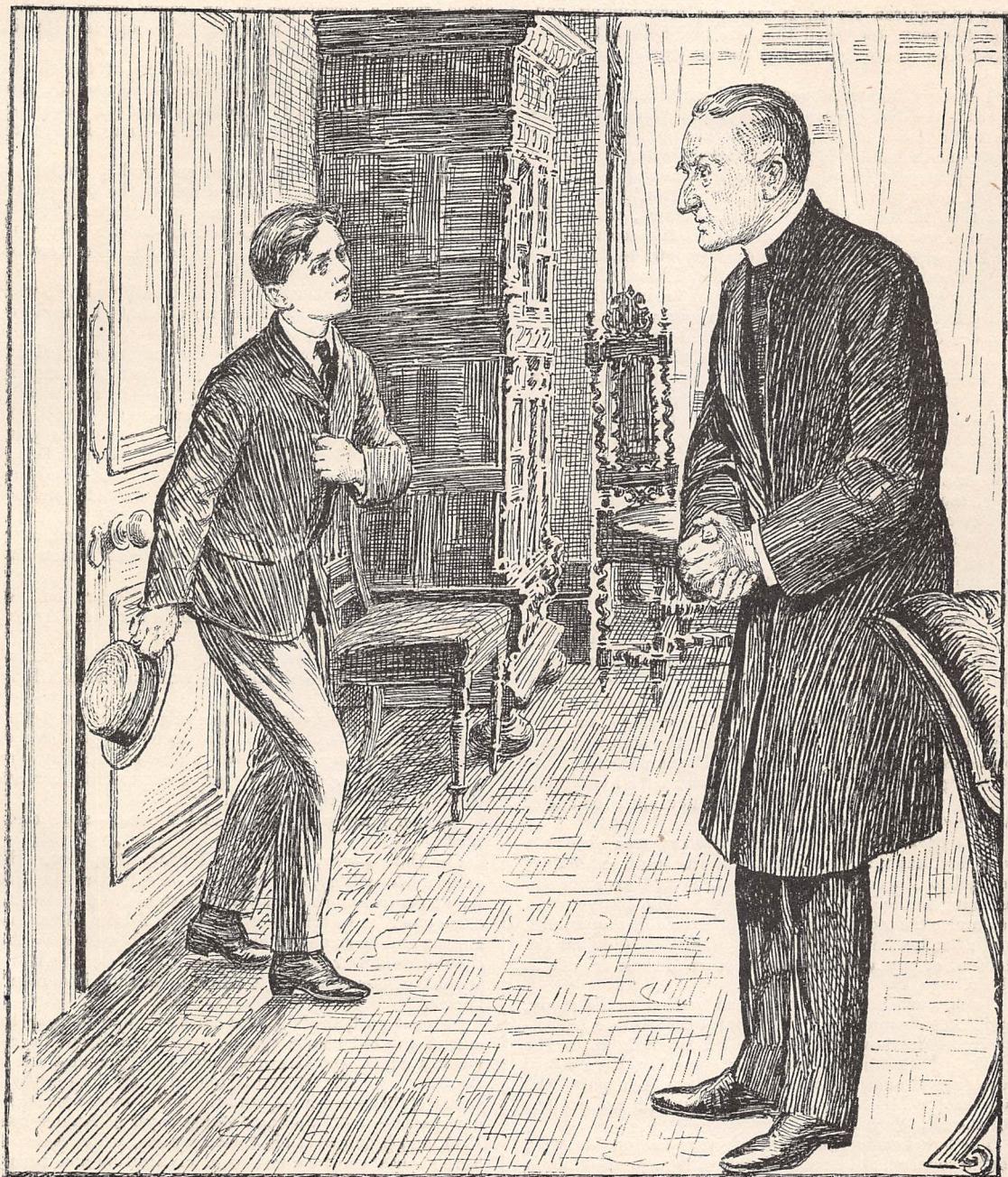
(Continued from page 171.)

'HULLO!' the newcomer called, as Roger vaulted over the window-sill and joined him, 'what do you think of this machine? Isn't it a ripper? Where's Val? And what are you doing this morning? You had better come up to our place. I can give you a lift on the carrier.'

'Val hasn't come yet,' began Roger, but the other boy was too much excited over his new possession to listen to any explanation, and in a few minutes the motor bicycle with its double load was careering wildly down the Rectory drive and along the lane that led to the village. There was nearly a bad accident when they tore round a corner just as the doctor's children were crossing the road with their governess, but Jack managed to swerve sharply to one side; and although Roger was nearly jerked off his perch on the carrier, no harm was done, and the pair arrived, safe, but breathless, at their destination.

'Don't the engines run splendidly?' Jack panted as he took off his goggles. 'Father gave her to me for a birthday present, and she only arrived the day before yesterday. Luckily, I learnt to ride on another chap's bike last term at school.'

Roger was loud in his exclamations of praise and envy,



“‘There is no need for all this excitement.’”

for it was the dream of his life to have a motor bicycle ; and Jack, who was a good-natured boy, let his friend mount the machine and taught him all that he knew himself about its mechanism and management. Tennis was forgotten that day, and one reckless ride followed another, so that when Roger strolled back to the Rectory

after tea, he felt that he was quite fitted to own and ride a motor bicycle himself. He had quite made up his mind to write to India, and suggest that he should be given one for a Christmas present.

It was not until past six o'clock that the boy remembered that he had not seen a newspaper all day ; but

when he inquired for it, it was not forthcoming, and Jane, the cook, confessed that she had used it to light the kitchen fire which had gone out during the afternoon.

'I'm sorry, Master Roger, that I am,' Jane said, when she saw the boy's disappointed face; 'but there was the kettle to boil for tea, and I snatched up the first thing that came to hand. However, there's yesterday's paper in the pantry cupboard, if that will do as well.'

'Oh, never mind, Jane, it doesn't matter,' Roger said, and then he went off to the conservatory, where Mr. Danvers was spraying his flowers with tobacco water.

'The paper? Well, my dear boy, to tell you the truth I was so busy this morning that I hardly had time to glance at it. Germany seems to be in a disturbed state, but I don't think there was any very important news, and no doubt all this trouble will have blown over in a few days. Dear me, what a trial the green fly is, to be sure. Be careful of that box of lobelias, Roger, and shut the door after you when you go out.'

Aunt Minnie, also, had had no time to read the paper that day, so there was nothing for it but to wait patiently until Monday morning, for evening editions were unknown at the Rectory, and indeed its inmates were, as a rule, too much engrossed in their own affairs and the affairs of the parish, to have much interest to spare for the interests and troubles of the great world outside.

Roger did his best that evening to make himself believe that there was no need for anxiety, but somehow, the absence of news had awakened all his vague fears and misgivings, and after supper he wandered out restlessly into the fragrant, starlit garden.

If only his father were at home, instead of being thousands of miles away in India, everything would have been all right. He would have known what to do, and could have gone out to France, if necessary, to fetch Val back; and then the lawn and the standard rose-bushes seemed to fade away, and Roger was once more standing on the deck of the great liner with his father's parting words ringing in his ears: 'You must look after Val, my boy; I trust her to you.'

Sunday at Monkton Ashe Rectory was always a long day, but that first Sunday of the summer holidays seemed to Roger the longest that he had ever known. Morning service, dinner, a walk with Mr. Danvers and tea under the cedars, that was the invariable programme, and after tea he and Val would usually stroll about the garden, or pay a visit to one or other of their friends in the village.

To-day, when Mr. Danvers had retired to his study, and Aunt Minnie was dozing over a book in her basket-chair on the lawn, Roger decided to walk up to the Hall. Dick and Robin might possibly have heard some news, and, at any rate, they could examine the new motor bicycle (ride it, perhaps), and make plans for the following day.

The boy, however, did not get very far on his way, for no sooner had he reached the village green than it became evident that some great and unusual excitement was afoot.

The whole place, indeed, seemed to be roused out of its Sunday calm, for there were groups of brown-clad soldiers standing about on the grass, a sailor was bidding good-bye to his wife outside a cottage door, two others, carrying white-canvas kit-bags, were trudging along the road that led to the station, and outside the 'Blue Lion,' old Richards, the inn-keeper, was reading

aloud from a newspaper to an eager crowd of men and boys: 'Germany declares War against Russia. Germany invades France.'

Roger stopped short on the outskirts of the throng of listeners, for the ominous words seemed to burn their way into his mind: 'Germany invades France'—and Val, his little sister, was there—there, in France, alone.

When the reading came to an end, and a hubbub of comment and exclamations had arisen, the boy pushed his way through the crowd and touched Mr. Richards' arm. He did not know the old inn-keeper very well, but just now there seemed to be no one else to whom he could turn for help and advice.

'Please, Mr. Richards,' he began breathlessly, 'I want to ask you. What does it mean, all that in the newspaper? I can't understand.'

'You can't understand!' The other repeated the words with a shrug of his shoulders, and then, moving away a few yards, he seated himself heavily on a wooden bench underneath a spreading oak-tree. 'Well, Mr. Roger, I'm afraid it would take wiser heads than yours or mine to understand what it's all about. But it means war. There's no doubt of that. War!—and such a war as we've never seen, nor any one else neither. Heaven help us!'

Roger stared at the speaker awe-struck, and, as he noticed the boy's anxious eyes, Richards' stern face softened.

'Don't you worry yourself, Mr. Roger,' he said kindly. 'You will be safe enough here in England, never you fear.'

'I'm not afraid; but it's Val. She isn't here. She's in France—at school, and she won't be home till the end of the week.'

The old inn-keeper's face grew graver than before. 'In France! That's a bad job, to be sure, and travelling won't be easy or pleasant these times; but your father, the Major, he will be going out to fetch her, and then she will be right enough.'

'Father's away in India, and Mother—she's there, too.'

'In India—why, of course; I'd forgotten that. But your uncle will go, sir. It won't be safe for the little lady to travel alone, that's a sure thing, and the sooner some one goes to bring her back the better. Dear me, France and Germany, and it seems only yesterday that they were at war in 1870! A bad business, that it is—a bad business, and how it will all end this time no one knows.'

'I must go home.' Roger hardly waited to hear the end of the old man's speech, and starting off, he ran quickly across the Green and up the lane that led to the Rectory. Mr. Richards looked after him with a shake of his grey head, and then once more opened his newspaper—that startling evening paper of August 2nd, 1914, and began to study the telegrams, which seem to have shaken the foundations of civilisation and turned the whole world upside down.

Mr. Danvers was sound asleep in his study when Roger, hot and panting, raced across the lawn and into the house. He started up as the door was burst violently open, and sat looking round vaguely and blinking his short-sighted eyes in the strong light that streamed into the room from the sunlit hall.

'Uncle Robert, I must speak to you. It's most important. I've been down to the village. There's

going to be a war. It's France and Germany, and you must go out now, at once, to fetch Val home.'

He seized the Rector's arm and shook it, as if wishing to dispatch the old man on his journey without a moment's delay or preparation.

Mr. Danvers put on his spectacles and stared at the boy in complete bewilderment. 'My dear Roger, what do you mean? And how hot you are, to be sure! Sit down quietly and tell me what this is all about. Fetch Val home! Why, she is coming this week, in any case, with her governess. You must be dreaming.'

Roger drew a long breath. He saw that there was a difficult task in front of him, and he tried hard to steady his quivering lips and to speak clearly.

'Yes, but it's all different now,' he began. 'She can't come home alone. It won't be safe. The fighting has started there already, and Mr. Richards says—'

'Richards! Oh, he's always an alarmist,' the Rector interrupted his nephew with a little laugh; 'I don't think we need worry about anything that Richards says. This is most likely nothing but another rumour.'

'It's in the newspaper; I saw it, and Val is in France. She must have some one to bring her home. You will go, Uncle Robert, won't you, now, at once?'

Mr. Danvers leaned back in his chair, and a note of displeasure came into his voice.

'Really, Roger, this is quite absurd. What can you be thinking of? Do you imagine that a busy man, such as I am, can go rushing away at a moment's notice? Think of all the important work I have to attend to this next week: the school treat and the mothers' outing. Besides, to-morrow is Bank Holiday, when travelling of any sort is out of the question.'

'But, Uncle, do listen—'

'I am listening, and there is no need for all this excitement. Believe me, Val will be quite as safe in France as we are in England. And now I must be off. There is the church bell. It must be nearly twenty past six.'

He got up from his chair, but Roger stepped in front of him and stationed himself with his back against the door, as if barring the way out of the room. His lips were pressed together, and there was a strangely desperate expression on his face.

Mr. Danvers was a quiet, easy-going man who had lived for many years in the country, and was completely engrossed in his parish and his garden. He had quite failed to realise the meaning and terrible import of the events which had followed one another so rapidly during those summer days, and now his nephew's excitement and vehement appeals seemed to him both unnecessary and ridiculous. He looked down with disapproval at the boyish figure which barred the door, but his short-sighted eyes did not notice the resolution in the square, sunburnt face.

'Uncle Robert, you will go? Some one must fetch Val home. There is nobody else.'

'I shall not go. Please don't say anything more about it, my dear boy. The whole thing is foolish and out of the question. To-morrow, if you like, I will write to Cook's. They can always arrange things on the Continent, and I will tell them to see that Val gets home comfortably. Now let me pass, and you had better go and sit quietly in the garden with a book instead of coming to church. And mind, Roger, not a word of all this to your aunt. She is not over-strong, and I can't have her worried.'

Roger moved away from the door in silence, but his face looked more determined than ever.

Uncle Robert had refused to go to France. Then there was only one thing to be done. He—Roger—must fetch Val home himself.

(Continued on page 186.)

LITTLE UNCLE BILLY.

BILLY stood at the garden gate, and watched a man climb a ladder that reached to the roof of the house. The house was being redecorated, and the roof repaired, and it seemed to Billy that there were always long ladders about with men climbing them. He noticed them because he had always been afraid to climb a ladder himself; he was a very nervous little boy, and always turned giddy if he were on a high place.

'That's a high ladder,' said a baby voice at his side, and his little niece, Hetty, took his hand.

Billy was very proud of being an uncle, for he was only ten years old, and Hetty was two already. Her father was a soldier away at the front, and when he went he told Billy to take care of little Hetty for him. Billy was proud of his brother's trust in him, and Hetty's mother said that her little girl was always safe with Billy.

He smiled kindly at her as she spoke about the ladder. 'Yes, it is high,' he said. 'I am afraid that poor man will fall.'

'Play ball with Hetty,' commanded the little maiden, and Billy got out his ball.

The workmen had gone off to their dinner, and the street was very quiet when Billy's mother called to him. 'Stay here, Hetty,' he said, as he ran in; 'I won't be a moment.'

When he returned in a few minutes, Hetty was nowhere in sight. He looked up and down the street anxiously, and was running to call his mother, when he saw a patch of blue against the side of the house. He gave a gasp of terror. Hetty had climbed half-way up the long ladder, and was still climbing. What could he do? If he called her, he might frighten her, and make her fall.

Suddenly he closed his lips firmly, and with a very pale face took hold of the sides of the ladder, and began to climb after the little girl. He had to go slowly and carefully lest he should shake the ladder, but he got nearer to her with every step.

He had reached her at last, and putting his left arm around her he began the climb down. It was the worst part of his task. Hetty did not like being taken from off the ladder, and screamed and kicked. Poor Billy thought that now he really must fall, but he clung on bravely.

Hetty's screams brought her mother and Billy's mother out also, and when they saw what had happened they caught each other's hands and stood trembling. Then Hetty's mother stood close to the ladder, and as soon as she could reach her, she took the baby from poor Billy, and then his own mother caught him in her arms as he fell.

'My brave, brave boy!' she said, kissing him.

He opened his eyes wonderingly. 'Was I brave, mother? I couldn't let Hetty fall. Jack told me to look after her for him.'



“Poor Billy thought that now he really must fall.”



"The men good-naturedly made room for the new arrival."

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 183.)

CHAPTER III.

ROGER went up to his own room after the momentous interview with his uncle, and seated himself by the open window, with his elbows on the sill, his chin in his hands, and his eyes staring out across the garden and paddock to the haze of woods and blue hills beyond.

He had made up his mind now, once and for all, to go out to France and fetch Val home; but there were still plans to be decided upon and ways and means to be considered.

Roger Mervyn was fifteen and a half, and there was plenty of common sense and intelligence in his close-cropped dark head; but he was not tall as yet, and looked rather young for his age. Elderly people and strangers were inclined to treat him as if he were still a little boy, and it would never for a moment have occurred to Mr. Danvers that his nephew was capable not only of making his own arrangements for a journey, but of carrying them out unassisted.

Roger knew perfectly well that if his uncle knew of his scheme for leaving Monkton Ashe, he would forbid and probably prevent its being put into execution, so it was necessary to keep the whole affair a secret. He must get up to London first, and he believed that there was a train at midnight; so when the Rector and his wife had crossed the lawn on their way to church, he went down to the study and took the time-table from its place on a shelf.

'Monkton Ashe, 12.5 a.m.—Paddington, 5.30.' That would do quite well, for although it was a slow train and there was several changes, he would get to London in plenty of time; and then the boy sat down in his uncle's armchair and wondered how, having reached London, the second stage of his long journey could be managed.

Money was the first and most important consideration, for although, fortunately, he had enough for the fare to Paddington, there would not be more than a few pence left when once a third-class single ticket had been purchased. It was quite impossible to apply to Mr. Danvers or Aunt Minnie; and Dick and Robin Henley, the only friends in Monkton Ashe in whom he would have ventured to confide, were, he knew, no better off than himself.

Roger's only relation in London was a deaf and disagreeable old great-aunt, who certainly would not dream of helping him. If only he had been rich, like some of the boys at school!—and then, suddenly, a brilliant idea flashed into his mind.

Sam Wilbur, his friend, the red-haired American, who was always good-natured, was, moreover, the only son of a millionaire. Sam would be sure to lend him the money, and luckily he had the boy's address in his pocket-book, for he had promised to send him some Indian stamps for his collection.

Roger got out the time-table again and searched through its pages—yes, here it was, the Grosvenor Hotel, and as Sam had travelled a good bit, he would be able to provide not only money, but also advice as to the best means of reaching St. Denis-sur-Meuse.

The boy had great faith in his friend and did not

attempt to make any further plans. He would go up to town, find the Grosvenor Hotel, and then Sam Wilbur would tell him what to do.

Looking back upon it afterwards, Roger thought that that Sunday evening was the longest he had ever known, for when once he had packed his knapsack and hidden it away in a cupboard, there was nothing for it but to wait patiently until it was time to make a start. It seemed ages before his uncle and aunt returned from church, and then there came supper and an hour in the stuffy lamp-lit drawing-room, during which Aunt Minnie dozed over a book and Uncle Robert talked about the morrow's cricket match, cricket in general, and his own far-away school-days. The war and Val's journey home were not once mentioned, and Mr. Danvers was glad to see that his nephew, apparently, had forgotten his foolish fears and excitement.

'I will remember to write to Cook's to-morrow,' he said to himself, when Roger had bidden him good-night and gone up to bed. 'But really there is no need to do anything, and the boy seems quite to have recovered his spirits.'

And meanwhile, up in his own room, Roger was busily counting his money, changing his Sunday suit for everyday blue serge, and wondering whether it would be best to make his way out by the study door, which squeaked when you opened it, or by the pantry window.

Half an hour later the boy heard first his uncle and aunt, and then the servants, mount the stairs on their way to bed; but it was not until long past eleven that the house was quiet. Then he opened the door of his room noiselessly and stole out on to the dark landing with his boots in his hand and his knapsack strapped on to his shoulders.

His cheeks were hot and his heart beat quickly with excitement, for there was something delightfully adventurous about this midnight departure; and, as he crept down the stairs, which seemed to creak as they had never done before, he felt like the reckless hero out of some story book or picture play.

A gleam of light showed under the door of his uncle's bedroom on the first floor, and Roger stole past it, expecting every moment to be discovered, but he managed to reach the study in safety. There he paused for a minute and scribbled a little note, for he had suddenly remembered that Aunt Minnie must not be worried, and that she certainly would be if he disappeared without leaving a trace or word of explanation.

'Dear Uncle Robert, I have to go away, but will come home all right in a few days.—ROGER.'

That was all, for he did not dare to give a hint as to his plans or destination, and then he twisted the paper into a little cocked hat and put it under the big bronze letter-weight on the Rector's writing-table, where it would be quite certain to be seen.

This done, he opened the glass door carefully—it gave a squeak which seemed to bring his heart into his mouth, but there was no movement upstairs—and having blown out the candle which he had brought from his room, he put on his boots, laced them up, and set off down the drive.

So far so good, but it was later than he had intended, for the note to his uncle had delayed him, and the church clock struck twelve before he was half across the village-green. Only five minutes more, and it would never do to miss this train, for there was not another until past

eight in the morning. Roger tore up the long sloping road at a pace which was better even than the sprint with which he had won the half-mile, and dashed into the station just as the train steamed up to the platform.

He asked for his ticket to London in a breathless gasp, threw down the money which he had been carrying hot in his hand, and then, flinging himself out on to the platform, wrenched open the door of a third-class carriage which seemed to be crammed with sailors and their white canvas bags.

Every seat was occupied, but the men good-naturedly made room for the new arrival, and he found himself squeezed in between a couple of stalwart stokers, who greeted him with rough jokes and laughter.

'Hullo, young man! You seem to be in a bit of a hurry. Come along in. Here, you chaps, close up and make room for a little 'un.'

Roger's remembrances of that first part of his travels were always rather blurred and hazy, for he was tired out with the worry and excitement of the evening, and dozed fitfully, with his head sometimes on the hard leather cushions and sometimes on the broad blue serge shoulder of one or other of his neighbours.

There were three changes, and the men roused him when each came, for they were all on their way to London; but his memories were chiefly of a stuffy atmosphere, the smell of strong tobacco, and a continuous murmur of hoarse voices which every now and then broke into laughter or into snatches of comic songs.

The train was almost an hour late, for the traffic was disorganized in England on that momentous August night, but Roger had plenty of time to spare. He had decided not to present himself at the hotel before nine o'clock, or a quarter to nine at the earliest, so, after a cup of scalding coffee, and a rather unsatisfactory wash and brush-up, he set off to walk across Hyde Park to his destination.

It was not until he had actually reached the hotel and was looking up at the big portico, that a doubt as to the success of his errand crept into Roger's mind. What if Sam Wilbur should be out of London for the week-end? What if he should not have the necessary sum of money to hand? What if he should refuse to help in the adventure?

(Continued on page 196.)

TOM AND TOMKIN.

'IT'S a magic forest—I'm sure it is!' Tomkin drew a long breath, as he stared out of the bedroom window straight into the trees.

'Pooh!' Tom snorted. 'There's no such thing as magic, but it'll be a splendid place to play at desert islands and trappers—climbing trees, you know, and all that.'

'I can't climb very well.' Tomkin's voice was rather sad.

'Never mind—I'll help you,' Tom answered kindly, for he felt already very fond of this delicate little cousin, whom he had not seen until the night before.

Tomkin had just been sent back from India by his father to live with an aunt, whose home was in the very middle of the New Forest, and she had invited Tom to spend the holidays with her too.

Both boys had arrived quite late the night before, and it had been too dark to see anything, but Tomkin, waking very early, scrambled out of bed and ran

across to the open window. Pulling aside the blind, he looked out and saw the forest, close up to the house and all misty and lovely in the grey dawn.

Tom was still very sleepy when the younger boy waked him to look; perhaps that was why he laughed at Tomkin's ideas of magic. Presently he yawned and stretched himself. 'I'm going back to bed,' he said. 'It's only four o'clock.'

He crawled into his warm nest again, but Tomkin stayed by the window, gazing out into the forest. Suddenly, across an opening in the trees at some little distance, the little boy saw something moving—something big and grey—something very unexpected in an English wood.

'Wake up, quick, Tom!' Tomkin's voice was shaky with excitement. 'There are elephants out in the jungle!'

'Elephants!' Tom woke, and made one spring for the window. 'Oh, rubbish! I don't see anything.'

'It's gone now. But do you think I don't know an elephant?' Tomkin said, scornfully. 'Why I've seen hundreds—oh, look there!'

Across the clearing were moving now khaki-coloured, humped shapes.

'Camels!' Tomkin cried. 'Oh, Tom, it *must* be magic!'

'Rubbish!' Tom said again. 'It's only—oh, I don't know! Anyway, it's jolly exciting! I say, let's go out and stalk them!'

'Yes, let's!' Tomkin was quite as excited as Tom.

I am afraid that neither of the boys spent much time that morning in washing or brushing their hair. A quarter of an hour later they were running towards the opening in the trees where they had seen the wild animals pass. Nothing was visible now except a trampled path, and this the boys followed, until suddenly Tom stopped short.

'Listen!' he said.

'It's an elephant trumpeting!' Tomkin whispered, excitedly. 'We must crawl, so as to get near them without being seen.'

The two lay down flat in the bracken, and crept along until at last they reached a thickly-growing hedge of wild roses. Tom and Tomkin peeped through a gap, and gave a gasp of excitement.

'Oh!' said Tom.

'O-oh!' said Tomkin.

For what they saw was exactly like a coloured picture out of a fairy-story book. Under the trees, in a little grass-grown hollow, were a number of people, all fast asleep, although it was broad daylight. And all of them wore regular fairy-story dresses, with velvet cloaks and brightly-coloured long stockings and feathered caps.

'Those must be the King and Queen,' Tomkin whispered, pointing at two very grand people in red velvet and purple satin and gorgeous jewels. Both the King and Queen were snoring loudly, with their mouths wide open, and their faces looked very fat and red.

'Oh, and Tom—there's the Princess—the Sleeping Beauty!' Tomkin's pale face was flushed with excitement, as he pointed to a grassy bank, where a little girl lay curled up asleep, dressed in white and ermine, and with beautiful long golden hair.

'We must break the spell of the magic sleep,' Tomkin said.

'How shall we do it?' Tom whispered back.

'Why, the same way as the Prince, of course!' Tomkin answered. 'If we kiss the Princess, they'll all wake up at once and be happy.'



"She woke and sat up, rubbing her eyes and staring at the boys."

"Oh, I say, I won't! Boys don't kiss—it's so silly!"
 "If they're in fairy stories they do; and I will, any way."

Before Tom could say another word, his cousin was scrambling through the rose-hedge, tearing his holland

blouse and scratching his knees and hands. Next moment he had tiptoed to where the Princess lay, and, kneeling down, he kissed her shyly. In an instant, she woke and sat up, rubbing her eyes and staring at the boys.

(Continued on page 199.)

THE STORY OF SOME ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

By CONSTANCE M. FOOT.

III.—ORDERS OF CHIVALRY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.



EIGHT Orders of Chivalry have for long been established in the United Kingdom. The Most Noble Order of the Garter is undoubtedly the most illustrious as well as the most ancient; indeed, it has been fittingly called the 'World's Greatest Order,' for to wear it is the highest honour to which a man can attain, symbolising valour, virtue and courage, as Shakespeare reminds us in the following lines:

'When first the Order was ordained,
my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble
birth,

Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage.'

That the Order of the Garter was instituted at least as early as the middle of the fourteenth century is proved by an entry of 1348 in the Treasury accounts for 'twenty-four Garters to the knights of the Society of the Garter.' The most popular story is that it had its origin in a garter dropped at a court function, and restored by King Edward III., who exclaimed, as he did so, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' (evil be to him who evil thinks), this being forthwith made the motto of a new Order of Chivalry. But those who are authorities on these matters look upon this version as purely a romance.

There are some again who think that when Edward III. fixed upon a garter as the emblem of this Order, he possibly had in mind the legend that the forces of Richard I. (Cœur de Lion) when employed against Cyprus and Acre were inspired by St. George with renewed courage, by the device of tying about the legs of a chosen number of knights a leather thong or garter, 'that being thereby reminded of the honour of their enterprise they might be encouraged to redouble their efforts for victory.' If this be anything more than a legend we must suppose that the leathern thong became the ribbon of the Order which is numbered by kings amongst their honours.

The usually accepted theory, however, is that the foundation of the Garter was entirely due to a desire on the part of Edward III. to follow the example of the Knights of the Round Table. It was placed under the protection of God, the Virgin Mary, St. George of Cappadocia (the patron Saint of England), and St. Edward the Confessor, and its records still retain the names of the first twenty-five knights, including the King and the Black Prince—'Knights without reproach,' they were to be. Eight of them were 'lords,' the remaining fifteen being simply 'sirs.'

The number of the Knight-Companions is still twenty-five, this having been ordained by a statute dated June 28th, 1831. Extra knights, foreign rulers and dignitaries, are admitted by special statute, but the Prince of Wales is always a knight by right.

The power of conferring knighthood is limited to the sovereign, princes, to those acting under their authority, and to a very few other personages of exalted rank.

Nor is the Order limited to men—there are ladies of the Garter also, for just now and then illustrious ladies have been admitted to its ranks. Numbered amongst these in more recent times was Queen Victoria, who was its head by right of her position as Sovereign of the realm, and after her death it was conferred upon Queen Alexandra as Consort of King Edward VII., Queen Mary following in due course as Consort of King George V.

The Prelate of the Order is always the Bishop of Winchester, and the office of Registrar has always been held by the Dean of Windsor. Among the other official personages are the Chancellor, Garter King of Arms, and Usher of the Black Rod. We must find space to say a little about the two last named, for their offices are both ancient and historic.

The office of Garter King of Arms was created by Henry V., who, in honour of the Order, ordained that the holder should also be principal officer within the College of Arms, and chief of the Heralds.

Black Rod, whose office takes fifth rank, was instituted by the founder. He has charge of the Chapter House of the Order. He is also the principal officer of the



Star and Chain of the Order of the Garter.

House of Lords, and, in addition, holds the important post of 'Usher of the Black Rod' (so called from the black rod he carries in place of a mace). He attends upon the House of Lords and the Order of the Garter, and is the senior of the gentlemen ushers, who officiate monthly in turns, waiting nearest to the person of the sovereign, and being next in authority to the Lord Chamberlain and the Vice-Chamberlain.

When in 1910 the present Prince of Wales was invested with the insignia of the Order, the Garter service in St. George's Chapel, which had fallen into disuse for some centuries, was revived by command of King George. In accordance with ancient custom a grand procession was marshalled by the officers-of-arms

and led by the heralds and pursuivants, the battlemented towers of Windsor Castle making a beautiful background to the picturesque scene.

The knights in their dark blue velvet mantles, tunics of silver lace, and high-plumed hats, walked two and two, the King and Queen, wearing the same mantles and head-dress, bringing up the rear, their trains being borne by four pages of honour. After the royal knights, but distinguished from them by his three white feathers, walked the new knight—the Prince of Wales—who, in the Throne-room of the Castle, had just taken his knightly vows, the King himself having invested the Prince with each portion of the insignia, thus formally admitting him to the ranks of this noble Order of Chivalry.

From the Castle to St. George's Chapel the picturesque procession wound its way, disappearing through the West door into the choir of that old sacred building begun by Edward IV. and completed by Henry VIII., where are to be found the stalls of past and present knights, each with its banner waving proudly above it.

But to return to the story of the Order itself.

Before the reign of Henry VIII. it had no Collar belonging to it; this omission, however, dissatisfied the King, with the result that the present Collar of the Garter came into existence. It is of gold, and composed of twenty-six buckled garters with red and white roses in the centre of each, these being united by knots of gold. Hanging from it is the 'George'—an enamelled figure of the Saint on horseback fighting the dragon—which was added before the middle of the fifteenth century. The 'Lesser George' is the pendant attached to the dark 'Blue Ribbon of the Garter,' worn over the left shoulder.

There is, by-the-by, a story connected with why it is thus worn. In old pictures of Charles I. it will be seen that he is wearing the Garter ribbon round his neck, Charles II. being the first sovereign to slope it over the left shoulder. This King, having lived so long abroad, had grown accustomed to seeing the ribbons of foreign Orders thus worn, and set the fashion which has been followed ever since. The story goes that it first originated when Louis XIV. of France was a child of three. It was then the custom for a royal child, however young, to wear the ribbon of its country's Order round the neck. This particular child in playing one day with the ribbon put his arm through it. His father seeing this gave instructions that for the future the ribbon should be thus worn instead of round the neck—at any rate, that is the story.

At the old and stately ceremony which accompanied the installation of a new knight, his helmet, sword, crest, banner, and plate (the latter containing his arms and titles) were placed above his stall, to remain there, as a mark of honour, so long as he continued a member of the Order. Did he prove unfaithful to his knightly vows and commit any of the three 'unpardonable crimes—heresy, treason, cowardice,' he was to be forthwith struck off the Roll of the Order. Fortunately this rule has not often had to be carried out, comparatively few Knights of the Garter having suffered the penalty of 'degradation' in historic times—in fact, for the last two hundred years there have been none at all. Furthermore, there is no record of the displacement of the name of a living sovereign from the Roll of the Order until when, in May, 1915, the following order went forth from the College of Arms: 'The King, as sovereign of

the Order of the Garter, has given direction that the following names should be forthwith struck off the Roll of the Knights of the Order.' Eight names followed, among which were those of two Emperors and six reigning Princes. They were enemies, it is true, but this is not why they were 'degraded,' it was because they had committed the three 'unpardonable crimes of heresy'—by being false to the Christian principle of mercy and kindness; of 'treason'—in breaking the laws between nations; of 'cowardice'—in killing defenceless women and children. They had proved themselves unworthy knights, and it was no longer fitting that their banners should hang by those of their knightly companions.

We are glad to know, though, that the Garter has been worn in our time by great soldiers and great statesmen, but no prouder banner waves to-day in St. George's Chapel at Windsor than that of the most recent knight—Albert, King of the Belgians. The circumstances, too, under which the new knight was invested were both pathetic and tragic, for this took place in no royal castle, but upon the small portion of Belgian soil still left to its sovereign and within sound of the guns; here he stood and clasped hands with England's king, who had come to bestow upon this brave monarch its highest honour. King George himself placed the broad blue sash of the Garter across the weather-stained uniform of the new knight, handing him the insignia of the Order, with its symbol of St. George slaying the dragon. Never was the great Order more worthily bestowed, for here indeed was a knight 'without reproach,' who had dared much for the sake of honour.

(Concluded on page 195.)

CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 179.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

TO the children and Mrs. Chinna the hours after Chinna left them seemed at once far too long, and yet far too short. At one moment they felt that Chinna had been away for an incredible time; the next, that night was drawing near with terrible swiftness.

It was Mrs. Chinna who suggested a hunt for peahen's eggs, which helped to pass the time a little. But only one nest was found, and all the eggs it contained proved to be stale, save two. Mrs. Chinna put these aside to cook with what was left of the rice later. And then she set to work to hunt for edible roots, but in this the children could not help her, as they did not know which roots were fit to be eaten, and which were poisonous. They looked after the goat instead, for it was most necessary to see that she did not stray, not only for her own sake, but also because her milk was now of the greatest value.

The goat lay down to sleep after awhile, blinking contentedly as was her custom. She had forgotten the tigress already, and much approved of the plateau since there were no monkeys upon it to tease and chase her. And Brian began to practise again shooting at a mark with the spare bow and arrows, and to teach Nancy and Frederick to use the bow also. And Mrs. Chinna came

to watch them presently, her little face all twisted with anxiety.

'Very soon it will be dark, and still my man comes not,' she said. 'Indeed, it was not wisely done to defy the spirits.' And she looked at the children so wistfully that they all set to work to console her as best they could. And, by dwelling on Chinna's skill and courage, and on the fact that he himself had announced he might have to go a considerable distance, they succeeded in cheering her somewhat. And thus the day passed, its hours balanced between hope and an increasing anxiety.

It was the anxiety that predominated as the sun began to sink, and this was due partly to the fact that they were all so hungry by this time it was very difficult to feel cheerful. Mrs. Chinna, at last, decided to wait no longer for Chinna. And, when the goat had been milked with Nancy's help, she set to work to cook the remainder of the rice and the eggs; and also she roasted the roots she had dug up, they were thick and white, and tasted rather like chestnuts.

'Sometimes I make of these a kind of flour, and, from the flour, bread,' Mrs. Chinna explained, 'when there is no other meal to be obtained. But, alas! the little mill was left behind last night. Perchance I shall never grind it again.'

And, sighing deeply, she divided the food into five portions, the biggest of which she set aside for Chinna. But even the biggest was small, and, when the children had eaten their share, they still felt hungrier than was at all pleasant. They tried to make a game of it, however, and to pretend that they were really in a besieged fort, and had been placed on rations as the provisions were running out.

'And, if we were shipwrecked,' said Brian, 'we should think ourselves very lucky if we got as much as this. I've read about some people who were days and days in an open boat with nothing but their boots to chew.'

'I think I'd rather starve than eat boots,' said Nancy, as she looked at her own worn pair. They had been shabby when she left the bungalow, and were shabbier now since it was not possible to clean them properly, nor to polish them. Indeed, by this time all three children presented a somewhat dilapidated appearance. There were several rents in Frederick's garments, and Brian looked very funny with his yellow face and yellow hands. The dye showed no signs as yet of wearing off, though Mrs. Chinna assured him that in time it would do so.

The sun dropped behind the tree-tops presently, but still Chinna did not come, and now they all began to wonder if the tigress would come first, and to listen for that haunting, melancholy summons. And, presently, they crept within the shelter and crouched there still listening, and it was long before they slept. In consequence they woke very late, to find that Chinna was still absent, and also that the hunger of yesterday was as nothing to the hunger of to-day. The rice was finished, and Mrs. Chinna could find no more roots, though she grubbed busily for the best part of an hour. There was only the milk to drink, and milk is not very satisfying. They all envied the goat, who could feed to her heart's content, and wished that they, also, could make a meal of grass and leaves. Frederick was quite eager to try, and Nancy prevented him, only just in time, from cramming a handful of leaves into his mouth.

While Mrs. Chinna grubbed for roots, Brian wandered about the plateau with the bow and arrows, hoping that he might find something edible at which to shoot. He was very unhappy about Chinna, as unhappy almost as Mrs. Chinna, for, since it was he who had let the kid escape, he felt that he was in a sense responsible for all the trouble that had come upon the little man. And, as Chinna still failed to appear, Brian grew more and more restless, until he could stand the anxiety no longer; and throwing himself down beside Nancy, he began: 'Nancy, I just can't wait here and not even try to find out what has happened to Chinna. It's my fault partly that the villagers are angry. I'm awfully afraid that they have got hold of him again.'

'So am I,' Nancy admitted. 'And I do want to help too. But what can we do? We don't even know the way back to the clearing.'

'I know it,' said Brian. 'At least, I'm sure I could find my way there. I noticed ever so many things as we came to this place. There was a very white tree, and another with a big broken branch, and some queer-shaped rocks. Oh, and heaps of things. Chinna told me to look at everything and remember everything when I was with him in the forest. I could tell you all about this place with my eyes shut. Listen now.'

And, thereupon, Brian shut his eyes and described the plateau in such detail that it was quite clear he was not boasting only. And then he went on: 'It doesn't seem much use to look for Chinna in the clearing in a way, I know. I mean, that it doesn't seem likely that he'll be there. But we could find out, perhaps, if the villagers had been near the place, and if they had tried to recapture him or not. And I could take the bow and arrows, and I might see something which I could shoot. We must have more food, or we shall all starve.'

It was this last argument, perhaps, which helped to convince Nancy, and now there only remained Mrs. Chinna to persuade. The little woman declared vehemently that on no account would she, herself, return to the clearing. It was accursed of the spirits, she said. And Chinna, without doubt, was already beyond the help of man. Nevertheless, when she found she could not turn the children from their purpose, she did her best to assist them. She knew the track to the clearing well, and was able to add many details to those Brian had collected. And she advised him to chip a tree here and there with his axe, so that should he and Nancy wander from the right path, they might, at least, be able to find their way back to the fort.

It was a great disappointment to Frederick that he could not go with his brother and sister; but, as he could not walk as fast as could they, it would have caused too much delay to take him. He was somewhat comforted when he was told that he must take care of Mrs. Chinna, and he stood holding the latter's hand, and waving to Nancy and Brian as they disappeared down the steep path into the forest. They were like the people in stories, Frederick thought, who set out to conquer wicked demons. That they would succeed he never doubted, and fully expected that they would very shortly re-appear with Chinna in tow. And something to eat also, Frederick earnestly hoped, for by this time he was hungrier than he had ever been in all his short life hitherto.

(Continued on page 194.)



“Brian wandered about with the bow and arrows.”



“‘ Listen. There’s something moving quite close to us.’”

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 191.)

NANCY and Brian were not very confident of success, but the excitement of their quest helped them, at least, not to feel afraid. Full of importance, they crept along, Brian leading with the little axe in one hand, and the bow in the other, while Nancy carried the arrows. And they were so busy looking for the landmarks they must find that the road to the clearing seemed shorter than they had expected. They could just see the hut through the tree-trunks when Brian turned suddenly and caught hold of Nancy, and whispered, very softly: 'Listen, listen. There's something moving quite close to us. Can't you hear it?'

And Nancy, listening intently, heard a pecking and a scratching. And out on to the track, from beneath the undergrowth, strutted a jungle cock, so full of importance and conceit that he did not stop to be cautious—so occupied in contemplating his own magnificence that he did not see the two who were watching him so eagerly. And, quickly, Brian loosed an arrow, and then he and Nancy dashed forward triumphantly, for the jungle cock lay stretched upon the ground, dead ere he was aware of the death that threatened him.

It was a splendid moment, though Brian tried to appear as unconcerned as possible. He found himself, however, obliged to agree with Nancy when she asserted that such a jungle cock had never before been seen. And so happy did this success make them both that they went on towards the clearing almost sure that they would find Chinna; almost certain that no harm had befallen him, and the undisturbed condition of the hut and its contents served at first to reassure them further, as it had reassured Chinna himself.

'The villagers haven't been here any way,' said Brian. 'There's nothing missing. Except—he had suddenly remembered the venison also—'except the venison,' he added, and ran towards the tree in which it had been hung that he might look more closely.

And, as he did so, Nancy, who was scouting round the edge of the clearing, called out eagerly: 'Some one has been here, Brian, since the storm. Here's a quite new footprint at the beginning of the track that goes down to the lake.'

Brian had found footmarks also now beneath the tree; footmarks which went across the clearing to join that which Nancy had found; footmarks which Brian was certain belonged to Chinna. He had followed so often behind the little man in the forest that he was sure he could not be mistaken. And, all at once, it seemed to him he had found the solution of the whole mystery.

'Chinna's gone down to the lake to shoot duck,' he cried. 'He told me he did so, sometimes; at night. I expect he couldn't find any fresh game, and so he thought of the duck, and he's taken the venison with him. And there were the fish in the nets. He'd have remembered that as well. We'll go down towards the lake to meet him. I am glad we've found him again.'

And they both began to run towards the lake in eager haste, expecting to meet with Chinna every moment. Almost to the edge of the water they came, but there was no sign of the little hunter. But still his footsteps

went ahead of them to where the reeds grew thick in marshy ground.

And there—there amidst the marsh—the footsteps vanished. Vanished in a wide and miry circle, torn and trampled by the weight of half a hundred men. Clear and unmistakable were the signs of a struggle. Dumbly the earth bore witness to the wrong that had been done. There were specks of blood upon the reed tops, and a scrap of Chinna's waistcloth fluttered forlornly from a bush. And the children, as they looked, knew that there could be no doubt, no possible doubt, as to his fate. The little hunter was in the hands of his enemies once more.

CHAPTER XIX.

For a long moment Brian and Nancy stared at the trampled ground, the specks of blood, the scrap of cloth. And then they turned instinctively, and began to run towards the clearing as fast as possible, spurred by the thought of the tortures Chinna might already be enduring. They must get to Mrs. Chinna, they felt, as quickly as they could, that they might concoct with her some plan for the rescue of the little hunter.

'Red-hot iron,' Nancy gasped. 'And all his teeth knocked out. Oh, poor Chinna. Poor Chinna.'

'A bag of red pepper over his head,' Brian echoed. And then, both together, they cried, 'They shan't do it. They shan't do it.'

To the clearing they came, and through it they ran, and along the track which led to the fort, Brian carrying the jungle cock. He had remembered to blaze the trees as Mrs. Chinna had suggested, and the little white patches showed very clearly, and were of great assistance.

At the edge of the fort Mrs. Chinna and Frederick were waiting, keeping an eager watch. And there was a clamour of welcome as they caught sight of Nancy and Brian, and of the load Brian carried. But, as they came closer, and Mrs. Chinna could see how anxious and disturbed were their faces, her joy turned promptly to sorrow, and she broke into a loud wail.

'Ye bring bad news,' she mourned. 'My man is dead. My man; who was so great a hunter. There is no need to speak. I know it. I know it.'

'He isn't dead,' Nancy gasped; her head as she ascended the path was by this time just about on a level with Mrs. Chinna's, for the little woman had flung herself on the ground in order that she might weep freely. 'He isn't dead. At least, we hope he isn't. But the village people have carried him off, we're afraid. The ground's all trampled down close by the lake.'

'And Chinna's footsteps went as far as the place,' Brian added. 'And there was a bit of his waistcloth there. And now we've got to rescue him,' he ended, as he pulled himself up to the summit of the fort. The last few yards of the path were very steep.

Mrs. Chinna stared at Brian miserably, and plainly took no comfort from their last assertion. She ceased to wail after a little, but a dull despair settled like a cloud upon her face. She picked up the jungle cock and carried it to the fire. And, though she let Nancy help in the cooking, and seemed glad to have her near, she turned a deaf ear to all attempts at consolation. She had known what must happen, Mrs. Chinna told herself, from the moment Chinna had defied the great ones. His fate was surely sealed. What would become of the four of them without his strong protection?

she did not know, nor, at that moment, greatly care. But she instinctively recognised the fact that they must eat unless they wished to die soon of starvation, and went about her cooking in an unhappy silence.

But Mrs. Chinna's attitude in no way affected Nancy and Brian. They were still quite determined that Chinna could and should be rescued, but they were too hungry for the time being to think or plan clearly. When all the fowl had rapidly disappeared, they were better able to tackle the problem, and a very difficult problem they found it. One scheme after another they discussed, but each in turn proved clearly impossible.

'Shall we all go now to the village?' said Nancy, at last. 'Perhaps the villagers know more about white people than Chinna does. And, perhaps, they'll listen to us if we tell them we'll get them put in prison and punished if they harm him.'

'They might,' said Brian, but not very hopefully. 'But I think it's more likely they'd pay no attention, because they would think we were just children, and so didn't matter anyway. And, of course, they know they could prevent us going back to our own people, and telling what they had done.'

'It's a pity Chinna didn't teach us any spells,' said Frederick, with a sigh.

He was too young to fully understand the danger that threatened the little hunter, but he was as anxious to help as were Nancy and Brian. And he was quite convinced that a really strong spell would have proved a most powerful weapon, and one most amusing to wield.

'Spells aren't any use,' said Brian, rather crossly, because he felt so anxious. But, hardly had he said it, when he remembered that the villagers believed in spells quite as firmly as did Frederick. They had been quick to take himself for a spirit when he sat in the tree. They had been afraid then. Would it not be possible to make them afraid in the same fashion again? It was an idea that promised great things, Brian felt, and he at once began to enlarge on it.

'If the village people thought we were spirits, and not children,' he began, 'then, I do think, they might be frightened of us, perhaps. If we could creep very quietly into the village after dark, and show ourselves to them suddenly, they might be startled into letting Chinna go. And we could say some new misfortune would happen to them if they didn't release him. That we would send a tiger to kill them. Why, one of us might wear the tigerskin, and pretend to be a special tiger spirit.'

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THE STORY OF SOME ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

By CONSTANCE M. FOOT.

III.—ORDERS OF CHIVALRY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

(Concluded from page 190.)

SCOTLAND'S Order of Chivalry is the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle.

This Order, though called ancient, is not nearly as old as that of the Garter. It is said to have been originally founded by King Achaius, but the earliest known mention even of the thistle as the national badge of

Scotland is first found in an old inventory in the reign of James VII. of Scotland (II. of England), who evidently adopted it as a suitable illustration of the royal motto, 'In Defence.' Thistles are found, too, on the coins of James IV. and V. and on those of Mary and James VI., the last-named being accompanied for the first time by the motto, 'Nemo me impune lacessit' (no one annoys me with impunity).

But it was James II. of England who, in 1687, really instituted the Order of the Thistle, which he dedicated to St. Andrew—the patron saint of Scotland—supposed to be the same Andrew of whom we read in the New Testament. It is said that he suffered crucifixion and desired that his cross might be turned so as to form an X, not considering himself worthy to suffer death on the same shaped cross as that of his beloved Master. Tradition says that his remains were brought to Scotland in the eighth century, when the Scottish people took him as their patron saint.

In its original form the Order consisted of the Sovereign and eight Knight-Companions, but at the Revolution of 1688 it fell into abeyance, and it was not until 1703 that it was revived by Queen Anne, who ordained that the Knight-Companions were to be twelve instead of eight, this number being further increased by George IV. in 1827 to sixteen, at which it now stands.

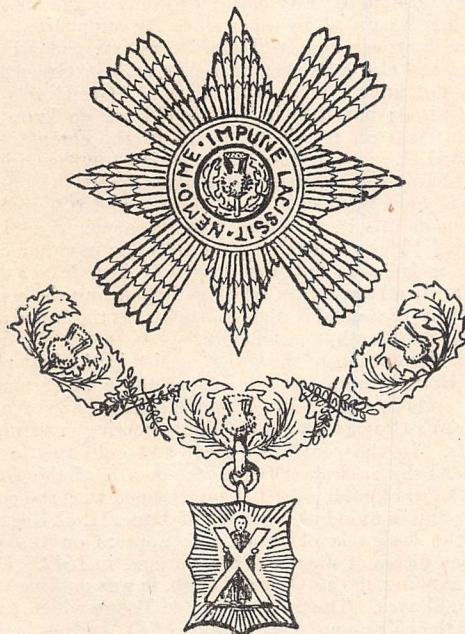
Knights of the Thistle had no official chapel until St. Giles', Edinburgh, was built; this was begun in 1909, and has been used by them since its completion. The Order, however, had its Dean, Secretary, and King of Arms, and also a Gentleman Usher, called 'Green Rod.' It is not known when the office of 'Lyon' was first constituted; but that it is very old we do know, for 'Lyon' was an important figure in the coronation of Richard II. in 1371. As King of Arms in the Order of the Thistle he is styled 'Lord Lyon,' and the office is always held by men of high birth, and oftentimes a nobleman fills it, in which case he appoints a 'Lion-depute.' There is no College of Heralds in either Scotland or Ireland; but 'Lyon King of Arms' lays down the law in all matters of heraldry, appointing the heralds—Albany, Ross, and Rothesay—as well as the pursuivants—Carrick, March, and Unicorn.

The decorations of the Order consist, in the first place, of a Star worn on the left side of the coat or mantle. It is embroidered in silver, and is in the shape of a St. Andrew's Cross, with rays of light shooting out from its points. In the centre is a green and gold thistle surrounded by a circle bearing the motto of the Order. The Collar of golden thistles intertwined with rue comes next; this is as old as the reign of James II. of England, but the design is older, as this appears on the gold bonnet pieces of James V. of Scotland in 1542. Until the founding of the Order, though, it was nothing more than a device. The gold enamelled Badge which hangs from the collar consists of a figure of St. Andrew bearing the X-shaped cross, and is surrounded by golden rays like a glory. When not suspended from the Collar, it is attached to a dark green ribbon slanting from the left shoulder and tied under the arm. Last of all comes the Jewel—an oval silver-plate bearing the same insignia and motto as the Badge. The mantles of the Order are of dark green velvet worn over a surcoat, &c., of cloth of silver.

The Sovereign, the royal Princes, and sixteen important Scottish noblemen constitute the Order of the Thistle.

Younger still is the Irish Order of Chivalry, the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick. This, when originally founded by George III. in 1783, consisted of the Sovereign, the Grand Master (the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for the time being) and fifteen knights, but upon its extension in 1833 the number was raised to twenty-two, which, together with the Lord-Lieutenant (its Grand Master), holds good to the present day.

As its name tells us, the Order is dedicated to St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland. Little is known of the life of this saint, even the date of his birth being uncertain, but his story is interesting. He was born either in Scotland or France, and was taken prisoner, when quite a boy, by pirates who conveyed him to Ireland and sold him as a slave. After many years of suffering and hardship he escaped to the sea and boarded a ship sailing for France, his passage being given him in exchange for work. Upon landing in France he set out to walk, and eventually reached Marseilles. Here, fortunately for him, he met the good Bishop Martin, with whom he lived for six years, eventually becoming a monk himself. He finally decided to return to Ireland and preach Christianity, which he did with such success that by the time of his death the whole of Ireland had become Christian. Legend says that St. Patrick used the clover leaf or shamrock as an illustration to teach the people the



The Star, Collar, and Badge of the Order of the Thistle.

meaning of the Holy Trinity, and that this is how the little green shamrock came to be used as the national badge.

The Chapel of the Order is the Cathedral of St. Patrick, Dublin, but its members, more like those of the Garter, are invested with great ceremony in St. Patrick's Hall of Dublin Castle, after which they are entitled to use the letters K.P.

The Collar of the Order is formed of roses (their leaves

being alternately red and white) and golden harps joined by knots of the same precious metal. The oval Badge or Jewel, also of gold, is encircled by a wreath of shamrocks, within which is a band of sky-blue enamel bearing the motto of the Order, 'Quis separabit?' (Who shall separate?), while again inside this band is to be



The Star, Collar, and Badge of the Order of St. Patrick.

found the cross of St. Patrick surmounted by a trefoil or shamrock bearing on each of its leaves an imperial crown.

The sky-blue ribbon of this Order is worn over the right shoulder and carries the Badge or Jewel. Last, but not least, comes the Star, differing from the Badge not only in being round instead of oval, but by having, in place of the shamrock leaf, eight silver rays, four of which are large and four small. This emblem is embroidered on the left side of the light blue velvet mantle worn over a doublet and trunk hose of white satin.

The King of Arms to the Order of St. Patrick is 'Ulster,' who has under him two heralds—Cork and Dublin—and a pursuivant called 'Athlone'; in common with the Garter, it has also an Usher of the Black Rod.

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 187.)

'REMEMBER, you must look after Val.' His father's voice seemed to mingle with the roar of the traffic, and with it ringing in his ears Roger mounted the steps, pushed open the door, and found himself confronted by a magnificent hall porter with a gold-laced cap, a red stripe down his trousers and a gleaming row of military medals on his breast.

'You wish to see Mr. Wilbur? Certainly, sir; this way, please,' and the boy, feeling very small and dusty, was escorted into an imposing lounge, where he waited in a large easy-chair while his guide gave sundry directions to a small but quite self-possessed messenger boy.



"He sprang to his feet and waved his piece of toast above his head."

Although it was still early the whole hotel seemed to be astir. People were going and coming, luggage was being carried to waiting taxis, and every one was buying, reading, or discussing the morning papers.

Roger's eyes wandered restlessly from side to side, but there was no sign of Sam to be seen, and he was beginning to feel nervous again, when some one said, 'Good morning, sir,' and he looked up into the face of

a tall, square-shouldered man who was gazing at him with a pair of very shrewd grey eyes.

'You wished to see me,' the new comer went on. 'May I ask to what I am indebted for the honour of this visit?'

Roger coloured and started to his feet, for he felt that this stranger was laughing at him, but he summoned up his courage and stiffened himself to his full height—which was not quite five feet.

'No, sir. I beg your pardon, but it's some mistake. I want to see a boy I know, who is staying here. His name is Sam Wilbur.'

A twinkle of amusement came into the other's eyes, and a smile twitched the corners of his mouth.

'Ah, I understand. It is my son that you wish to see—Sam Wilbur, Junior. He will be delighted, of course. Here, boy'—turning to the little page—'go and call my son. He is in the dining-room. Sit down, sir. Maybe, you are one of Sam's school friends at Hilborough?'

'Yes, we are in the same form,' Roger began. And then Sam appeared, in a loud-patterned tweed suit that would never have been allowed for a moment at Hilborough School, and with his red hair newly brushed and shining.

'Hello, Mervyn, old man, how are you?' he greeted his friend as casually as if the latter's unexpected arrival was the most natural thing in the world. 'Father, this is Mervyn, the chap who gave me those ripping Malay stamps.'

Mr. Wilbur bowed ceremoniously, in acknowledgment of the introduction.

'Pleased to meet you, Mr. Mervyn. Have you had breakfast yet, by the way? No? Then I hope you will join my son in the dining-room. I'm afraid I must be getting off now. My car is here. Good-bye' sir. So long, Sam. See you again to-morrow morning.'

Roger followed his friend to the dining-room willingly enough, for he had suddenly realised that he was terribly hungry, and the prospect of breakfast was extremely welcome. The cup of coffee at the station had not been very satisfying; he had eaten little supper in his excitement of the evening before, and he had, moreover, forgotten to take any food in his knapsack for the long night journey. Now he was quite ready to do justice to the porridge, bacon, eggs, tea, toast, and marmalade which seemed to appear on the table as if by magic, and during the meal he explained to Sam why he had come to London and what it was that he wanted.

The American boy listened eagerly, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, for he was reckless by nature, and always ready to be the ringleader in any wild freak or enterprise. Hitherto life in England had seemed very tame and commonplace, but here, at last, was an adventure quite to his taste.

'What a spree! Oh, Mervyn, what a perfectly ripping spree! To get out to France! And the war's begun there already! Why, it's like going to the Front! Don't I envy you, that's all. You will have the time of your life.'

'And the money?' Roger was determined not to lose sight of the main point at issue. 'Can you lend me the money for the journey? I've only got sixpence left, and there's no one else that I can ask for it.'

'The money—oh, that's all right. Yes, of course I can lend it. I've got heaps, and the Dad gave me a cheque only this morning. I'm off to Scotland to-morrow, you see, to stay with that chap, Graham-Campbell. We will get the cheque cashed, and buy your ticket directly after breakfast. The hall-porter will see to it for us, I expect, and he will tell you all about trains and boats. Mervyn, you are a lucky beggar. I'd simply give my ears to be going too.'

'I wish you were,' Roger replied fervently, for Sam's high spirits had encouraged him; and now, having finished breakfast and settled the all-important question

of money, the future looked far more rosy than it had done an hour ago. Sam Wilbur would certainly have been the most cheerful and amusing of travelling companions, for there was never any knowing what he would do next or what he would say. Now, instead of finishing his piece of toast, he suddenly sprang to his feet and waved it above his head with an exclamation that made many eyes turn in the direction of the little table where the two boys sat together. 'Gee-whiz! Why shouldn't I go? Oh, Mervyn, what an idea! Why ever didn't I think of it before? I'll chuck Scotland, wire to Graham-Campbell, and go out to France with you.'

CHAPTER IV.

ROGER MERVYN had never realised before that day what a great power money is in the world, but now that he had the Oil King's son as his confederate and companion, everything became easy. In less than an hour, with the help of the hall-porter, and, as it seemed to Roger, the entire staff of the hotel, tickets were bought, arrangements made, Sam's suit-case packed, and the millionaire's cheque changed into bundles of crisp notes and a little pile of French silver.

Then there was nothing to do but to wait until it was time for their train to leave, and the minutes seemed to pass very slowly to Roger, for he was feverishly eager to be started on his journey. Every newspaper that he glanced into increased his fears about Val, for it was evident that the war-cloud was gathering thickly on the frontiers of France, and St. Denis-sur-Meuse was far away to the north, near both to Germany and to Belgium. The boy read of how tourists were hastening homewards from all quarters, and he realised that, although money and a friend had been secured, his real troubles had not, as yet, even begun.

To tell the truth, moreover, Roger was not sure that Sam Wilbur, with his wild behaviour and reckless absurdities of speech, might not prove to be more of a hindrance than a help on the journey, for he seemed quite to lose sight of its object, and behaved as if the whole affair were only a glorious adventure which promised endless excitements and new experiences. He talked volubly to Roger in the lounge of the hotel about what they would do in France, and even suggested that they should travel in disguise, and take immediate steps to enlist in some army or another on their arrival.

Roger, more cautious by nature and with his anxieties about Val always in the background of his mind, was dismayed at his friend's foolishness, and did not breathe freely until they were at last safely ensconced in a first-class carriage with the knapsack and suit-case in the rack above their heads.

Even then he could not feel really safe, for Sam insisted upon discussing their plans, and at last attracted the attention and the displeasure of an irritable-looking old gentleman who, it appeared, was on his way to Folkestone to meet his wife and daughters.

'Going to France, are you?' he said, glaring at Sam over his newspaper. 'And what is your business in France, I should like to know? Let me tell you, young man, that children are not wanted out there in the present state of affairs, and the best thing you can do when we reach Folkestone is to turn round and go straight back to London. What your people can be thinking of to let you fool about in this way is more than I can understand.'

(Continued on page 204.)

TOM AND TOMKIN.

(Continued from page 188.)

WHO are you?' she asked the little girl. 'And why did you do that?'

'I—I wanted to break the spell . . . Tomkin said.

'S—sh!' the Princess whispered. 'Don't make a sound! Take me right away while they're all asleep—do, please! You must help me, because I've hurt my foot, and I can't walk on it a bit.'

Between them, the two boys almost carried the little girl a short distance into the forest, until they were quite hidden amongst the trees.

'You can put me down now,' the little girl said; 'and I'll tell you why I want to get away from those hateful, horrid people!'

'Do you mean the King and Queen?' Tomkin asked.

'They're not Kings or Queens or anything—just nasty, cruel old circus people. How I hate them!'

'But why was everybody asleep?' Tomkin asked.

'Because circuses have to travel all night,' the little girl explained. 'They start directly after the evening performance, so as to be somewhere else by the next afternoon. That makes everybody so frightfully tired, that they just sleep and sleep when they stop for a little to rest.'

'How did you come to be in the circus?' Tom asked, curiously.

'I—I ran away from Granny,' the little girl said, ashamedly. 'Mother had to go away with Father because he's ill, and Granny's so strict! So when the circus came I ran away to be one of the little girls who dance; I learnt all sorts of dances last winter in London. At first the circus people were quite kind; then, when I hurt my foot and couldn't dance, they got horrid, and—and I do so want to go back to Granny! I don't mind how strict she is!'

'Oh, I say, don't cry!' Tom said. 'What's your name, and where does your Granny live? Is it far from here?'

'Only about s-six m-miles!' sobbed the little girl. 'Along that road—I saw it on a sign-post—and my name's Meg—Meg Meredith. But I can't walk—I can't walk a bit!'

'We will carry you,' Tom said, cheerfully.

'You couldn't—all the way. And directly they wake up they'll come after me, and t-take me b-back. It's no good, unless—' suddenly Meg sat up and left off crying. 'I know!' she cried. 'I've got a splendid idea! Pompey will take us!'

'Who's Pompey?' Tom and Tomkin asked together.

'He's the biggest elephant in the circus, and he likes me awfully, because I give him things to eat, and he'll do anything I tell him. We'll ride on Pompey, all three of us, and go home to Granny.'

'Oh, I say! What a splendid idea!' Tom jumped up excitedly. 'Where is he?'

'Over there, with the other beasts, behind the rose-hedge. He's tied up by the ankles, and we must unfasten him without anybody hearing us. We'll have to creep there very, very softly.'

With Meg leading the way, the three crawled through the grass and bracken to where, over the top of the hedge, they could see the heads of animals—great grey, sleepy-eyed elephants and sulky-looking camels. As they came nearer, the boys could see that

all the beasts were tethered quite close together, and that several rough-looking men were sleeping beside them, with their heads resting on their arms.

The little girl crawled up to Pompey on her hands and knees and Tom and Tomkin followed. The big elephant was tied by cords round two of his feet to stakes driven into the ground. Meg set to work on the front foot and Tom on the back one, but it was a long time before they could unfasten the knots, with Pompey swinging his trunk and gently prodding them with the tip of it. At last he was loose, and Meg scrambled up and stood just in front of the huge animal.

'Pick me up, Pompey!' she said.

At once the elephant slipped his trunk round the little girl's waist and lifted her up on to his neck. Holding tightly to the big ear, she leant forward. 'Now, you two!' she whispered, and Tom came forward and stood in front of the elephant, setting his teeth and trying not to show that he was quite cold with fear. It was a horrible moment when he felt himself being lifted from the ground, but he shut his eyes tightly and next instant found himself safely beside Meg.

Tomkin came up very bravely; he had seen more of elephants than his elder cousin. So there they were, all three, on the creature's huge back, clinging to the broad strap which went right round his body, just below the neck.

Then Meg pulled the elephant's right ear, and whispered as loudly as she dared: 'Go on, Pompey, go on!'

At first, the big beast stood still, slowly swinging his trunk to and fro. Then he moved forward one huge foot.

'Go on, Pompey!' Meg said again.

For a moment longer the elephant waited, then swerved round and began to move, scrunching over the twigs and dry bracken.

'He can't help making a noise, his feet are so big!' Meg whispered. 'I'm frightfully afraid that some of them will wake.'

At first it seemed as though the circus people were sleeping too soundly to be disturbed, even by Pompey's footsteps. The three children clung on, holding their breath with excitement, with Meg steering their strange steed by the ear into the wide, grassy path which she knew led home.

And then, just when they really thought that they were safe, an awful thing happened. Perhaps Pompey thought that he ought to say good-bye to his companions, perhaps it was pleasure in starting for a walk. Anyhow, all of a sudden he threw up his trunk and gave a great trumpet. At once another elephant answered him, a horse neighed, and the camels began to grunt in their disagreeable way.

'Oh, it's no good trying to be quiet!' Meg cried. 'They'll all wake up now; yes, just look!'

From their high-up seats the three could see what was happening inside the rose-hedge. All the circus people were rolling over, rubbing their eyes, sitting up and looking round to see what the noise was about. It was in vain that Meg tried to hurry the elephant out of sight; Signore Carlo, the Circus King, saw them jogging along the path, and gave a shout of anger:

'See, it is Pompey! He is escaping! Go after him at once!' he shrieked, scrambling to his feet, and then all the others began calling to each other, and untethering horses, and running to and fro.

(Concluded on page 202.)



"He felt himself being lifted from the ground."



“‘‘Have you hurt yourself, Kiddie?’’

TOM AND TOMKIN.

(Concluded from page 199.)

ALL this took time, and in that time the elephant and his riders were getting farther and farther away. For an elephant can walk faster than some other animals can run.

At first Pompey seemed inclined just to stroll along and pick flowers and bits of bushes, but presently Meg's twitches at his ears and the boys' shouts and 'Gee-ups!' seemed rather to excite him and he began to go much faster. If it had not been for the broad collar or belt, all the children would probably have fallen off; as it was, the boys nearly slipped several times, but they managed to keep on somehow, as the elephant went on —bumpity-bump! bumpity-bump!

'They're—coming—after us!' Tom gasped, as he heard the clatter of hoofs in the distance.

'Go on, Pompey; oh, do go on!' Meg cried, twitching harder than ever at the elephant's leathery ear.

'Gee-up! gee-up!' Tom shouted, kicking with his heels, whilst Tomkin used words in Hindustanee, in case that should be Pompey's native language.

The big elephant seemed at last to understand, and presently he was really galloping, in a way which seemed to shake loose all the teeth in the children's heads. On and on they went, until presently they were out of the forest and pounding along a white, dusty road. But now Pompey seemed to get tired; he went slower and slower, until presently he was only walking again.

Behind them the noise of hoofs grew louder, and looking back, Tom saw two of the circus people on black-and-white piebald ponies. And every moment they got nearer and nearer.

'They're catching us up!' Meg sobbed. 'They'll t-take me back!'

'They shan't—I promise they shan't!' Tom said; but the little girl refused to be comforted.

'How can you stop it?' she said. 'They *will* catch us!'

'Perhaps Pompey won't go back,' Tom suggested.

'Oh, yes, he will; elephants are most dreadfully obedient; he will do just what they tell him. Oh, I'm so frightened!'

'Is it far to your Granny's?' Tomkin asked.

'N-not far now, but they'll c-catch us before we get there,' Meg answered shakily. 'Oh, Pompey's stopping—he's going slower—oh, what shall we do?'

Then suddenly Tomkin thought of a plan. He didn't really want to do it a bit, but he could not see any other way, and there was no time to do any more thinking. He began slithering along towards the elephant's tail. 'I'm just going to get down and stop them,' he said. 'You make Pompey go on, as fast as ever you can, and—o-oh!'

He was obliged to stop talking, because, at that moment, he began sliding down the elephant, and next instant found himself in a heap on the dusty road.

Fortunately Pompey had been going quite slowly, or Tomkin might have been badly hurt. As it was, he lay there feeling bruised and dazed, until he heard the two ponies clatter up and one of the men jumped off and leant over him. 'Have you hurt yourself, kiddie?' he asked.

Tomkin sat up and thought. 'N-no, I don't think so,' he said.

'Serve you right if you had, running off with the elephant like that, you young rascals! Here, Josh, we must get on after 'em!'

'Oh, please don't!' Tomkin scrambled up and clutched at the man's sleeve. 'Let Meg go to her Granny; she doesn't want to come back to the circus!'

'I don't wonder; she never ought to have come; but the Boss'll half kill us if we don't take back that there elephant.'

'You may have Pompey directly,' Tomkin told them eagerly. 'We only took him because Meg couldn't walk. That's what I got off to tell you; we were so afraid Pompey would turn round and go back.'

The men looked at each other and laughed.

'Plucky little beggar, ain't he, Bill?' said Josh. 'Well, what d'you say? The Boss don't really want the little girl, specially now she's hurt her foot. I think he was just keeping her because he thought there might be some reward offered. We can easily say she got away, and he will be satisfied as long as he gets back Pompey safe and sound.'

'Yes, that's right!' the other man agreed.

'Well, you'd better get up in front of me, little one,' Josh said, 'and we'll ride on and see what the rest of the menagerie is doing.'

They soon came in sight of the elephant lumbering along, and Tomkin could see that Meg and Tom were doing their best to make him go faster. He waved his hand and shouted: 'You needn't bother, it's all right!'

So then Meg and Tom stopped trying to make the elephant hurry and let the two circus ponies come up, one on each side. They had just reached the first houses of the village where Meg's grandmother lived, and they went along the cobbled street in a funny little procession. When they reached the big iron gates of a big red house, they went through them, too, and up to the gravelled space in front of the steps.

Somebody inside heard the crunching and scuffling of the elephant's feet and the horses' hoofs, and she came out on to the steps—a tall, handsome, severe-looking old lady, who did not seem as though she had slept all night.

When she saw the elephant and the ponies, which no one would expect to find in their front gardens, she looked very much surprised; when she saw Meg, she looked as if she were going to cry and laugh both at the same time. 'Oh, Meg, my little Meg!' she exclaimed. 'How very, very glad I am to see you safe!'

Then Meg seemed quite to forget that she had ever been afraid of her grandmother. She slithered right down from Pompey's back into her arms and clung round her neck, crying: 'Oh, Granny, I'm so sorry I ran away. I never, never will again, if you'll only call me Meg, always, like that!'

After Tom and Tomkin had been thanked, and given gingerbread and milk, and after Bill and Josh had received five shillings each, and Pompey a great stick of rhubarb, the two men took the two boys on their ponies and rode with them back to their aunt's house before returning to the circus with Pompey.

There was no one in the garden as they raced up the path, but their aunt met them in the door of the dining-room. 'Breakfast is just ready, my dears!' she said. 'Have you had a nice game in the forest?'

Tom and Tomkin looked at each other. 'Ra-ther!' they both said together.

V. M. METHLEY.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SPICE TRADE.

VI.—THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.—CARAWAY
AND SPIKENARD.

IN this article I draw my series to a close, and as I do so I want to tell you a little more of the work of the East India Company.

The Company seems to have devoted its chief attention to mainland trade in the East, but there are quaint instructions in existence with regard to trade in spices in the Spice Islands. Sir James Lancaster was in charge of the first expedition which was sent out by the Company, and, when he was leaving the East, he left certain agents to look after the purchase of various merchandise, and he wrote the following instructions for their guidance: 'And when God shall send you to Banda, take a house or houses for your business as you shall think fit for the Company's best profit, and make sale of your commodities, always advancing the price the best you may. In your provision you shall make in nutmegs and maces, have a great care to receive such as be good, for the smallest and rotten nutmegs be worth nothing at home, so that their freight and principal [cost-price] will be lost. Of maces the fairest and best will be soonest sold and to best reckonings. Also be careful to get together all the cloves you can, and use all diligence to procure some sixty or eighty tons at the least and the rest of nutmegs and maces.' You see they evidently exchanged articles for spices, which is the meaning of 'make sale of your commodities,' and they were instructed to make the best terms they could, 'always advancing the price the best you may.'

Later, James I. claimed a large share of the pepper brought home by the Company, and he also tried to insist on its being sold for him at 'top prices.' There were many letters about it, and eventually a settlement was arrived at. Later again, James allowed other adventurers to take out expeditions to the East, and this upset the Company much, you may be sure, for they had had it all their own way up to then. They had made huge profits. Here is an example: A ship brought back such a wonderful cargo of spices that each man who had contributed 100*l.* towards the expense got back 340*l.*! Was not that fine profit? Here are the prices at which spices were bought and sold: Pepper was bought for twopence-halfpenny and sold for one shilling and eightpence a pound; cloves bought for ninepence, sold for five shillings a pound; nutmegs bought for fourpence, sold for three shillings a pound; and mace, costing eightpence a pound, sold for six shillings.

All went well until 1623, when there was a massacre of the Company's agents in the island of Amboyna. This caused the affairs of the Company to be much talked about, and, their great profits getting known, others got together expeditions, and the palmy days for the Company were over.

So as time went on spices lost their high standing among the merchandise of the day, for they became much cheaper. But when you taste the characteristic flavour of cloves in your apple-pie, or you catch the spicy scent of nutmeg from your milk-pudding, or you note the warming effect of pepper in your savoury, try to remember all the romance that lies buried in their history, and try to picture the fair lands where they are still grown in much the same circumstances as of old.

Now I must finish up all I have to tell you about the

spices themselves. These are just the last of that long list of spices which I gave you in my first article.

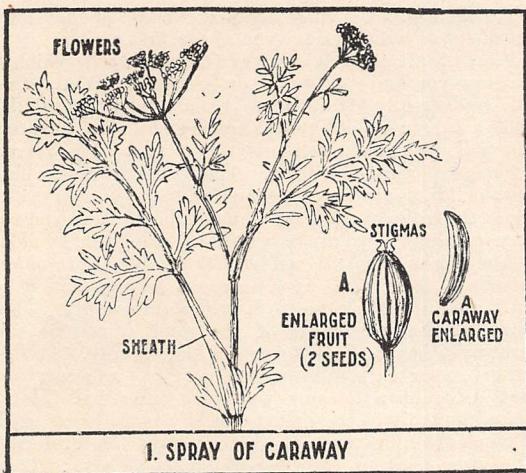
First of all, there is caraway (*Carum carvi*), which I am sure you know either on or in cakes. Well, caraway seeds (really 'fruits') are from a plant very like fool's parsley; its differences are so small that I cannot here make you able to recognise them. In fig. 1 you have a general picture of a sprig. The leaves are finely cut, and the flowers are very small and white or pinkish. At A, I give the fruits of one flower much enlarged, and you see they are simply two caraway seeds standing side by side.

Another spice mentioned was coriander (*Coriandrum sativum*). This plant is a native of Europe, and it is cultivated in Britain, where it grows quite easily. This plant is also a member of the same family as the caraway—that is, *Umbelliferae*—a huge family. I shall not give a sketch because it is so very like the caraway that I could not show you the difference. Here, again, the fruits, or so-called 'seeds,' are the parts used in much the same ways as the caraway. In Professor Henslow's book on *The Uses of Plants* he says: 'It is recommended in a receipt of the fourteenth century for "red pimples." Neither the caraway nor the coriander grow wild in England, but they are often found in waste places, having "escaped" from cultivation—that is, the seeds have somehow got carried there and have taken root.'

Next there is spikenard, which is spoken of as a spice. You will remember it was mentioned in Scripture in these words: 'Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus.' This ointment was very costly because it was made from a plant grown on the Himalayas, mountains of India which were very distant and difficult for travellers. In fig. 2, I show you a drawing of a plant; it is very curious, for its long main root and the branches which spring from its crown are all covered with quantities of shaggy brown hairs. Green stems spring from the tops of the shaggy branches, which carry long slender leaves, very like those of forget-me-nots. These leaves are very hairy, and have three main veins. The clusters of pinky-mauve flowers are carried in rosettes of tiny leaves. The whole plant is only a few inches high. It is a member of the Valerian family, and the flowers are one-sided, like their relations, but have no spur. A is a leaf and B and C are two views of a flower. My sketches are taken from a drawing at the Natural History Museum, and are produced by permission. I think this plant is one of the quaintest I know; the shaggy hairs are so curious. The ointment was made from the stems, and a stimulant medicine was also made from this plant. Its proper name is *Nardostachys Jatamansi*, and it is sometimes known as Nard.

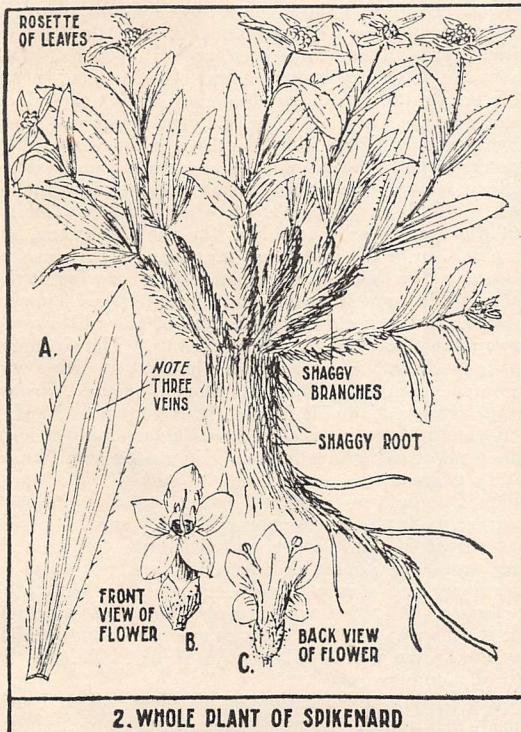
My last illustration is of gall oak (*Quercus infectoria*). This form of oak grows in Asia Minor as a small bush, not as a great tree as we know the oak! The sprig which I show you in fig. 3 might, to the ordinary observer, be from the common oak, but you will notice that the acorns are longer and the cups very round. The leaves are almost ordinary, but are not quite so irregularly cut, nor so deeply cut, and the leaf-stalks are longer. At A, I show a gall, or oak-apple as we often call it. You will note it is not so smooth as ours, which are like brown marbles, I always think! This is the gall of commerce.

This, I think, finishes the list of spices which I originally mentioned. Some of them, I suppose, are quite



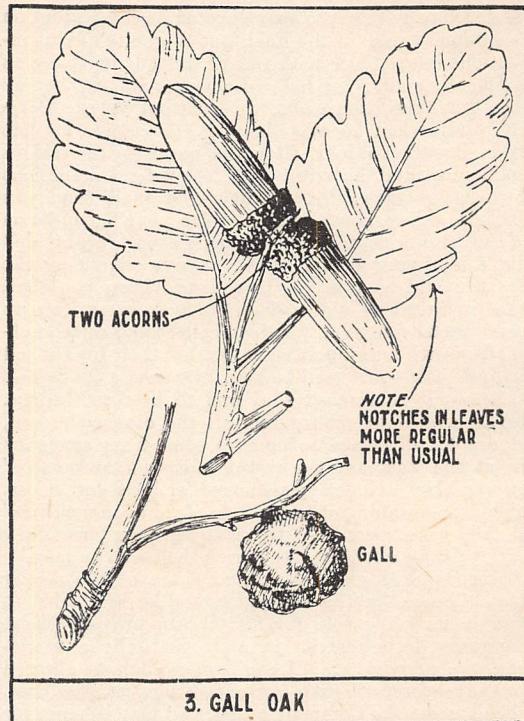
1. SPRAY OF CARAWAY

out of date, but things often go out of fashion, and, then, years and years after, they crop up again, and are thought to be new discoveries! Several of the spices I have mentioned were quite unknown to me till I looked them up for you, but my mother remembered that they were used when she was young. So it is with flavourings now used: desiccated cocoanut, for instance, was unknown a few years ago, yet to-day it is a common flavouring for cakes and buns. The sultana is another case which occurs to me at the moment; sixty or seventy years ago it was almost unknown, but now it threatens to take the place of the



2. WHOLE PLANT OF SPIKENARD

raisin! Thus, different times, different customs! Perhaps when you are old men and women you will look back and say, 'Ah! when I was young we used to have so-and-so, but now there is some new-fangled thing instead!' But I hope you will not be too obstinate, and declare that the old things were always the best.



3. GALL OAK

Well, although many of the spices have gone out of use, I hope you have found it interesting to hear about them, and that as you meet them in the future you will remember all the romance which has been connected with the trade in the past, and how, though small commodities, they have brought great riches to the country and have been the objects which were sought by many of the world's greatest heroes and explorers.

E. M. BARLOW.

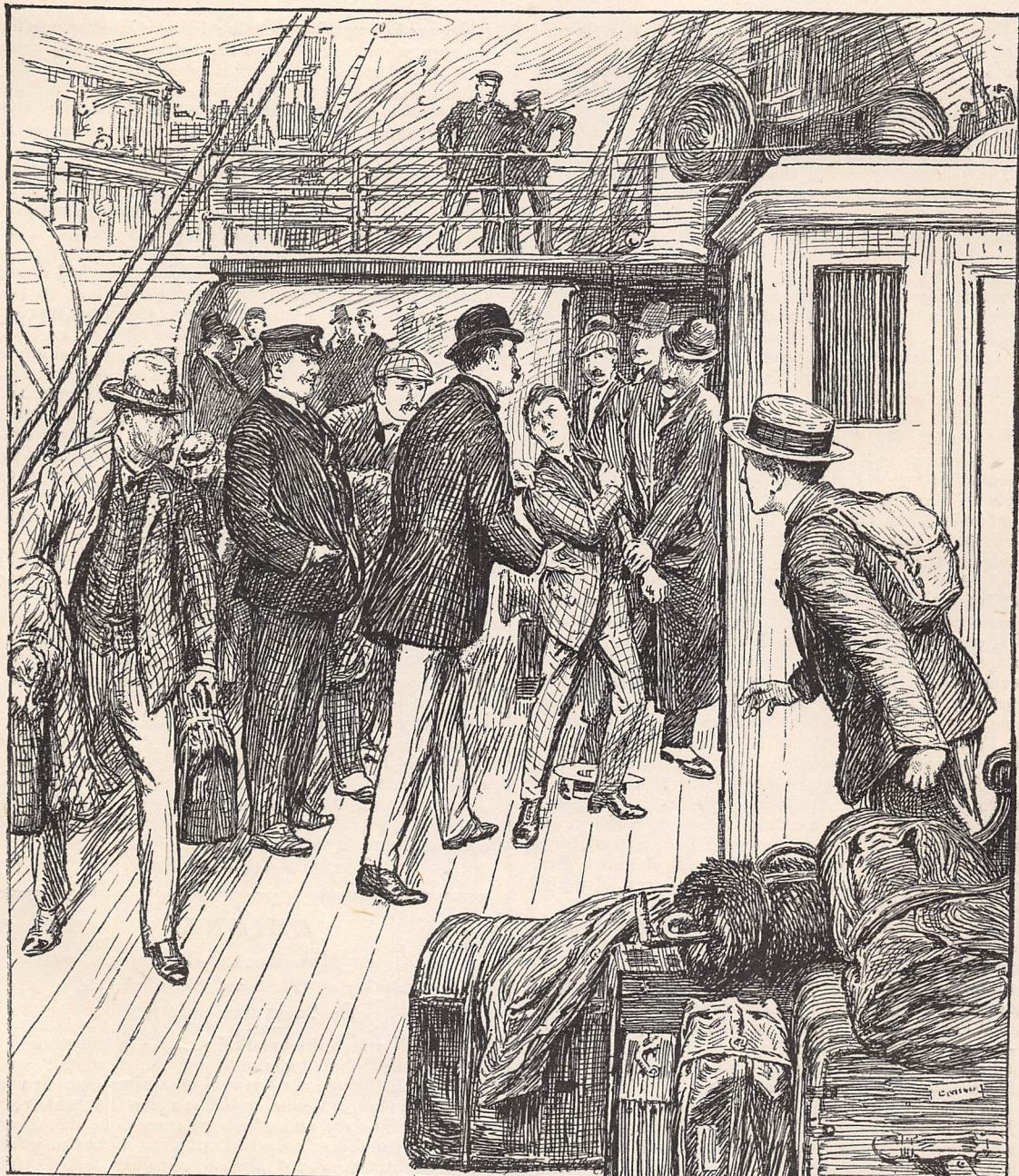
WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 198.)

ROGER leaned back in his corner of the carriage, trying to make himself look as small and as inoffensive as possible, but Sam's blood was up, and he was soon engaged in a furious dispute with the stranger, in the course of which he announced that he was American and not English; that America was a free country; and that his father, Sam Wilbur, of New York, knew better than to attempt to interfere with his son's movements.

'Shut up, Sam—don't be such a fool.' Roger forgot even his manners and his gratitude in his desire to silence his friend and to make peace; but happily at that moment the train steamed into Folkestone station, and it was time to get out.



"Roger saw Sam make a desperate struggle for freedom."

The two boys had left London earlier than was necessary, for they had both been eager to embark on their adventure, and now they spent the spare hour or so before the departure of the boat in a stroll on the Leas and lunch at a hotel, where they caught a glimpse of their late fellow-traveller scolding his newly-arrived wife and daughters. Sam showed signs of wishing to renew the quarrel, but Roger managed to pacify him, as

the American was in a hurry to finish lunch, and had thought of all sorts of things that he wanted to buy.

"We ought to have revolvers," he said; "or at any rate, daggers of some sort. It is foolish to be unarmed when there is a war on; and then we have no field-glasses, electric torches, cameras, or provisions."

They went out later on into the narrow, picturesque streets of the town, but did not meet with much success,

as many of the shops were closed. Sam complained loudly about the absurdity of English Bank-holidays, but in the end they managed to purchase a couple of large clasp-knives—bowie-knives he called them—a large and very expensive torch, and a stock of cakes and fruit for refreshment on the short voyage.

The pier was crowded that August afternoon with people who had gathered to see the boat start, for there were many summer visitors in Folkestone, and although bands were playing and the sky was clear overhead, they seemed to have little zest or inclination for amusement.

Roger was very glad to get safely on board the steamer, for he still had a dread—a presentiment, almost—that something would happen to upset his plans. Having reached the deck he went forward a little way and seated himself behind a large pile of luggage. 'Let's stick here, out of sight, till the boat has started,' he proposed.

But Sam did not share his friend's fears, and had no intention of missing any of the bustle and excitement of departure. 'Why on earth should we hide?' he demanded; 'we're not stowaways, and we have as much right to be on this packet as any one else.' He thrust his hand into his pocket and dragged out the little green book of tickets. 'Here are our tickets, and we have paid for them, and I'd like to see any one try to stop me.' And then he joined a group of men who were talking together, and his high voice, asking innumerable questions, made itself heard from time to time.

Roger watched and listened uneasily, for he and his friend seemed to be the only boys on the ship, and several people had already eyed them with surprise and curiosity. He remembered the speech of the disagreeable man in the train about children not being wanted in France; and wished heartily that Sam would not make himself so conspicuous. In the little world of school life, with its monotonous daily routine and its narrow horizons, the American boy's quaint speech and unexpectedness had been attractive and refreshing; but here, in public, English Roger could have wished for a more commonplace companion, although, of course, Sam was an awfully good sort and had behaved jolly well about the money.

'I expect it will be all right when once we get off,' he said to himself. But while the thought was still in his mind, he caught sight of a man who hurried along the landing-stage, spoke to a sailor, and then made his way across the gangway on to the steamer's deck, where he stood looking round eagerly, as if in search of something—or some one. He came close to the place where Roger had stationed himself, and addressed one of the ship's officers who stood near by, in a low, hurried voice. 'I have come after an American boy who is on this boat,' he said. 'Mr. Sam Wilbur's son. My orders are to take him back to London. Have you seen anything of him, sir?'—and then, before an answer could be given, and while Roger was wondering how he could slip through the crowd and warn his friend, the newcomer caught sight of Sam's glowing red head in the distance.

'Ah, there he is. I will get him, you needn't bother,' he cried, and Roger, coming out now recklessly from behind his barricade of luggage, saw Sam captured, make a desperate struggle for freedom, and finally submit to being led away, with crimson cheeks, tousled hair, and a very bad grace, across the gang-plank and on to the landing-stage beyond.

He could do nothing to help; for any interference, he felt sure, would only lead to his own capture, and then what would happen to Val? Roger clung to the railing, expecting every moment to feel a heavy hand laid on his shoulder, and stared with wide horrified eyes at the scene on shore, where poor Sam was now the centre of an amused and interested crowd.

Some late passengers arrived upon the landing-stage and mingled with the throng. Roger noticed one of them, a tall, lanky young man in rough tweeds, and saw that he stopped for a moment to speak to Sam's captor before he boarded the steamer.

And now, at last, the moment of departure had come, and the boat was drawing away from the wharf to the accompaniment of a burst of cheering, and the waving of many white pocket-handkerchiefs. Roger waved his own, hoping that, perhaps, Sam would see it, and know that he was not forgotten; but the American boy and his companion had disappeared, and the crowd who had laughed at his sorry plight were beginning to disperse.

Poor old Sam! so that was the end of his adventure. Roger pitied his friend, but he could not help rejoicing at his own escape; and then, suddenly, there swept over him the realisation of what this last unexpected turn of events meant. Sam Wilbur was gone, left behind hopelessly, and with him was the well-filled purse and the packet of tickets; while he, Roger Mervyn, had started on the voyage to France with only sixpence halfpenny of English money in his pocket.

He flung himself forward, leaning over the rail with his eyes gazing wildly across the widening space of water that divided the ship from the shore; and then a hand touched his shoulder and a voice said, 'Well, young man, and what is your name?'

Roger twisted round, freeing himself with a jerk, and leaned back, away from the speaker, with something of the fierce defiance of a trapped wild animal in his face and attitude. 'What's that got to do with you?' he demanded, and then stopped, for the man who had accosted him was the passenger in the tweed suit who had come on board at the last moment.

(Continued on page 213.)

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 195.)

BRIAN was quite breathless with excitement as he finished speaking, and Nancy and Frederick, who had been listening intently, were breathless also. It was a splendid plan, it seemed to them; a plan that held every promise of success, and which possessed one drawback only. It could not be carried out until night came, for, in daylight, it would almost certainly fail. And, meanwhile, Chinna must remain in his captors' hands; and, already, he had been in their power for a considerable time. And, quickly, the children ran to Mrs. Chinna, who was sitting apart, wrapped in gloom, to ask her how long she thought the villagers would wait before they decidedly finally that Chinna had failed to charm the sickness away.

'A day or two perchance,' Mrs. Chinna answered. 'For, since they have believed him very powerful hitherto, they will not act too hastily. But the sickness

'will not stop,' she added. She evidently supposed that the children were hoping this would happen. 'It will not stop,' she repeated mournfully. 'The spirits are angry, and therefore they will not help.'

'But we will help,' said Nancy and Brian and Frederick together, and so forcefully that the dull despair of Mrs. Chinna's face was lightened by a gleam of hope. Moreover, the fact that she also was no longer hungry, made it easier for her to feel more cheerful. And the gleam brightened steadily as the children explained their plan to her at length. And, after a while, she actually began to think they might succeed, and a smile came twinkling into her eyes.

'Did not my man say ye were luck-bringers,' she declared shrilly. 'Did he not say ye might bring good fortune even now? O, foolish that I am, I had forgotten. Without doubt ye will save him.'

'To wear the skin of the tiger, that will be good,' she went on, her voice rising higher and higher in joyful little squeals. 'And there is the skin of a barking deer also, and the skin of a snake, shot some time since. Oh, in truth, ye will be a strange and fear-inspiring company.'

CHAPTER XX.

THE day had already turned to afternoon, and both Mrs. Chinna and the children were agreed it would be best to start for the lake-edge immediately that they might make such preparations as were needful while yet the light lasted. Mrs. Chinna still affirmed that go through the clearing she could not, and would not. But she was willing to skirt it with her eyes turned resolutely in the opposite direction, while the children fetched the tiger-skin and the snake-skin, which she told them they would find beneath the thatch of the hut. The deer-skin also they brought, but, when they held a dress rehearsal beside the lake, it was decided that this last was not suitable for their purpose. It was both too small and too stiff. And Mrs. Chinna thereupon washed Nancy's white dress, and spread it to dry, and maintained that, clad in white and with her white face, Nancy would look quite sufficiently spirit-like.

'Speak to the village people in a very lordly fashion,' Mrs. Chinna counselled. 'Order them most haughtily to let my man go. And point to these—and she pointed to Brian and Frederick—and say, "Behold my servants who do my bidding."

And, as Nancy looked at Brian and Frederick, she could not but hope that the villagers would be thoroughly frightened. The snake-skin had once covered a huge rock python, and now enwrapped Frederick closely, the flat head resting on his forehead; and Brian, in the tiger-skin, was a most imposing sight. But, as it was less supple than the snake-skin, and his own clothes were rather apt to show in a disconcerting fashion, Brian decided to dress himself as he was dressed on the day of the tiger hunt, as he would thus match better with the tints of the skin. It did not take long to fetch the cloth from the hut. And, meanwhile, Mrs. Chinna made a very thorough examination of the ground by the lake-edge, in the hope of gleaning from it some further clue. It seemed to please her greatly that a large body of men had assisted at Chinna's capture. She evidently regarded this as a tribute to his powers.

'So strong is he, they dared not attack him save many together,' she proudly boasted. 'And they were afraid to venture to the clearing. Here they lay in

ambush.' And there was so much scorn of this timidity in her voice that the children were much encouraged. And, indeed, it seemed likely that people, who had been so cowardly, could easily be vanquished; and that, if the villagers already believed so firmly in Chinna's powers, they would have the less difficulty in crediting that he had summoned strange spirits to his assistance.

The marks of the struggle extended for some way beyond the circle along the margin of the lake. And, presently, they came upon another relic of Chinna, his little bow, broken in two. And, further on, it was clear he had escaped and run for half-a-dozen yards before he had been recaptured, and dragged on to a large raft which had made a wide passage between the green floating reeds. All this the children discovered, partly with Mrs. Chinna's help, and partly unaided. Chinna's own little raft they found untouched luckily, so well hidden had it been beneath a network of branches.

And now the sun was near to setting, and there was just time to cross the lake, and to reach the neighbourhood of the village before the darkness came. It was anxious work venturing into the open water beyond the island, and, while Brian and Mrs. Chinna paddled, Nancy and Frederick watched the opposite shore closely, but without any result. The villagers evidently thought that in capturing Chinna, they had captured the only person that mattered. And, as the little raft neared the landing-stage in safety, this fact suggested a new idea to Brian.

'I'm sure I could get right in among the villagers,' he said, 'without their suspecting anything. Not in the tiger-skin of course, but just dressed as I am now. They thought I was too light-coloured to belong to Chinna, but I'm not a bit too fair for a village boy. And there were heaps and heaps of boys in that village. One extra wouldn't matter. And I might find out from what the people said where they had put Chinna, and what they meant to do with him. It would make it even so much easier to rescue him in the end.'

There was much to recommend this scheme, they all agreed, so much it was worth attempting. So, when Brian had guided Mrs. Chinna, and Nancy, and Frederick almost to the outskirts of the village, he left them securely hidden in a patch of undergrowth, and ran on alone until he came within sight of the pool. It was no longer deserted, as when he last had seen it; but the cows and buffaloes of the village were drinking and wallowing at the margin of the water, while, at the far end, around the platform beneath the peepul-tree, was gathered a large crowd from which came a clamour of voices, loudly raised. Towards this crowd Brian slowly made his way, growing bolder each moment, as it seemed clear that every one was too busy to pay any special attention to one small boy. And the growing darkness was all in his favour. And so confident did he feel, by the time he reached the outskirts of the crowd, that he pushed and squeezed his way through, as a village boy might have done, until he was quite close to the platform, and could see that, upon it, were seated the elders of the village. A group of grey-bearded, anxious men they were, gathered in solemn debate, while around them surged an excited mass of people, shouting now one thing, now another. But again and again, clear and unmistakable, broke forth the cry—

'Put the wizard to the torture. Let him die if he will not yield.'

(Continued on page 210.)



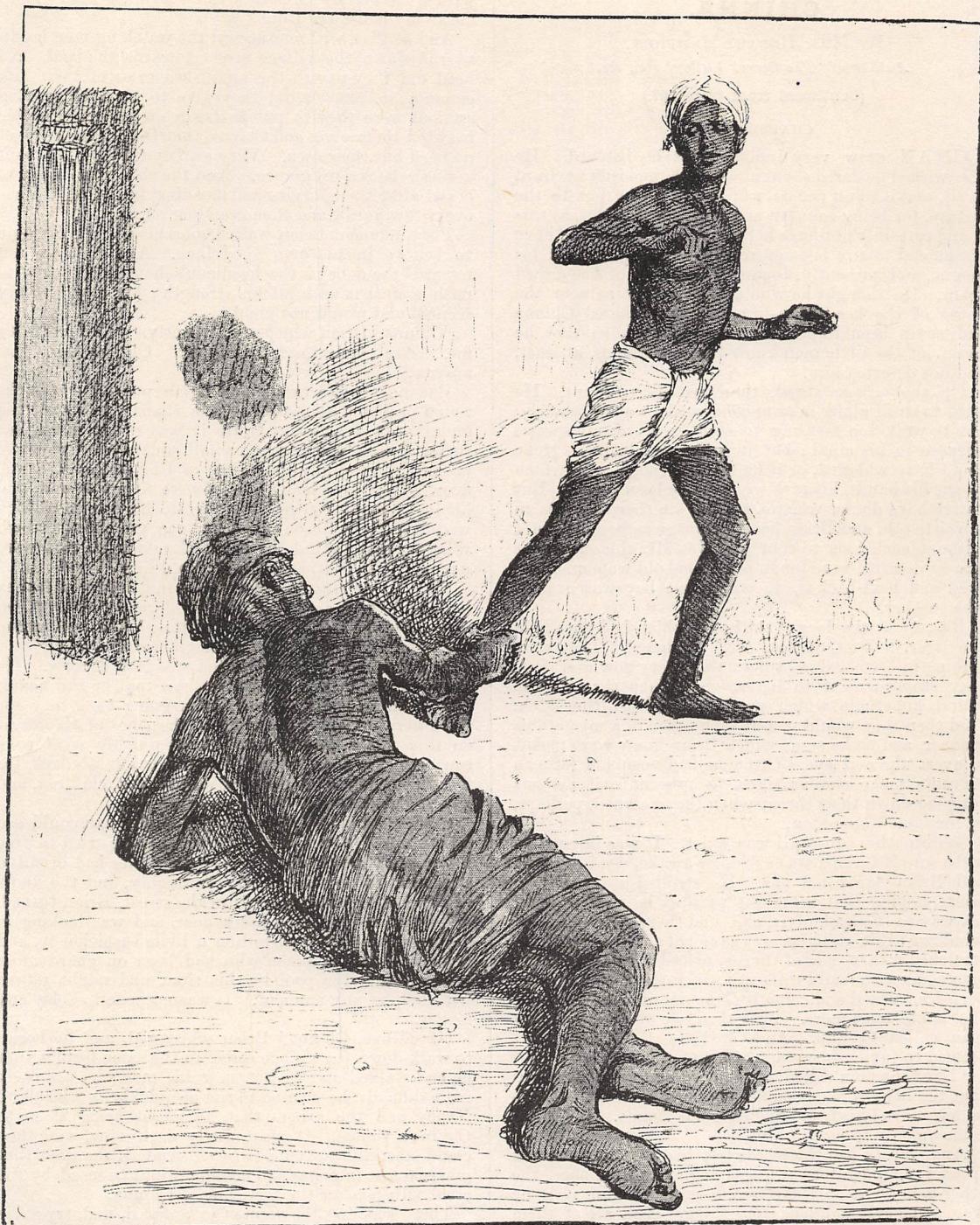
"Brian in the tiger-skin was a most imposing sight."



CHATTERBOX.

“ Away we go like birds on the wing,
Higher yet ! Higher yet ! Now for the King,
This is the way we swing—we swing.”

FROM “A SWINGING SONG,” BY MARY HOWITT.



"The man reached out a hand and caught him by the ankle."

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 207.)

CHAPTER XXI.

BRIAN grew very indignant as he listened. He wished he dared shout aloud: 'Chinna isn't a wizard at all, and it's you people who ought to be put to the torture, for being so mean and ungrateful.' But, as this would certainly not have helped Chinna, and would have put an end to any hope of rescuing him, Brian held his tongue, and, presently, began edging out of the crowd again. He thought he would try and get as near the house of the headman—in which he gathered Chinna had again been imprisoned—as he could, so that he could let the little man know that his friends, at least, had not deserted him.

Up the village street, therefore, Brian went. He tried to stroll along in as unconcerned a way as possible; not to walk too fast, nor to seem to have any special purpose in his mind; but it was very difficult. If he could have whistled, or if he had had pockets in which to put his hands, his task would have been easier. But native boys do not whistle, neither are there pockets in a waistcloth, and Brian had to manage as best he could without such aids to courage. Luckily the street was almost deserted save for an occasional old woman, blear-eyed and bent-backed, to whom one boy was exactly like another.

But, about the door of the house which had once held the tiger, a knot of men were gathered. They were talking in low subdued voices, and, every now and then, they stopped as if to listen, or to peep through the round fingerhole which was just beneath the latch. And then they would nod at each other in a mysterious manner, and make signs which Brian knew were meant to avert the evil eye. Often he had seen his father's servants make similar signs, to prevent evil demons jumping down their throat when they yawned, perhaps, or for some like reason.

Within the house all was quiet. It was impossible to be sure if Chinna was asleep or awake, dead or alive, and Brian dared not ask. He strolled on past the house, hoping that he might possibly be able to work his way to the back of it, and find there an unguarded window. But, right across the end of the village street, stretched a barricade of thorns, placed thus as a protection against the wild things of the forest. And Brian, perforce, turned and came back again, and strolled past the house once more. And then one of the watching men called to him. And, at the call, Brian's heart seemed to jump almost out of his mouth.

'Boy,' the man called. 'Go thou and tell the council that the little sorcerer makes new spells within. Twice he has moved his head, and once his hands. Bid them come quickly to punish him.'

And, hardly had the words left his mouth, when the speaker doubled forward, gasping. And, at once, the other men were on their feet, looking at him as if he were some evil and dangerous thing. And all of them seemed to have forgotten Brian completely. 'What is it?' one after another questioned.

And the gasping man answered between moans: 'It is the sickness without doubt. The wizard has ill-

wished me because I bore witness against him. Help me to my house ere I die.'

And at that, with one accord the watching men began to run down the village street towards the pool. No heed did they pay to the anguished cries of their late comrade, no answer did they give to his appeals. So anxious were they to put as big a distance as possible between themselves and Chinna, that they could think of no need but their own. Very swiftly they ran, without a single backward glance. And the sick man began to crawl after them, crying and moaning, falling on his face every few yards, and then crawling on again.

For a moment Brian waited, motionless, scarcely able to believe in his own good luck. And then he ran towards the door of the headman's house and began to push against it with all his strength; but it was firmly secured and would not yield.

'Chinna,' Brian whispered, urgently. 'Chinna? It's me. Are you inside, Chinna? Oh, answer. Do answer.'

But no answer came, and Brian put his eye to the round peephole beneath the latch that he had seen the guard use. Inside the house it was rather dark, but sufficient light came from a small square window at the back to show dimly the figure of Chinna lying on the floor. The little man's hands were firmly bound, and his feet were tied together, and into his mouth a thick wad of cloth had been thrust as a gag, the ends of which were secured behind his head. Luckily his ears were uncovered, so that, at least, he could hear.

'We are coming to rescue you,' said Brian, as fast as he could, and as loudly as he dared. 'All of us. Dressed up in the tiger-skin, and the skin of that snake. Nod your head if you understand, Chinna.'

And, at this, Chinna's head wagged eagerly. He even bumped it on the floor to show that he had heard, and Brian rushed on again: 'I'm going back now for the others. They are waiting at the edge of the forest on this side. We'll come back as quickly as ever we can; only we daren't show ourselves before it's dark, for fear the people should know we are just children, and not be afraid at all.'

Chinna bumped his head again, and Brian could see all the muscles of his cheek working, as he tried to free his mouth from the gag. But his enemies had been too afraid not to do their work thoroughly, and the knots held. And then, at a sound in the street, Brian turned. A woman had opened a house door, and was looking in his direction, it seemed to him a little suspiciously, and he realised that the men who had been on guard must have reached the pool by this time, and might return with help at any moment. It was not safe to delay any longer.

'Good-bye, Chinna,' Brian whispered, and he began to walk down the village street in the same fashion that he had walked up it. But now his task was infinitely more difficult, he wanted to run as quickly as possible to Nancy and the others that he might bring them to Chinna's rescue. It was nearly dark now, and they could start almost immediately. And all the time that must be lost in going and coming might be used by the cruel villagers for the torturing of Chinna.

There was first the woman to be faced, and, try as he might, Brian could not help hurrying a little as he passed her. He was so afraid that she would try and stop him. But, apparently, she was not really suspicious, for, as he came abreast of her, she went into her house

again, shutting the door after her. A little further on, stretched across the street, lay the man who had been seized with the sickness. He could crawl no further, it seemed, but lay on the ground, twisting and moaning with pain. There was just room to step by if Brian squeezed against the wall. Carefully he edged towards it, and, almost, he was safely past when the man writhed anew, reached out a hand, and caught him by the ankle.

(Continued on page 222.)

A RAINY DAY AT SEA.

'IT'S raining,' said the Whale,
'Some shelter I must find;
For I have left my overcoat
A mile or two behind.'

'It's raining,' said the Shark.
'How sudden, to be sure!
I hoped to have the weather dry
Throughout my summer tour.'

'Oh, mother!' cried the Sprats,
With whimpers of regret,
'It's raining! Isn't that a shame!
'Twill make us very wet.'

And all around the sea,
As far as I could sail,
I heard the Shark, the Cod, the Sprat,
The Porpoise, and the Whale

Complain about the rain
In tones of sorrow dire;
So running home, I shut the door
And lit the kitchen fire. JOHN LEA.

MUSIC-HATERS.

IT is curious and interesting to notice how many great men have had an aversion to music. Even some of our greatest poets have had no appreciation at all of the beauties of the sister art. It is hard to believe this of Tennyson, although he is said to be among the number, for when we think of the beautiful songs he wrote, such as 'Sweet and Low,' 'The Song of the Wrens,' and others, we cannot help thinking that he must have had some feeling for music, or he could never have adapted his writing so exquisitely to it. Sir Walter Scott and Southey are two more, and Pope, it is said, would as soon listen to a street organ as to an oratorio.

The poet Rogers, author of 'The Pleasures of Memory,' who delighted so much in beautiful pictures that he used to fill his house with them, had a real antipathy to the sound of music. Byron had no ear whatever for it, and could find no pleasure in any sort of music at all. Amongst others were Fox and Pitt, the great statesmen, Robert Peel, Hume the historian, Daniel O'Connell, the Irishman, Edmund Burke, and Dr. Johnson, who said that there was 'only one thing worse than a flute, and that was two flutes.'

E. M. HAINES.

THE CHIEF ORNAMENT OF LONDON.

IN the year 1666, after the Great Fire, when nearly the whole of the City of London was a ruin of smoke-blackened walls, several eminent men drew plans for the rebuilding of the city. They designed a model town, and had their plans been carried out, London would have become a city of long, straight streets, with side turnings leaving them at accurate right angles—all very neat and trim, but with none of the crooked passages, narrow courts and alleys, which now give London its charm.

Fortunately, however, the people, after living at first in roughly built shelters in the fields beyond the City wall, grew impatient at official delays and went back to build, each man according to his own choice, new homes among the ruins. So London grew again, not by any plan at all, but with its streets where they had been before the Fire, or altered according to the momentary will of the builders.

These plans, drawn by Sir Christopher Wren, John Evelyn, and others, unappreciated as they were at the time, are of interest now because they show what was regarded as the centre-point of London. When a city is designed by an architect, it is not a jumble of houses and streets built at random; it has its centre, a church, a market-place, a great square, or perhaps a bridge, to which the main streets lead, making it indeed the centre of interest throughout the town. In these designs for a new London, broad, straight streets lead from the Royal Exchange, from the river-side, from Ludgate, and from all the city gates in the northern wall, to one spot where, as the centre-point of London, stands St. Paul's Cathedral.

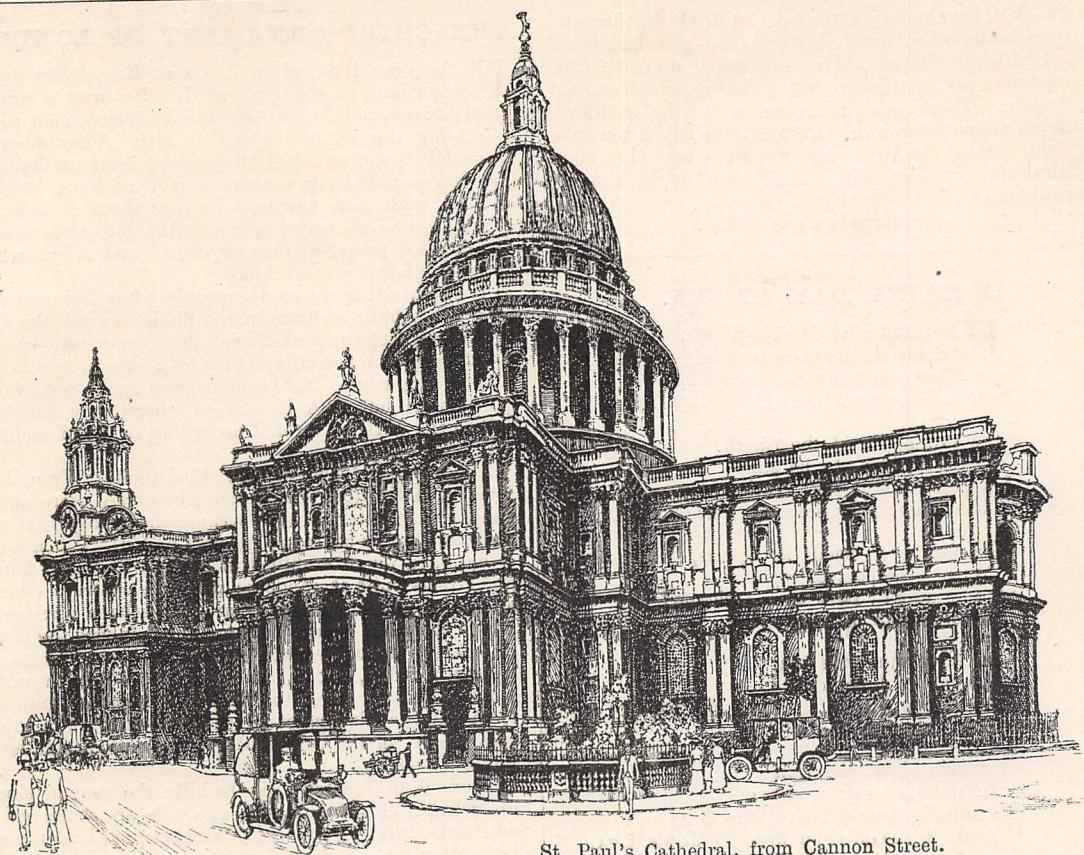
There is in London a single hill: the ground slopes up from the Thames on the one side, from the valley where the Fleet River used to run between Ludgate and Blackfriars on another, from the marsh that used to cover Smithfield on a third, while the fourth lies comparatively flat. On the summit of this mound stood Old St. Paul's, and on the same spot Sir Christopher Wren built the Cathedral that stands there to-day. A tablet on a neighbouring wall says:

'When you have sought the City round,
Yet still this is the highest ground.'

And, without doubt, the site was chosen that St. Paul's might be seen from every village for miles around—Charlton, 'Battersey,' 'Tottenham Court' (from which comes Tottenham Court Road), Islington, and others which have now become a part of the Greater London—as a constant reminder of the power and glory of God.

When Wren finished his Cathedral in 1710 it was surrounded by a strip of grass, and beyond that lay the open churchyard which then knew comparatively little traffic. Outside that, gabled houses, with uneven roofs (all new, because of the recent fire), were so closely gathered that the Cathedral could hardly be seen from the ground, except from so close a position that the high walls seemed to tower overhead, and little could be seen of the dome and its pillars.

To-day, when those houses of city merchants are replaced by square-topped stone warehouses, the difficulty of properly seeing St. Paul's is even greater; but there are several points within a close radius from which much can be seen, and it is worth while to find these



St. Paul's Cathedral, from Cannon Street.

view-points and peer between houses and over roofs to get a better idea of the Cathedral's size and beauty than can be had either from the direct approach of Ludgate Hill or from the Churchyard itself.

Go first, then, along Little Britain, where the Dukes of Brittany used to stay when they visited the English Court. There, in a three-sided frame of houses, can be seen the dome and the white columns below it, so immense that the houses of Paternoster Square are dwarfed, and the busy people in the street beneath seem too small to live. Then turn across to Foster Lane, where the pulling down of the old Post Office has left visible the whole dome, the two clock towers that have only one clock, and three of the saints that stand below the dome on each side of the Cathedral. Then cross the Thames to Bankside, where very ugly and dirty warehouses have taken the place of Shakespeare's theatres and the bear-baiting houses. Here a cobbled road runs along the very bank of the river, and across the water, over laden barges and smoking tugs, can be seen the crowded buildings on the hill above the river, and over them, huge and majestic, the great Cathedral, with its golden cross gleaming in the sun.

From Bankside you can watch St. Paul's for a mile until you reach Blackfriars Bridge, and there its dome is seen again across the red metal railway bridge, making the trains look puny; and examples of modern engineering seem terribly new in comparison with its two-hundred-year-old self. But forget the ugly railway,

and go down to Waterloo Bridge or Westminster Bridge, where the view is more distant, and—

‘silent, bare,

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky—

All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.’

You will now be a mile or more from the Cathedral, and you will have found that the farther you go and the more indefinite neighbouring buildings become, the greater St. Paul's can look. So go right away to the very edge of London. Climb to the top of Parliament Hill, on the edge of Hampstead Heath. If the day is clear, you will see in far distance a ring of hills, by Highgate, Greenwich, Penge, and Richmond, and covering all the circle between them the whole of London. Westminster Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Tower Bridge, the Tower of London, the British Museum—you will see them all. And then, in the very centre, higher than any other building and as high as the hill on which you stand, you will see St. Paul's Cathedral, the most beautiful building, white through the hanging smoke of London.

G. BELTON COBB.

A YEAR IN A GARDEN.

VII.—JULY.

IT had been raining steadily all night, but the dawn broke clear; the chaffinch in the wood, though his song-time was nearly over, greeted it with a rapturous

'pink, pink!' the robin's song was as sweet as in April, and the blackbird began a little earlier than usual his daily disputes with his mate. It was just the right weather for planting, and the children decided to make a strawberry bed in their own garden. There were plenty of runners already potted up from the big beds, and the rain had made the soil beautifully moist. It was early afternoon when they began work, the sun had grown hot, and the numerous little pots were very heavy to carry to the border chosen for the new strawberry bed. But they worked on bravely, looking forward to the time when they would gather fruit that they themselves had grown. The border faced the south and the open common and always got plenty of sun and wind, which is just what strawberries like best. Billy made the holes and Babe followed with a small watering can; each hole was half filled with water before Billy held the pot upside down and carefully took out the little plant with its ball of earth and roots; in this way it was transferred to its new quarters without being disturbed at all.

After two hours' work they set down to rest. The pond on the common at the bottom of the long slope lay just beneath them; the willows on the bank looked cool in their soft grey green, and presently Billy said, 'Let's go down to the pond, and we'll see what things there are that we can get for the water garden.'

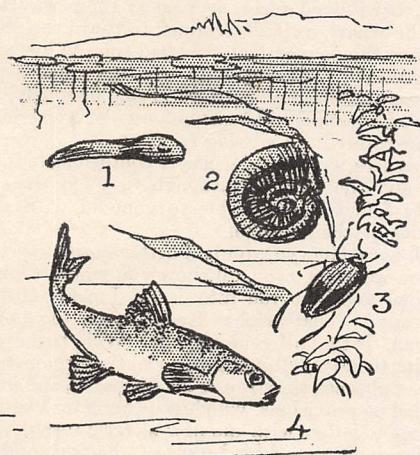
Babe jumped up, forgetting she was tired, 'Of course we must have forget-me-nots, and there are lots of little seedlings down there.'

'Well, I suppose it wouldn't hurt them if they were moved now,' said Billy. They ran down the slope to the water's edge. 'And here are kingcups and cuckoo flowers and purple loosestrife. See this loosestrife, Babe; it must be nearly four feet high! And we will have some of that water plantain and that willow-herb.'

'And there's some watercress down at the stream,' Babe remarked. 'It has white flowers, and I think they're very pretty.'

'So they are. And perhaps we might somehow get some of the yellow water-lilies and some more water-soldiers and perhaps bulrushes.'

'And what about sticklebacks in the pond?' Babe asked.



1. Tadpole. 2. Snail. 3. Water Beetle. 4. Minnow.



1. King Cups.
2. Cuckoo Plant.
3. Purple Loosestrife.



1. Meadowsweet.
2. Peppermint.

'Well, I believe sticklebacks eat minnows, so we couldn't have both.'

'Oh, what's that purple stuff, Billy? It's lovely!'

'It's only peppermint; but it is pretty. We'll remember to get some when it has done flowering.'

Meadowsweet was also chosen. That was a week later when they went down to the stream to get minnows. In the meantime the pond, or rather the flooded path, had gone dry, and it had been possible to dig out the place for the pond and line it with three inches of clay. Then it had been necessary to refill it with water from the pond on the common. Irises were growing at the sides and Billy thought the roots of the water crowfoot would soon revive. As the plants were in the water Billy decided it would be safe to introduce the minnows. Armed with hand nets and jam-jars, they started early one Saturday afternoon and returned home with water snails, tadpoles, water beetles and minnows. But their first journey was clouded by a tragedy; the next morning they found that the water beetles, though smaller than the tadpoles, had eaten every one.

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 206.)

THE stranger might be a detective, of course, for had he not spoken to the man who had arrested Sam? But his voice was kindly, and there was a twinkle in his blue eyes that disarmed suspicion.

'Oh, it's got nothing to do with me,' he answered, 'nothing whatever; but I have a message for—a certain person on board this ship. If you give me your name, it's just possible that, as the newspapers say, you will hear of something to your advantage.'

He laughed then, showing white even teeth, and the boy felt his doubts and fears begin to melt away.

'My name is Roger Mervyn,' he said, and in response the stranger put his hand into his pocket and drew out a well-remembered leather case and a small green booklet.

'A red-haired chap on the wharf, who seemed to have got into some sort of a row, asked me to give these to Roger Mervyn,' he said, and then he laughed again when he saw how eagerly the boy clutched at the treasures.

So Sam had not failed him after all. Roger opened the purse, and glanced at the bundle of notes and the little packet of French coins.

The man, meanwhile, turned away as if about to pace up and down the deck; but after going a few yards he stopped, came back to Roger, and stood looking down at him with a puzzled expression in his eyes.

'Look here, my boy,' he said. 'Of course I know it's no business of mine and all that, but it strikes me pretty forcibly that you're in a bother of some sort. Anyway, it's a queer time for a boy like you to be crossing the Channel on his own. How would it be for you to tell me all about it?'

Roger hesitated for a moment, for the dread of being stopped and sent back to Monkton Ashe was still uppermost in his mind; but, at the same time, there was something very friendly and trustworthy in the tall young man's face and manner.

'I know your name,' the stranger went on. 'Mine is John Boughton, at your service. Shall we go for a stroll? There is no need for you to tell me anything whatever about your affairs if you'd rather not; but I have travelled a good bit, and might be able to help you.'

'Oh, please, I should like to tell you. It's awfully good of you,' and then as they trudged up and down the steamer's crowded deck, threading their way among the passengers and piles of luggage, Roger poured out his story. To his delight and relief, John Boughton did not laugh at the project, but treated it quite seriously, and, indeed, seemed to think the boy could not have done much else under the circumstances.

'Of course you must get through to St. Denis-sur-Meuse as quickly as you can,' he said. 'I only wish I could go up there with you; but I'm due in Paris to-night. I'm on a newspaper job, you see, and have to obey orders. Which way are you going? By Rheims, I suppose. You may as well let me have a look at those tickets.'

Roger handed over the green booklet with a long breath of relief. He had lost Sam, it is true, but a wiser and far more dependable friend seemed to have arisen in his place: a friend who knew all about times and trains, the best routes to be taken, and the difficulties and delays that might be expected.

'Your red-haired young man should have kept his mouth shut, if he wanted to get clear off,' Boughton remarked when he had given back the tickets. 'I came down from town in the carriage with that man who fetched him off the boat. Evidently young Sam Wilbur had been swanning in the hotel about where he was going, and what he was planning to do, and old Sam, who came home this afternoon before he was expected, got wind of it. He sent off his man then, post-haste, to bring the boy back. It was not quite certain if he meant to go via Folkestone or Dover; but this way seemed the more likely, and when inquiries were being made, an old man on the pier there, with a white moustache, volunteered the information that he'd come down on the same train as young Wilbur this morning, and knew that he was going by the boat.'

'Poor old Sam, it is rough on him,' said Roger, and the other shrugged his shoulders with a smile.

'Yes; after all his swank, it does seem a bit hard lines,' he said; 'and he must be a good-hearted chap, when all's said and done. He thought about you and the money directly he knew I was coming on board. "I have something here that belongs to a fellow named

Roger Mervyn," he said. "Be sure to give it to him." And then he stuffed the packet into my hand. Poor boy, it must have been galling to be dragged off the boat in that way; but all the same, I think you are well rid of him. Those irresponsible sort of people are apt to be rather troublesome—not to say dangerous—sometimes.'

After that the man and boy paced up and down the deck for a while in silence, then Boughton turned once more to his companion. 'By the way, Mervyn,' he said. 'Can you speak French?'

Roger looked up with his face full of dismay. 'No, at least not enough to be of any use. I had forgotten all about that. Whatever shall I do?'

'Oh, don't bother. I expect you will get on all right. Some one usually turns up everywhere who can talk English. I'm sorry, though, all the same. It's always useful to be able to understand what people are talking about; especially now, when things in France are bound to be a good bit upset and out of gear.'

'A bit upset and out of gear.' Roger remembered the casual words when, an hour or so later, the steamer arrived at its destination, and the passengers stared in bewilderment at the confusion on the quay, and the crowds of excited tourists, eager to escape from France at any price, and the serious faces of the harassed officials.

For the first time the boy seemed to catch a glimpse of the stupendous disaster which had overtaken Europe, and, as he glanced westward over his shoulder, he wondered what would have happened to him before he should see the green hills and white cliffs of Old England again.

CHAPTER V.

'My word! Things do seem to be in a bit of a muddle!'

John Boughton's face grew grave and worried, as the steamer neared the quay of the French port, and he saw the crowds of tourists waiting to embark, and the great piles of luggage which had just arrived by train, or had been left behind by travellers who had already sailed. Some of the unfortunate people sat on their boxes waiting patiently and wearily, others hurried to and fro with anxious, bewildered faces, or pushed their way to the side of the wharf, as if determined to board the steamer even before the new arrivals had had time to disembark. Little children, tired out with all the unaccustomed excitement and discomfort, were crying piteously, and a woman, who seemed to be on the verge of hysterics, was searching vainly for a missing friend.

Everywhere were signs of haste, confusion, and uncertainty; and the officials, although they did their best, evidently found it impossible to contend with all the difficulties of the situation.

'Look here, Mervyn, you had better keep close to me,' Boughton went on, 'and I'll show you where your train goes from, and put you into it—if I can. Got your ticket ready? That's right. Keep as near the gangway as you can. Is that all your luggage? Well, perhaps it's a good thing to be travelling light, under the circumstances.'

Roger tightened the strap of his knapsack, and grasped the basket of provisions, which poor old Sam had left in his charge together with the new electric torch. Roger had offered his new friend some of the fruit and cakes during the short voyage, but Boughton had refused, saying that he should try to get dinner in the train, and that the boy had better do the same, if he got the chance.

The steamer was now moored alongside the quay, and after what seemed endless delays and difficulties, the passengers were allowed to go ashore. 'This way,' Boughton said, gripping Roger's arm, and the two made their way through the struggling, pushing throng of English and American tourists, and towards the platform where several trains were already drawn up. The man went away then to make some inquiries, and when he returned his face looked more worried than ever.

'Your train isn't here yet, and it seems a bit uncertain when it will be in,' he said; 'but that's mine over there, and I simply have to go by it if I mean to get to Paris to-night. I don't half like leaving you here alone, though. It's all such a fearful rush and muddle.'

'Oh, I shall be all right.' Roger did his best to reassure his friend, but his heart sank at the thought of having once more to manage and arrange for himself, this time in a strange country, where every face and every word was unfamiliar. 'I'll just stay here till my train comes. I have my ticket, so there won't be anything else to do.'

'Yes, you'd better wait here, I suppose. This is the platform. And remember everything I've told you. The train will take you straight to —. You don't even have to change at Rheims. And when you get to —, you must find out when there's a train for St. Denis-sur-Meuse. You'll probably have some time to wait, and if you can't find any one who can speak English at the station, there's certain to be some one at the hotel just outside. It's just possible you may have to walk the last few miles to St. Denis; it's only a small place, and all the railways up in that district are bound to be disorganized. Look here, you may as well take this road map of mine, I can get another in Paris. Here's my address, too. If you get into any bother, wire to me; and I'll do my best to help you.'

'Thanks, awfully.' Roger took the folded map and the torn page from a note-book with the scribbled address, and then with a cheery 'Good-bye, old man,' Boughton hastened away, and the boy was left standing on a platform by a pile of luggage; and feeling smaller and more lonely than he had ever done in his life before.

There came a long, weary time of waiting after that, and Roger was sitting on an overland trunk and dozing, with his head against one of the iron pillars which supported the roof of the station, when a man came up in a blue uniform and began to speak to him. His voice sounded fierce and urgent, but the boy could not understand a word, and then the speaker—who seemed to become more and more indignant every moment—or it may have been only his manner—hurried away, and returned with a short and stout, but still more imposing individual.

Roger tried hard to think of some of the French that he had learned at school, but there was nothing that seemed in the least to meet the situation.

'Parlez-vous Francais?' It was quite unnecessary to make such an inquiry in face of the voluble flood of language that was being poured out, and remarks about pen-knives, gardeners, and female-cousins would have been equally inappropriate.

'Non, non, non,' one word, at least, he could remember, and he repeated it again and again, feeling certain that these formidable parsonages meant to forbid his journey; and then, as a hand was laid on his shoulder, he dragged himself away and ran down the platform

at the top of his speed, never halting until he had reached the shelter of a great, dusky shed, and was, as he hoped, beyond the reach of pursuit.

And after all there was no pursuit, for the two men had only wished to discover Roger's destination, and assist him to the best of their power. Now that he had evaded them, there was no need to take further trouble; and with expressive shrugs of their shoulders, they went about more important business.

It was a long time before Roger dared leave his hiding-place, and then he found that it was late and growing dark. He wondered whether the train for Rheims had left during his absence; and he was not quite certain whether he could find the platform where Boughton had stationed him. Something that was very like despair began to creep into the boy's heart then, for there seemed to be no English people about, and when he ventured up to one railway official, ticket in hand, he could not understand a word of the information that was given him. Every one seemed to be too busy and too worried to have time to spare for a stranded English boy, and, indeed, there were many people that night who were in far worse straits.

It was about nine o'clock when Roger, who was now wandering vaguely from platform to platform, found a train crammed with soldiers and horses, which was, apparently, on the point of departure. It seemed to be going in the right direction, and, moreover, on the outside of one of the carriages the word Rheims was roughly chalked.

Rheims, the boy's heart beat quickly, for he was to go through Rheims, he knew, on the way to St. Denis-sur-Meuse, and although he felt sure that this could not be the right train, it might, perhaps, be a means of reaching his goal. He ran to a carriage and tried to drag open the door, but a very irate guard strode up, who with many explanations and gesticulations, the meaning of which it was impossible to mistake, forbade him to enter.

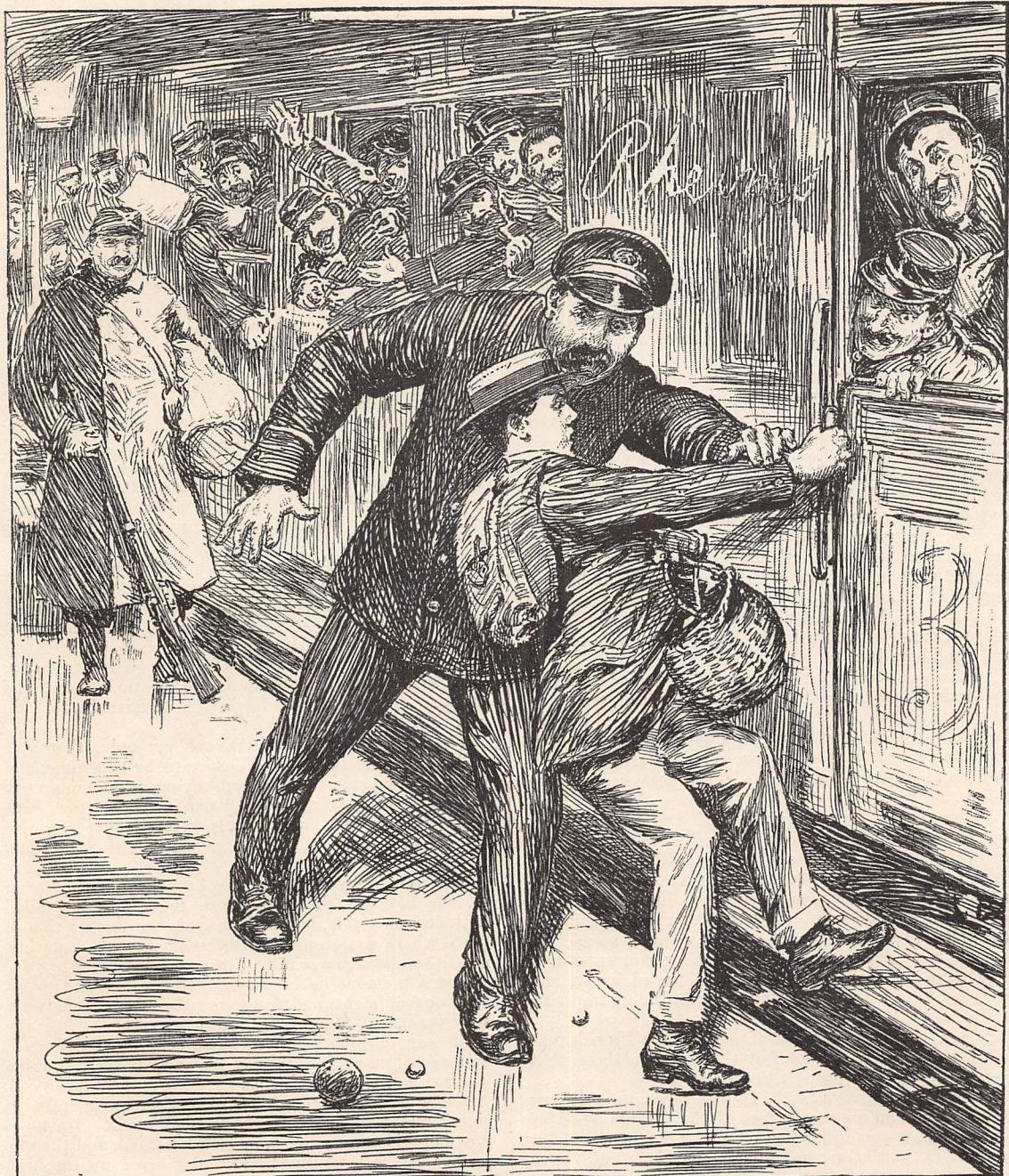
The train was for soldiers, soldiers only, that was quite clear, but Roger was desperate by this time, and he fled back along the platform trying to find an empty carriage. It was no use, every inch of space was occupied. Behind the carriages were cattle-trucks, also filled with soldiers, and waggons loaded with fodder and baggage.

The door of one of these was half open, and, peering in, the boy saw that there were trusses of hay piled high on either side, but with a space in the middle—a place where some one—especially if it were some one small—might squeeze in and lie concealed.

For a moment he hesitated. His enemy, the guard, was out of sight, and for some distance the platform was deserted. There was no lamp near. Then the train gave a jolt, began to move very slowly, stopped, and moved on again. A man far away near the engine shouted and waved his arms.

Roger glanced round. There was no other train in sight, and this one was going to Rheims. He must make up his mind at once, or be left behind, and then he pushed his basket into the van, clambered up the high step after it, and burrowed deep between two masses of hay. There was another jolt; the train moved more quickly; a man running alongside slammed the door, and Roger was off once more on his journey, and safe, for the time, at any rate, in the fragrant, prickly darkness.

(Continued on page 218.)



"A very irate guard forbade him to enter."



"There was nothing terrible in front of him."

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 215.)

IT was not a very comfortable position in which Roger found himself, for he was jammed tightly between two bundles of hay, but no doubt after a time, when it was quite certain that the train was fairly started out of the station, it would be possible to wriggle into the clearer space near the door. He had just begun to do this, and had succeeded in freeing one cramped arm, when he heard—or fancied that he heard—the sound of another rustling movement.

The boy stopped short, and it seemed to him that some one else stopped too. He held his breath, listening, and although he heard nothing, he knew—he was quite certain—that there, a few feet away, in the blackness, some one else held his breath and listened as well.

It was horrible, for all kinds of things, such as escaped convicts, German spies, or even mad dogs, might be there concealed in the hay, waiting and ready to spring upon him. Roger was not nervous by nature, but at that moment he was conscious of a chilly creepy sensation, and his hair seemed to stiffen and stand upright on his head.

If only it had been possible to see what the thing was—if only there had been a gleam of light—and then suddenly he remembered the new electric torch, and, dragging it noiselessly from his pocket, touched the spring.

The light flashed out white and vivid, and the next moment an exclamation of relief broke from Roger's lips, for there was nothing terrible in front of him, only a round, boyish face, a close-cropped dark head, and a pair of startled black eyes.

Beyond there was another face, which belonged to a small, rough-haired, yellow dog, which frightened by the sudden flare of light, burst into a succession of shrill, yapping barks.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR a few moments Roger kept his finger on the spring of the torch, and, in the bright beam of light, the stowaways stared into each other's faces. Then there was darkness again, and with it came an eager flood of questions from the French boy, for now that he had recovered from the first shock of astonishment, he longed to hear all about the doings and future plans of this harmless—and apparently friendly—stranger.

Unfortunately every word of the swift, excited speech was unintelligible to Roger, and he wished that he had Val with him to interpret, for, having been more than two years in France, the little girl could now chatter the language like a native; and even—so she had written in one of her last letters—found herself sometimes thinking or dreaming in French instead of in English.

Roger made a great effort to overcome his awkward shyness and to fish up one or two useful words, at least, from the depths of his memory.

'Je suis English—Anglais,' he stammered, 'and I'm awfully sorry, but I can't understand a word you say.'

'Anglais,' the other boy caught at the explanation; 'Anglais, ah, oui, Anglais,' and he was off again in another voluble stream of conversation, but Roger interrupted him.

'Yes, Anglais—moi Anglais—vous Français,' and then, feeling quite proud of this achievement, he switched on the light once more. The two boys took stock of each other during the brief moment of illumination, and, like worthy representatives in their small way of the great '*Entente Cordiale*,' smiled in the most friendly manner possible.

'Shake hands,' Roger said; and as he held out his own rather grimy paw, the action, if not the invitation, was understood. The two hands clasped in the following darkness, and then Roger made another valiant attempt at conversation: 'Moi, Roger Mervyn—that's my name—mon nom, and vous?'

'Roger Merveen,' the name was repeated with the quaintest of French accents. 'Oui, je comprends.'

'And you—vous, I mean—votre nom. Tell me votre nom.'

'Jules Breton,' the answer came readily enough, and there was a second hearty handshake.

'Roger Merveen, Jules Breton—et Toto.' A chuckle of amusement accompanied the words, and then Roger found a small rough paw thrust into his hand, and in the darkness the yellow dog's rough wet tongue licked his cheek as if in acknowledgment of the introduction.

After that the conversation went on apace, for here, in the jolting hay-waggon, Roger forgot to be nervous and found that he could remember numbers of French words, even if he could not string them together very deftly. He learnt that Jules was thirteen years old, that he lived in a village near Boulogne, and that now that War had come he had run away from home to be a soldier like his father and his eldest brother. For his own part he managed to convey the information that he had come to fetch his sister, that he loved the French and hated the Germans, and that his destination was St. Denis-sur-Meuse.

'St. Denis-sur-Meuse.' Jules repeated the name, and had a great deal to say which Roger could not understand, but he hoped it meant that the French boy was travelling in the same direction. With Jules as a companion he felt sure that he would get on splendidly, and, indeed, now that he was no longer alone, the boy's spirits had revived and difficulties seemed to vanish.

This night journey, for instance, what a wonderful adventure it would be to boast about in the future; and no doubt there were any number of other strange and exciting experiences still to come. It was almost impossible to realise that only twenty-four hours ago he had been still at Monkton Ashe Rectory, and had not even started on his travels. The boy's thoughts were interrupted by a rustle in the hay which came from the direction of Jules, and the next moment he felt a large and very hard apple being pushed into his hand.

'Pour vous, Roger,' the French boy explained, and then Roger remembered his basket of provisions and dragged it forward. 'Look here!' he said, and, turning on the electric torch, he had a bright momentary glimpse of Jules' delighted eyes and white gleaming teeth as he stared entranced at the marvellous feast which seemed to have appeared as if by magic in the stuffy gloom of the hay-waggon.

It was a very merry meal which followed, for both boys were hungry, and nothing could have been more welcome than the cakes, shortbread, cherries, red-currants, and hot-house grapes which poor Yankee Sam had purchased so lavishly.

There were also biscuits and some bars of chocolate in the basket, but some of these Roger put aside with a view to the future.

Toto, too, had his full share of the good things, and, when supper was finished, the boys and the dog curled themselves up like dormice in snug nests of hay and were soon sound asleep.

And so the train sped on its way eastward, past shadowy woods, star-lit fields, and straight, poplar-bordered highways; through the city of Amiens, with its huge Gothic cathedral, and into the flat vineyard plains of the champagne country.

'You will have to change at Rheims,' John Boughton had said, but Roger did not even know when Rheims was reached, and he was still sleeping peacefully when, after much jolting, shouting, and shunting, the train was dispatched once more on its journey towards the threatened frontier of France. As luck would have it, the English boy had done the best possible thing for himself when he scrambled into the hay-van, and without changes or difficulties, he was carried far in the direction of his destination. When, at last, the troop-train came to a standstill in a station it was within twenty miles or so of the little picturesque woodland town of St. Denis-sur-Meuse.

By this time the sun was high in the sky, and the hands of the clock pointed to half-past ten, but very little light crept into the dark van. Neither Roger nor Jules stirred until the wooden door was unbarred and swung open, and then they were confronted by a very much surprised and very angry soldier, who dragged them roughly out into the dazzling sunshine, and, in a furious voice, exclaimed at their daring and disgraceful conduct, demanded their business, and threatened them with dire and immediate punishment.

Roger backed against the truck and stood there, with shoulders squared and fists clenched, determined to make a desperate fight for freedom, but to his amazement, Jules, instead of displaying a like courage, began to shriek at the top of his voice, and struggled wildly when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. 'Toto, Toto,' he yelled, 'help, help!' and then he kicked the man's shins and beat with his hands against the stalwart arm that held him prisoner.

The long platform was crowded with blue-coated, red-trousered soldiers, and some of them, hearing the commotion, glanced up from their work of unloading the train, or sauntered forward with amused curiosity to see what was afoot.

Roger's cheeks grew hot with shame on his friend's behalf, as one piercing scream after another rent the air, and then suddenly a little yellow figure bounded past him, out of the gloom of the hay-waggon, and Toto, who until now had been asleep, flew to his master's assistance.

'Toto! Toto!' Any one would have thought that Jules was being half murdered, and probably this was the mistake that the dog made, for with bristling hair and a loud growl of fury, he flung himself upon the boy's assailant and seized him by the leg, his white teeth penetrating the thick red cloth of the voluminous trouser and giving the flesh beneath a sharp nip.

Another yell mingled with the shrill cries of Jules, and the soldier, taken completely by surprise, loosened his hold on the boy's collar; then his captive, whose terrors seemed to have vanished completely, turned to Roger and caught him by the hand. 'Come,' he ordered,

with a broad smile. 'Come quickly, before Toto lets him go,' and then the two raced down the platform and on to the railway line beyond.

(Continued on page 226.)

A JOURNEY TO GO.

[Second Series.]

VII.—LONDON TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

OUR next journey takes us westward once more, and starting out from London, we travel straight into the heart of England and into the realms of romance. The Thames Valley, Oxfordshire, Warwickshire: we are going into Shakespeare's country, and the way leads us through districts where many of the most picturesque events in history took place, and where the thread of history itself is closely interwoven with wonderful gleaming threads of legend and fairy-tale.

Paddington to Oxford, that is the first stage of our journey, and one of two ways may be taken, the first through Buckinghamshire, and the second along the course of the Thames and by way of Reading and Didcot.

Leaving Paddington by the former of these routes, the first station of any importance is Uxbridge, and in this place, then a straggling market-town with one long street, a meeting took place during the great Civil War between the followers of King Charles and of Cromwell. It was hoped that by this means the differences between the rival parties might be settled and peace restored; but peace proved impossible, and, after twenty days of debate and dissension, the Uxbridge Treaty was abandoned and the enemies parted—to meet again in a few weeks on the field of battle.

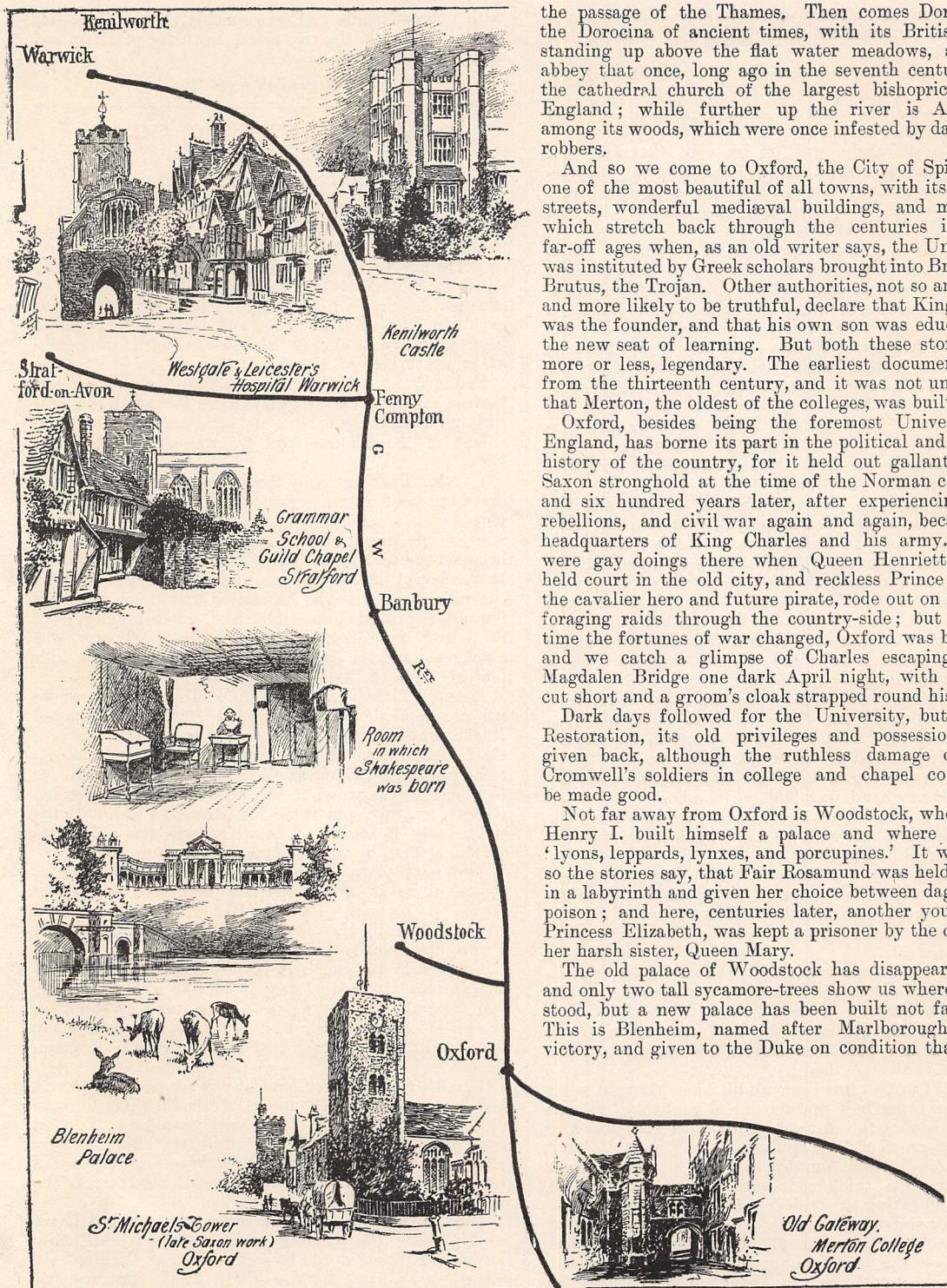
Leaving Uxbridge, we go on to Beaconsfield, where we are reminded of two great statesmen, Edmund Burke, who is buried in the parish church, and Disraeli, the famous Prime Minister, who caused Queen Victoria to be proclaimed Empress of India and who ensured for England the command of the Suez Canal. Hughenden is not far away, and there Mr. Disraeli lived, with his wife, Lady Beaconsfield, to whom was given the title which, at first, he would not accept for himself.

The next town on our route is High Wycombe, where there is a great chair industry; and then comes Risborough—Princes Risborough, as it used to be called in the days when Edward the Black Prince had great possessions there.

Further to the north is Aylesbury, a stronghold of the ancient Britons. Later, it became a royal manor, and Saxon and Plantagenet kings used to hunt in the forest of Bernwood, near by, and claim their yearly dues of three eels, straw, rushes, and a couple of green geese.

This district may seem prosaic nowadays, for the forest has disappeared and the towns of Buckinghamshire are dull and uninteresting. We will go back to London and take the other road to Oxford, travelling swiftly along the main line of the Great Western Railway as far as Didcot, and then turning northward across the wide loops of the Thames.

The railway runs straight across country, but if we could follow the winding course of the river, many interesting places would be seen. There is Wallingford, where once a great fortress—built by the Romans and held in turns by Saxons, Danes and Normans—guarded



the passage of the Thames. Then comes Dorchester, the Dorocina of ancient times, with its British camp standing up above the flat water meadows, and the abbey that once, long ago in the seventh century, was the cathedral church of the largest bishopric in all England; while further up the river is Abingdon among its woods, which were once infested by dangerous robbers.

And so we come to Oxford, the City of Spires, and one of the most beautiful of all towns, with its narrow streets, wonderful mediæval buildings, and memories which stretch back through the centuries into the far-off ages when, as an old writer says, the University was instituted by Greek scholars brought into Britain by Brutus, the Trojan. Other authorities, not so ambitious and more likely to be truthful, declare that King Alfred was the founder, and that his own son was educated in the new seat of learning. But both these stories are, more or less, legendary. The earliest documents date from the thirteenth century, and it was not until 1274 that Merton, the oldest of the colleges, was built.

Oxford, besides being the foremost University in England, has borne its part in the political and warlike history of the country, for it held out gallantly as a Saxon stronghold at the time of the Norman conquest, and six hundred years later, after experiencing riots, rebellions, and civil war again and again, became the headquarters of King Charles and his army. There were gay doings there when Queen Henrietta Maria held court in the old city, and reckless Prince Rupert, the cavalier hero and future pirate, rode out on his wild foraging raids through the country-side; but after a time the fortunes of war changed, Oxford was besieged, and we catch a glimpse of Charles escaping across Magdalen Bridge one dark April night, with his hair cut short and a groom's cloak strapped round his waist.

Dark days followed for the University, but, at the Restoration, its old privileges and possessions were given back, although the ruthless damage done by Cromwell's soldiers in college and chapel could not be made good.

Not far away from Oxford is Woodstock, where King Henry I. built himself a palace and where he kept 'lyons, leopards, lynxes, and porcupines.' It was here, so the stories say, that Fair Rosamund was held captive in a labyrinth and given her choice between dagger and poison ; and here, centuries later, another young girl, Princess Elizabeth, was kept a prisoner by the orders of her harsh sister, Queen Mary.

The old palace of Woodstock has disappeared now, and only two tall sycamore-trees show us where it once stood, but a new palace has been built not far away. This is Blenheim, named after Marlborough's great victory, and given to the Duke on condition that, every

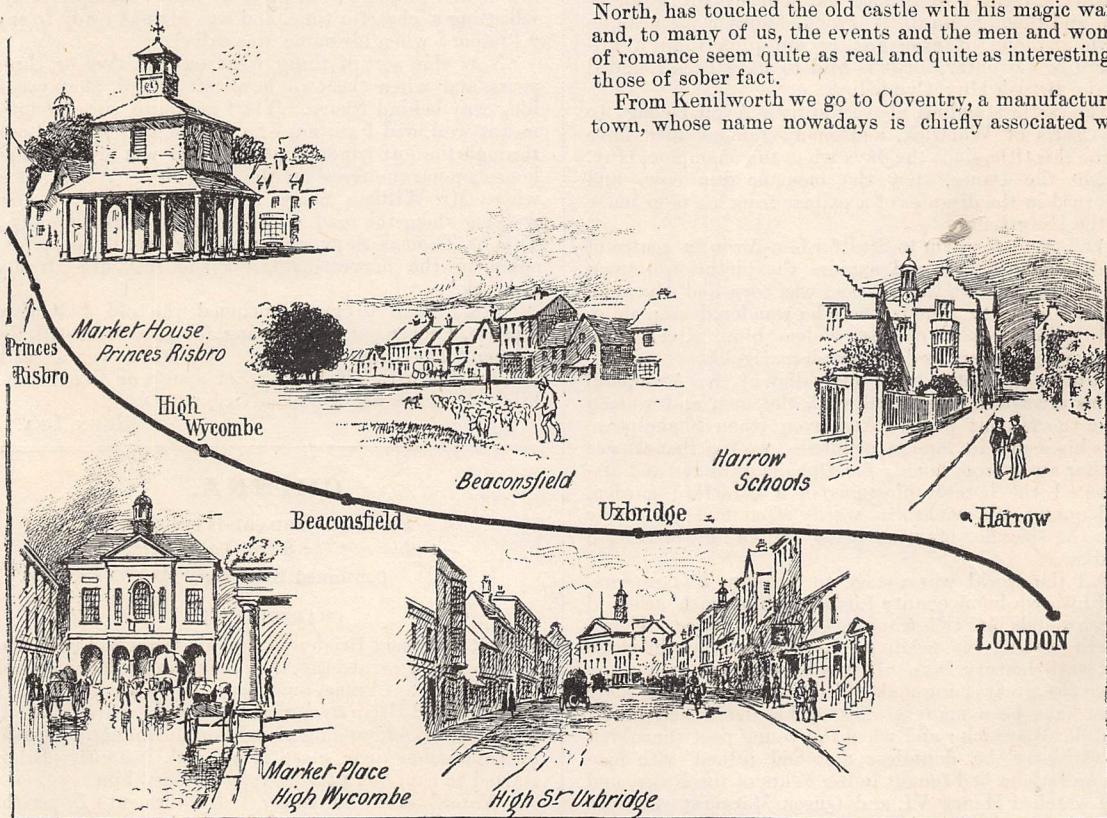
year, he brought to the King at Windsor a banner decorated with three golden Fleur-de-Lys.

Leaving Oxford we travel on to Banbury, the goal of nursery-rhyme expeditions. The famous market cross has been restored lately, and the cakes, which most likely were the object of the cock-horse rides, may still be obtained in the old town.

From Banbury to Leamington is only a short journey, and midway between the two stations lies Fenny Compton, with Edge Hill five miles beyond, where the first battle was fought between the Roundhead and Royalist armies. There have been other and older conflicts on this place, for a great horse cut in the turf commemorates doubtless some pre-historic victory. It seems as if the echoes of warfare must linger in the neighbourhood, for in an old pamphlet we read that on Christmas evening in the year 1642, a wonder appeared in the skies, 'Noyses of War and Battels being seen on Edge Hill neere Keinton.'

Not far from Leamington the British Fosse Way crosses Watling Street, the great Roman road that runs from Dover to the Irish Sea, along which Caesar's legions once marched and wayfarers of the Middle Ages travelled with lines of laden pack-horses or cumbrous waggons.

At the point where the two old highways cross is said to be the centre of England, and an oak-tree is said to mark the exact spot.



—from London.

At Leamington the Great Western Railway turns sharply to the west, but if, instead of going on at once towards Warwick, we continue our journey northward, Kenilworth and Coventry are reached, two towns famous in English history, whose records, full as they are of picturesque incident and splendid pageantry, seem to glow with colour like the pages of some old illuminated missal.

At Kenilworth the ruins of the castle still remain as a witness of its former splendour, but the great fortress was ruthlessly destroyed in Commonwealth days, though it is still possible to realise from the ruins a little of what Kenilworth must have been like when Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was its owner, and when Queen Elizabeth attended the famous revels; or, in still earlier times, when the tournament was held at which Roger Mortimer challenged all comers and a hundred knights appeared in the lists.

Sir Walter Scott's romance has made Kenilworth well known to novel-readers, and it is interesting to identify the places where the different scenes of the story were enacted. The pleasaunce, Amy Robsart's chamber, and the grotto in which she met the queen, are all pointed out by the guide who takes visitors over the ruins, but, in reality, it is doubtful whether hapless Amy ever saw Kenilworth, and she was certainly dead before Elizabeth's majestic progress took place. However, it is no great matter if we do find some differences between history and fiction, for Scott, the Wizard of the North, has touched the old castle with his magic wand, and, to many of us, the events and the men and women of romance seem quite as real and quite as interesting as those of sober fact.

From Kenilworth we go to Coventry, a manufacturing town, whose name nowadays is chiefly associated with

silks and ribbons or with bicycles and munitions of war. A busy, commonplace town, no doubt, to passing travellers ; but Coventry has a history which rivals that of Kenilworth itself, and memories that stretch far back into the misty ages of legend and tradition. It was at Coventry that the Saxon earl, Leofric, lived with his beautiful wife ; and we all know the story of how Godiva rode through the deserted streets of the town clad only in her flowing hair, in order that the taxes with which the people were oppressed might be repealed.

Later in history preparations were made at Coventry for the 'wager by battle' between Henry Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk, and it must have been a brave show that was witnessed when the future King of England rode into the lists on his white courser, preceded by a herald and wearing robes of green and blue velvet, decorated with swans and antelopes of goldsmith's work. Shakespeare tells the story in his play, *Richard II.*, and we know how, at the last moment, King Richard stopped the conflict and sent both combatants into exile.

So much for history and legend. But commerce, too, has its romance, and it is interesting to learn that the woollen manufacture, by which Coventry prospered during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, originated in ancient British days, when rough cloth was woven at Coventry and coloured with the blue dye which had been introduced into the district from Belgic Gaul.

From Coventry we retrace our journey to Leamington, and then go on to Warwick, another picturesque town, and one of even greater antiquity than Kenilworth or Coventry, for it is said to have been founded by the British king, Cymbeline.

The castle standing above the river Avon belongs to the Earls of Warwick, and many famous men have borne this title, since the days when the champion, Guy, fought the Danes, slew the monster dun cow, and returned in the disguise of a palmer from his pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

And then we go on to Stratford-on-Avon, a centre of modern pilgrimages, and explore the picturesque town where our greatest English poet was born and educated, and the country round, where he wandered as a child, and gathered pied daisies, violets blue, silver-white cuckoo flowers, and golden marsh-marigolds.

It is an enchanted land, this valley of the Avon, and seems always to be peopled with the men and women from the famous plays. And even when Shakespeare lays his scenes in foreign countries, we feel that we are not far away from home ; for Ophelia gathered and distributed the homely blossoms of a Stratford garden, and quaint Warwickshire words often find their way into the speeches of some great Italian lord or Roman soldier.

All the world was a stage to William Shakespeare, and his own home county furnished him with splendid backgrounds and rich trappings for his dramas. Kenilworth was at the height of its magnificence in those sixteenth-century days. It was barely a hundred years since the great King-maker fell at Barnet, and there must have been many stories of his deeds and power told in Warwick ; and when the young poet journeyed to Coventry, he doubtless met and talked with men whose fathers had fought in the Wars of the Roses, and had watched Henry VI. and Queen Margaret ride into their 'secret harbour.'

A. A. MUTHLEY.

WHAT THE OLD BELL SAID.

'YOU are quite right,' said the old Bell ; 'my voice is not very clear and musical now, because one morning, while I was calling loudly from the school-house tower, something went wrong with my mouth, and ever since then I have retired from active service to spend the rest of my days in this old loft among the dust and spiders. Will you believe it, I became quite fond of the children, and used to watch them to and from school with much more interest than they ever imagined. Years and years and years ago I remember two boys in particular. Tommy Slow was one and Billy Sharp was the other. They were both good boys, on the whole, but clang and dongle as loudly as I might, I could not make Tommy Slow get to school before I ceased to ring. Far off on the hill-top stood the house he lived in, and from the door of that house to the door of the school was quite a long walk. Tommy Slow could see the school-house tower from his own window, and this was a pity ; for if he saw the clock in the tower was pointing at ten to nine, he always said, "I need not start yet, because school does not begin till nine."

"Tommy Slow, Tommy Slow!" I cried. "You forget that it takes some time to walk down the hill. Start at once, sir ; start at once!" But not he.

'Now it was quite different with Billy Sharp. He lived in the valley still farther away, and a long, long hill he had to climb ; but up it he came, tramp, tramp, whistling a cheerful tune, and was always ready to say "Present" when his name was called.

'Now this sort of thing went on for two or three years, and when the two boys left school, Slow was a long way behind Sharp. Yet I am quite sure Tommy meant well, and I am sure he means well still. Look through the loft window, please. Do you see that fine house among the trees on the hill-side ? Well, that is where Mr. William Sharp lives. See that poor man walking along the road with a rake over his shoulder ? That is Thomas Slow, and, upon my word, he is late again in the harvest-field, for the rest are already at work.'

'Now, listen to me,' continued the old Bell after a pause, 'never put off starting for your work till the moment has come to begin. In other words, walk side by side with Time instead of a step or two behind him. If that's not sound advice, what is ?'

JOHN LEA.

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 211.)

CHAPTER XXII.

FOR a moment Brian was sure his secret had been discovered ; or, at least, that the sick man had watched him talking to Chinna, and suspected he was the latter's friend. And Brian struggled desperately to free himself, but those clutching fingers held on until another spasm of pain made their clasp relax, and, instantly, Brian started to run, but a feeble voice pursued him.

'Water,' said the voice. 'In torment I perish. Water. Give me water, of thy pity.'

Brian stopped irresolute, his weight still poised on one foot, ready to run on again. But there was such pain in the calling voice that, at last, slowly he went back. The sick man was lying on his side, and looked up with sunken, pleading eyes: 'Water,' he repeated. 'Boy, give me to drink, my mouth is as dry as is the dust of the village street.'

Still Brian hesitated. These people had had no pity on Chinna. It did not seem fair that one among them should now expect pity for himself. But the pain in the man's face, his pleading expression, vanquished Brian soon. 'Where shall I get the water from?' he asked.

And the sick man answered: 'My house is yonder, the second from the pool; there is abundance of water within.'

Brian darted off, and pushed open the door of the house the man had indicated. There was no one inside, but in one corner was a big heap of bedding, and beside this stood a great pot of water and a small brass bowl. Brian tipped some of the water from the pot into the bowl, spilling a good deal in his excitement, and then he went back with the bowl to the man as quickly as he could manage to do so.

'May good fortune attend thee for this good deed,' the man said, as he drank thirstily. 'Now, perchance, can I reach my house. There can I die in peace at least.' And he began to crawl again slowly and painfully, while Brian turned to run once more, horrified to think of the time he had already lost. He was forced to go more slowly as he passed the pool, lest he should attract undue attention. The villagers might think it quite natural that he should run from the near neighbourhood of the wizard, but they would expect him to cease running when he was safe amongst those who were about to punish that wizard's evil deeds.

They were still undecided, he gathered, as to what form that punishment should take. But he heard enough as he slipped by to make him certain that the tortures Mrs. Chinna had mentioned were only a few of those it was proposed now to employ. And Brian heard a great talk of a bamboo which he could not understand. But, when he joined the waiting three at last, Mrs. Chinna was soon able to explain its meaning.

'It is with the bamboo they will kill him,' she said, much inclined to be mournful again. 'Thus is it done. The bamboo is placed across the neck of the wizard, and then men stand, several on each end, until they have squeezed the life from the throat. Alas, alas! for my man—the brave and the great. Thus will he perish.'

'No, he won't,' said Brian, with much determination. 'I never saw such a cowardly lot of people. It will be quite easy to make them run from us.' And he began to tell the story of the sick man, and of those others who, in their fear, had refused him help. And he told, too, of poor Chinna, bound and gagged within the hut, but at least unharmed for the present.

'And now we'll go and rescue him,' Brian concluded. 'We'll go round by the back of the house, and climb in through the window. It's only a window-frame really. There was no glass—nothing but a shutter, and the shutter was fastened back against the wall.'

While Bryan had been talking they had all been moving in the direction of the village, and now they had reached the edge of the pool, which was quite

deserted once more, as was also the platform beneath the peepul-tree. The whole population had withdrawn to the village since Brian had passed that way, and it was clear there was no time to be lost. If Chinna were to be saved, the saving must be done quickly.

'Go,' said Mrs. Chinna, sniffing miserably. 'Go, and good luck go with you. I will await you here, for I should but be a hindrance, and not a help, since, if the spirits are angry with my lord, must they not be angry with me, who am his, also? But I can watch the homeward path, and thus know if any pass along it to block our way later.'

And she squatted down on the ground with a heavy sigh. And she was much surprised when Nancy flung her arms round her neck and kissed her. Mrs. Chinna had never been kissed before, and she thought the kissing very strange at first, but certainly rather pleasant. And, finally, she pouted out her lips very far, and kissed Nancy with a resounding smack. It was just like the noise a buffalo makes as it withdraws its body from the mud of a wallow; indeed, a buffalo, which had cunningly managed to escape from the herd-boys, jumped up startled now. And this made them all laugh, and start in a cheerful mood.

'We'll follow the buffalo,' said Brian, 'until we get close to the village. We can hear by the noise its feet make if it's walking on firm or squashy ground, and so we'll be able to keep out of the pool.'

And the three children followed closely as the great beast lumbered slowly towards the village. And they found that after a little while their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, so that they could see after a fashion. And, moreover, though there was no moon as yet, there were a million stars, very large and clear. And on ahead were the lights of the village, and a big bonfire had just been lit in the street, and was flaring up sky-high.

It was distinctly alarming, that bonfire. It seemed so probable it had been kindled for some special evil purpose, and its red glare glowed with a sinister threat. And dark figures moved constantly about it, intent it seemed on some cruel work. But, at least, there were no sounds of rejoicing such as might have been expected if Chinna were already disposed of, and the children pressed on, hoping resolutely for the best.

They were almost at the entrance to the village street now, and they crept round the first of the houses, along the back of each in turn. And soon they stood beneath the little window, and there they halted for a moment, listening to every sound. A clamour of voices rose from the village street. There was a rustling as of a rising wind in the grass of the scrub jungle beyond. But it seemed that no one was with Chinna, for all was quiet in the headman's house.

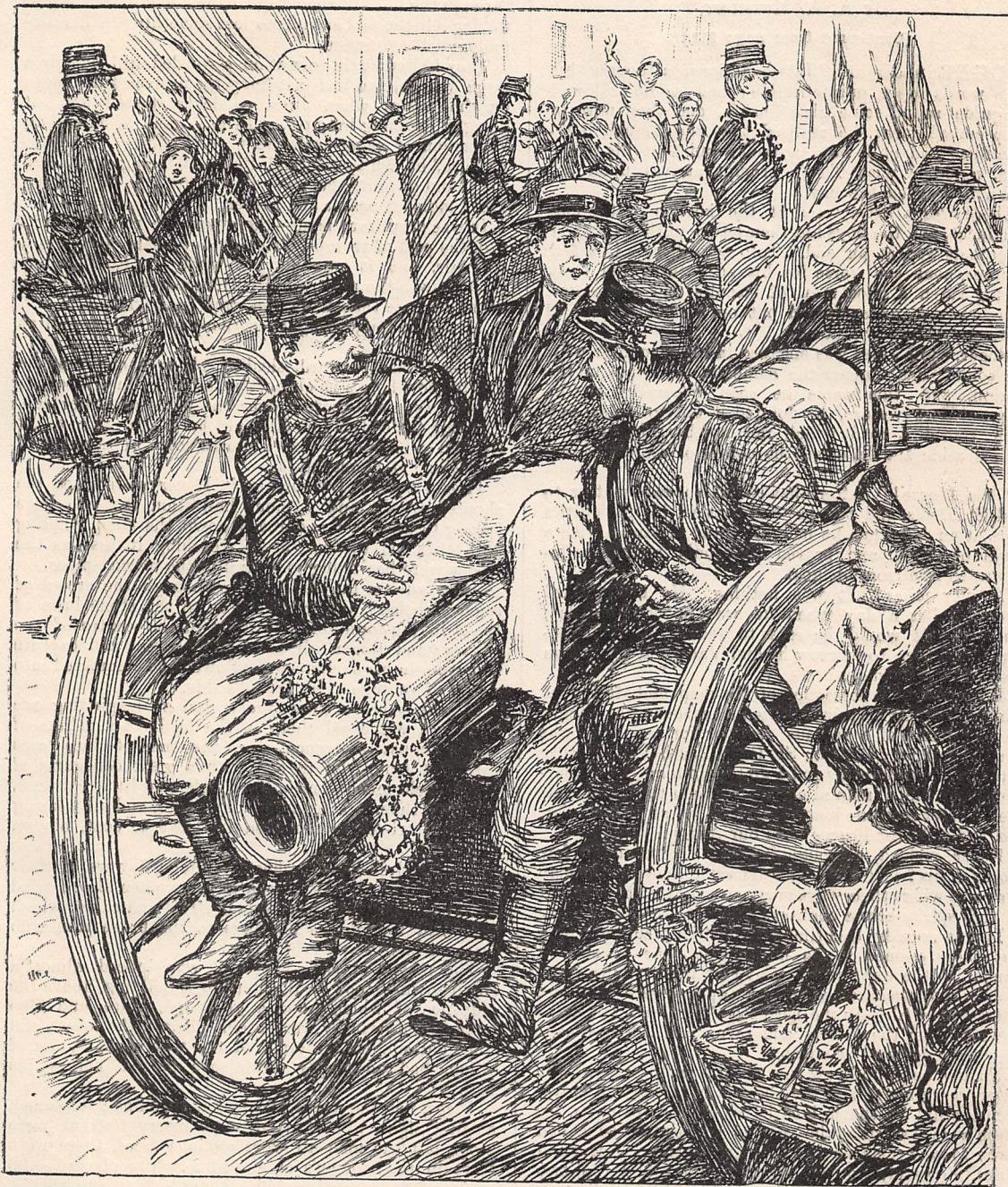
'We'll climb up one by one,' Brian whispered. 'I'll go first, and then Frederick can come, and then Nancy.'

He put his hands on the little sill as he spoke, and began to pull himself up. The window was small, but was big enough for any one of them to squeeze through. Moreover, it was so close to the ground that only Frederick would need help in reaching it. It all seemed planned specially for their convenience.

(Continued on page 230.)



“ ‘Water,’ he repeated. ‘Boy, give me to drink.’ ”



"He sat enthroned on one of the cannon."

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

BY A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 219.)

ROGER understood Jules' actions, although his words were unintelligible; and as he followed his guide round some high bushes, and then down a steep embankment, he realised that the French boy's cowardice had only been a trick, and that his sharp wits, together with Toto's prompt arrival upon the scene, had saved the day.

There was a little wood at the bottom of the embankment, and the boys hid themselves until all danger of pursuit was at an end. Toto joined them in a few minutes, none the worse for his adventure; and then, having eaten a good meal of biscuits and chocolates, Boughton's map was spread out on a smooth patch of grass and carefully studied.

Roger, while Jules was engaged in his encounter with the soldier, had noticed the name on the lamp in the station, and this name he soon discovered on the map. 'Here we are,' he pointed it out to Jules, and then traced a road which ran northwards until it turned aside and followed the course of a blue-marked river.

'The Meuse!' After that it was an easy matter to find St. Denis, and the boy felt that all his difficulties were at an end when he had measured distances with a blade of grass, and proved that only twenty miles separated him from his goal.

Twenty miles! It was nothing. He had walked twenty miles a day when he was in Scotland last summer. It would be easy to reach St. Denis to-night, and then to-morrow he and Val could set out on their return journey.

Jules now took possession of the map, and after some minutes' earnest scrutiny planted a sun-burnt fore-finger on the name of a famous frontier fortress that was situated not very far from St. Denis itself. 'My brother is there,' he explained, 'and I go to join him. I am fourteen years old, a man almost, and when they find that they cannot send me home they will let me be a soldier, too, and fight for France with our Anton.'

Roger nodded, although he only understood a few words of his friend's speech, and having found on the map the point where their ways must part, the two boys set off in high spirits across country.

It was noon by this time on a brilliant summer day, but there seemed to be no signs of war or coming danger as the wayfarers trudged on their way through woods, past orchards where the apples were ripening, fields where already the corn stood high and golden as if waiting for the reapers, and farms which looked as if they were deserted or asleep.

To any one who knew the country well, perhaps the utter peacefulness and the absence of sound and movement would in themselves have been evil omens, for these were signs that the men had already been called away to take their places in the great army. Roger and Jules, however, noticed nothing amiss, and the two boys laughed merrily together and made friends over their disjointed attempts at conversation, and over the late wild raspberries and early blackberries which they gathered in hedges and thickets.

They stopped once for an hour to buy and eat bread, milk, and slabs of strong-flavoured cheese, at a lonely

inn whose sole inhabitant seemed to be a very deaf old woman, and then they went on again, walking steadily through the hot afternoon, until their gay spirits began to flag a little, and even Toto lost something of his impudent self-assurance.

They halted again to rest on a wooded hill outside a large village, and had just flung themselves full-length on the grass, when Jules suddenly started and sat upright, listening intently, with one hand lifted and an expression of eager excitement on his face. 'La Marcellaise,' he whispered, and Roger, listening too, heard the sound of music far away in the distance, but coming every moment nearer and nearer.

It was a military band—there was the roll of drums and the peal of trumpets, ringing out clearly in the hot, still air, and it was playing what the English boy thought was the most wonderful tune that he had ever heard—a tune that made him want to laugh and to cry, to march, to sing, to fight—perhaps even to die—all at the same time.

Jules leaned forward, shading his eyes, and then he pointed to where a thick curtain of dust hung above a straight road and drifted over the fields on either side. Through the eddying cloud could be caught glimpses of red and of blue, of the sleek brown coats of horses, and of flashing steel and brass.

'Les soldats! Les soldats!' Roger understood the shouted words, and without hesitation the two boys sprang to their feet and raced down the steep winding path that led to the village, reaching it just as the troops were beginning to pour into the market-place.

Jules pushed his way sturdily through the crowd of eager onlookers, and scrambled on to the stone brim of the drinking-fountain that stood in the centre of the square; and Roger, all fears of discovery and capture forgotten in his excitement, followed and clambered into a post of vantage at his friend's side.

It was a brave show, truly, and an inspiriting one—that was witnessed there in the brilliant sunshine of that August afternoon, for the market-place was thronged from end to end with a great concourse of people: old men, women, boys, girls, and little children, many of them dressed in holiday attire, and all wearing knots of tri-coloured ribbon fastened to coat, blouse, or cap.

The children had bunches of cottage flowers in their hands, or waved tiny flags, and the women also carried flowers, together with baskets of fruit and cakes, which they had brought as offerings to the brave men who were on their way to the Front.

The mayor of the village—it was, indeed, almost a small town—stood on the steps of a building, above the entrance of which hung a great red, white, and blue-banner, and near by were other officials, the priest, and some old soldiers, veterans of the war of 1870, one of whom had an empty coat-sleeve pinned across his breast.

Flags, flowers, music, and bright sunshine; it seemed, at first sight, almost as if some merry festival were afoot, but the men all wore anxious faces, there were tears in the women's eyes, and a white placard—the notice of the general mobilisation, which summoned the sons of France to their country's defence in this time of danger—was fixed to the wall of the little hotel-de-ville, beneath the drooping tri-colour.

And then on they came, the troops, a great procession of men, horses, and guns, and all alike were covered

with dust and decked with gay summer flowers. The band was still playing, and mingled with the sound of the martial music came the clatter of hoofs on the round, slippery cobble-stones, and the ringing clatter of metal harness and accoutrements. The soldiers waved their hands and shouted greeting to the welcoming crowds and laughed gaily, their eyes and white teeth gleaming through the dust and grime that streaked their resolute, sunburnt faces.

A halt of a few minutes was made, and then the spectators surged forward, eager to grasp the hands of the heroes, to press gifts upon them, and to hang their fresh flowers—roses, stocks, poppies, and sweet-smelling mignonette—round the necks of the horses and on the grim cannons, above the withering garlands of other villages. The mayor spoke his formal words of welcome, little children were held up to be kissed, and pretty, dark-eyed girls pinned flowers into the soldiers' tunics. The women were sobbing openly now, but they did their best to hide their grief and to smile bravely through the tears.

Some of the officers dismounted and stood talking to the mayor, while the men mingled with the village folk, laughing and chatting; but very soon the brief halt came to an end and preparations for departure were made. When everything was ready, the band once more struck up the 'Marseillaise,' and then the crowd, men and women alike, caught up the notes and sung the words of the refrain.

It was the first time in his life that English Roger had witnessed such a scene; it was the first time that he had heard the great war-hymn of France, and now, carried away by enthusiasm, he took off his cap and waved it above his head.

'Hip, hip, hurrah!' The clear young voice rang out in an unmistakable English cheer, and instantly the attention of the soldiers was attracted. They thronged round the boy, talking, laughing, gesticulating, and shaking his hand again and again. Roger, for his part, was completely bewildered and not a little dismayed by this sudden and quite unexpected plunge into popularity, for he knew nothing of the suspense that had held France in its grip during the anxious days when she awaited the decision of her ally, nor of the unbounded relief that took its place when the news that England would be true to her promises was flashed through the length and breadth of the land. To-day every Englishman was a friend and a hero in France, and even Roger came in for a share of his nation's honour and glory.

'Vive l'Angleterre!' 'Vive l'Entente Cordiale!' the cries were taken up by a hundred voices, and, as the batteries started on their way once more, the boy was seized in the brawny arms of a stalwart gunner and swung up on to one of the cannon, where he sat enthroned, blushing and smiling among the flags and flowers with which it was decked.

It cannot be said that our hero enjoyed his strange experience as he rode in triumph out of the crowded market-place; but his shyness and confusion reached a climax when, at the outskirts of the village, he was hoisted down from his perch and given a hearty kiss by a white-moustached, medal-bedecked officer who leaned over the side of a military motor-car to bid him farewell.

'Now, what on earth did the old idiot want to do that for?' Roger said to himself, as he stood alone in the middle of the road, watching the dust-cloud

that rose behind the departing batteries, and he was still ruefully rubbing a shamed, crimson cheek, when Jules, who, happily, had not witnessed his disgrace, ran up, panting and breathless, to rejoin him.

'Ah, Roger, my friend, what an honour—what a distinction! Let me congratulate thee!—let me embrace thee!' Jules advanced with wide-open arms, and would certainly have suited the action to the words if the English boy had not backed away from him with an expression of unmistakable rage and horror on his face.

Jules stared in amazement, and then Roger burst into a sudden peal of laughter. 'Gee whiz!' he said, using an exclamation that he had picked up from Yankee Sam. 'What a queer country France is, to be sure.'

(Continued on page 238.)

SIMNEL SUNDAY.

MOTHERING Sunday, as the fourth Sunday in Lent is sometimes called, gets its name from the fact that on that particular day servants used, in the old times, to make a practice of spending a holiday at home, generally taking with them some little presents for their parents.

These presents often took the form of cakes, and to this day Simnel Cakes are sold in most of the north-country towns during the week preceding the fourth Sunday in Lent. Very rich, spicy cakes these are: just as delicious, no doubt, as they were in the long-ago days when Robert Herrick wrote:

'I'll to thee a Simnel bring,
'Gainst thou go a-mothering!'

In some of the oldest towns the custom is very carefully kept, and I remember the peculiar richness of the Shrewsbury Simnels of twenty-five years ago; the Shrewsbury Simnel, by the way, was particularly large, and in appearance unlike any of the Simnel cakes sold in other towns; when bought, the outside crust of the cake is quite as hard as wood; indeed, it used to be said that a certain lady who received a Shrewsbury Simnel as a present, took it for use as a foot-stool, being under the impression that such was its use! In shape the Shrewsbury Simnel rather resembles a large ornamented pork-pie.

There are many legends as to the origin of the name of the Simnel Cake, and amongst them is the story that they were first baked by Lambert Simnel the Pretender; but the Shrewsbury Simnel has a story all of its own. It happened, so the story runs, that an old couple of the townsfolk, Simon and Nelly by name, were anxious to prepare a feast for their children, who would be sure to visit them on Mothering Sunday. Being a careful pair, however, they made up their minds to use in the making of the cake some unleavened dough which happened to be in the house, as it was the Lent season, also the remains of their last Christmas pudding, some of which was still stored away.

So far, so good, the old couple set to work; but soon a dispute arose. Simon declared that the cake must be boiled, while Nelly wished to bake it. So violently did they quarrel over the matter, that at last Nelly rose from the stool on which she was sitting and flung it at Simon, when he, still more angrily, beat her firmly with the broom.

Happily, however, the thought of their children calmed the old people; they agreed to differ in opinion,



A PICTURE PUZZLE.

Robinson Crusoe: Find Man Friday.

and at Nelly's suggestion the cake was first boiled and then baked; the pot was put on the fire, and Simon fed the flames with the broomstick and the broken stool!

Such a strange cake—so the story runs—was the result of their cookery as had never been seen before; and a new name was needed for it, therefore; so it was called a Simnel—being the joint production of Simon and Nelly! And so popular it was with the children on arrival that the same recipe had to be followed every year.

A copy of this quaint story used to be sold with each Simnel in the Shrewsbury shops in my childhood, and it is amusing enough to be told again to the boys and girls of to-day.

ETHEL TALBOT.

COALS OF FIRE.

I'M so glad you're home for the holidays, Stan,' said little Flo Leigh, tucking her hand through her brother's arm. 'Such a horrid boy, called Tom Page, has come to live near us. He chases me, and once he took my books from me and threw them over a hedge.'

'Why does he do it?' asked Stanley.

'Because he says I knocked his sister down.' Then, seeing the surprise on her brother's face, she went on hurriedly: 'We ran into each other at a corner, and she fell and bumped her head. It really wasn't my fault any more than hers, and I said I was sorry; but

the next time I met him he shook me. He frightens all the little girls.'

'Cad!' ejaculated Stanley. 'If I catch him, I'll jolly well teach him not to touch you again.'

The two walked along the country lane with the bulldog, Roy, frisking at their heels, thoroughly enjoying the bright, frosty winter day.

'Look here, Flo,' said Stanley, as they came to where the road divided, 'if you run to Miss Wilson's with mother's note, I will go to the library and come back here for you. Then we will turn off into the woods.'

Flo agreed, and they parted. Stanley was kept rather a long time, and hurried back, expecting to find his sister tired of waiting. As he came to the corner he saw her standing with her back against a wall looking very frightened, with a boy in front of her gripping her arms.

It did not require any one to tell him that this was Tom Page. In a second he had grasped him from behind, wrenched him from his hold, and flung him on his back in the road. The dog, ever ready to fight his master's battles, bared his teeth and growled.

'Hold Roy, Flo!' said Stanley, and then stood looking down at the prostrate figure. 'Now, you cad,' he said, 'get up and I'll give you the worst thrashing you've ever had in your life. I'll teach you to frighten little girls!' He doubled his fists and waited.

But Tom stayed where he was, remarking sullenly, 'I won't get up!'

Stanley looked nonplussed. It is impossible to thrash



"Get up, and I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life."

a fellow who lies on his back—one cannot hit a man when he's down; so after gazing at him for a minute he turned away. 'Come on, Flo. The chap's a coward and a bully.'

They had only gone a few yards when Tom sprang to his feet, shouting, 'Wait till you go back to school!

It'll be my turn then!' He picked up a stone as he spoke and flung it. Unfortunately, Stanley, glancing round, received it full on his forehead. With a yell of derisive laughter Tom turned and fled.

'Oh, Stan!' sobbed Flo, as a large lump arose and began rapidly to turn black, 'is it very bad?'

After the first stinging pain was over, Stanley laughed reassuringly. 'Don't bother, Kiddie. Let's go to the stream and bathe it.'

Fortunately the water was not frozen, and Flo sopped her handkerchief and applied it to the bruise again and again.

'There, it's ever so much better now. Boys don't think anything of bruises,' he said, carelessly.

They continued their walk, flinging stones for Roy to chase and thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Dusk soon began to fall, however, and as they came out of the wood Stanley asked, 'Shall we go home by the high road or by the lane?'

'I wonder where Tom is?' said Flo, nervously. 'Did you hear what he said, Stan?'

'Yes, I did; but don't bother, Flo. I shall be at home for five weeks. A lot of things may happen in that time. Suppose we go by the lane?'

They had walked some distance when they heard a voice on the field-path the other side of the hedge. Flo clutched her brother's arm.

'It's him!' she whispered.

'Hush!' replied Stanley. 'There's some one else, too. Listen!'

'Now, look here, young chap,' the second voice began. 'I know you have some money in your pocket, because I followed you from the shops. Hand it out, or else—!' A pause left the hearers to imagine what would happen if he were disobeyed.

'Oh, Stan, let's go! I'm frightened!' sobbed Flo under her breath.

'Wait! I can't leave the chap in trouble, even if he is a cad. We're all right. We have Roy, you know. Keep close to me.'

Peering through the hedge, he saw Tom miserably hand out a purse. He waited no longer, but, taking a firm grip of Roy's collar, pushed his way through a gap and confronted the man.

'Give that purse up!' he commanded.

The tramp turned with uplifted fist, but the sight of Roy's bared fangs and bristling hair stopped him.

'Give it up at once or I will let the dog loose!' repeated Stanley. By this time Roy, who had evidently taken a dislike to the stranger, was standing on his hind legs, growling viciously and straining to get free.

'Make haste! I can't hold him much longer!'

With a snarl of rage the man flung the purse down and took to his heels.

For a minute Stanley waited, then released the animal. 'To heel, Roy!' he said sharply, and without another word the three turned away.

In the lane he put his arm round his little sister's shoulders. 'Don't cry, Kiddie! I'm so sorry! But we couldn't leave the chap, could we?'

They hurried along in the gathering gloom, till suddenly they heard running steps and a voice shouting, 'Leigh, I want to speak to you!'

Stanley turned and faced his enemy, with the dog in between. Tom reddened slowly as he saw the large discoloured bruise.

'I'm sorry I hit you, Leigh,' he began.

'That's nothing!' said Stanley, sharply.

'I'm sorry I frightened your little sister, too,' went on the miserable voice. 'I won't do it again. I deserve a thrashing.'

Stanley tried to hide a smile as he looked at the

dejected figure, and thought that on the whole Tom had had rather a hot time of it that afternoon.

'We will let you off this time,' he said at length, offering his hand. 'You'd better walk with us till we get to the high road; it will be safer.'

Tom grasped it eagerly. 'Thanks awfully!' he said. 'You've been a brick to me.'

C. E. THONGER.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

WHAT happened next to Miss Goldilocks?—
She soon got over her terrible shocks

At the sight of the Bears in that house in the Wood,
And made friends with them all as a wise girl should!

What happened next to the Sleeping Beauty?—
When she'd married the Prince then she made it her duty

To send for a spinning-wheel and to begin
To teach all the villager-children to spin!

What happened next to poor Cinderella?—
Her handsome Prince was a charming fellow,
And they lived in a Palace all made of pearls,
And were ever so kind to all poor little girls!

What happened next to all of the others?—
The sad little sisters, and cruel step-mothers?—
Why, they made up their quarrels with kisses and laughter,
And all lived quite happy for evermore after!

ETHEL TALBOT.

CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.
(Continued from page 223.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

IT was very dark inside the hut, and Brian stayed for a moment with one knee on the window-sill, and called 'Chinna!' very softly, partly in the hope that Chinna might have succeeded by this time in dislodging the gag from his mouth, partly to let the little man know it was his friends who had come. There was no answer save a thud from the floor, which seemed to prove that Chinna was still alive, and Brian turned to let himself drop backwards into the room. Then, suddenly, he swung round, and subsided instead between Nancy and Frederick, for the door of the hut was opening slowly, and faces, half fearful, wholly angry, very malicious, were peering through the opening.

Brian still held on to the window-sill, and, by standing on tiptoe, he found he could look into the hut. Nancy could see in also over Brian's shoulder, and they watched very anxiously for what should happen next. Frederick could only listen, which was uncomfortable but rather less frightening, because the faces of the people in the hut were so fierce and threatening that it was by no means consoling to be able to watch them.

The door was wide open by this time, and, over the heads of those who crowded through and round it, glared the red flames of the bonfire in the street. And there was thus sufficient light to show the figure of Chinna lying huddled and bound upon the floor in the furthermost corner.

There was a curious silence in the hut at first, as if those who had entered were afraid to speak. Their leaders were the grey-bearded elders, who were probably quite well-meaning people, who believed they were about to do their duty in punishing a dangerous sorcerer. But Nancy and Brian could think of them only as Chinna's enemies, and Brian yearned to loose an arrow at the group. 'I'd like to make them jump, anyway,' he thought, revengefully. And he felt yet more indignant as one of the men came forward and kicked Chinna deliberately.

'Arise, wizard,' the villager commanded. 'The time of thy trial has come. Stand up, then, in the presence of thine accusers.'

But poor Chinna could not raise himself, so tightly were his feet bound together, and at last two of the men propped him up against the house wall. They touched him as if they thought he was made of gunpowder, and might explode at any moment. And, finally, they loosened the ends of the gag, and pulled the bit of stuff out of his mouth. And instantly Chinna called, defiantly, 'I have done you no wrong. If ye torture me harm will surely befall you, since I am altogether innocent of evil. Those who are my friends will come to my aid.'

The people in the hut looked somewhat uneasily at each other as Chinna spoke, and then their spokesman answered in a voice he plainly tried to make as scornful as possible, 'The priest of our temple bids us punish you. And he has promised that we shall take no hurt therefrom.'

'Then he has made a promise he cannot keep,' said Chinna, stoutly. 'The priest is jealous. He wishes to rid himself of me that he may have the more offerings.'

This argument seemed to make something of an impression on the audience, and the crowd gaped, open-mouthed, as Chinna went on: 'Also your priest has command only of the spirits of the house and of the field. Who but I can help you against the things of the wild? Who shall fight the striped ones for you, moreover, if I be not there to do it?'

'Then, if thou art so powerful, why dost thou not fight against the sickness and defeat it?' asked a sullen voice from the background, and a man pushed his way to the front. He was dressed in the saffron-coloured garments of a Hindu priest, and was plainly the rival of which mention had been made. 'There is no talk of striped ones now. Fight the sickness,' he repeated, 'thou who didst send it hither.'

The words seemed to set a match to the anger of the crowd and, at once, it flared up, murder-high. There was an ugly rush towards Chinna, and hands were outstretched to seize him, but the priest waved these would-be captors back, and stood in front of his victim. 'Let those who accuse this man stand forth, one by one,' he said, 'that all may be done in due order.' And, one by one, they came. The man who had met Chinna on the island, and who spoke of how frightened the wizard had seemed when he heard of the sickness in the village; how reluctant to come and charm it away. The men

who had witnessed his anger when the reward had been withheld. The owner of the kid, to whom the little beast had returned bleating in the night. Each in turn, they added their testimony, until the case looked black against the little hunter. Not one among the crowd but believed him wholly guilty. Not one but shouted eager approval when the priest cried fiercely: 'Bring the instruments of torture. We have heard enough. His guilt is clear in the eyes of all men.'

'Quick, Brian, quick. We must get through the window now,' Nancy whispered, carried away by excitement.

But, before the children could move, Chinna's voice rang out again bravely, and by its sheer courage held his enemies at bay: 'Have ye so soon forgotten all that I have done for you? Did I not risk my life to save you from the striped one? Hitherto has the sickness been too strong for me, indeed, but now I have remembered a spell which shall surely make me master.'

He seemed so certain of his own power that once more he regained something of his old control over the fickle crowd. Even the priest listened attentively, for, though he much wished to get rid of Chinna, yet he was still more afraid of the sickness, and thought that he, himself, might die of it. And, though torture might make the wizard work this new spell in any case, and it would be most amusing to apply it, still, this was plainly a stubborn little sorcerer who might not yield to torture even. And, thinking thus, the priest said sulkily: 'Weave thy spell, then, evil one. This chance, and this chance only, shall be given thee.'

'I must weave my spell alone,' said Chinna. 'That which shall appear to me no eyes but mine must see. The voice which shall speak to me no ears but mine must hear. Go ye all without, and, when I am ready, I will call. But first loosen my hands and my feet, for bound, I cannot work the spell properly.'

But to this the priest would not consent. Indeed, it appeared to make him suspicious again, and he glanced at the little window and measured its size with his eye, and calculated that there was room for Chinna to squeeze through. And he answered, frowning: 'Bound thou shalt work thy spell, or not at all. Bid thy spirits loosen thy bonds for thee. If they be as powerful as thou wouldest have us believe, so small a task will not be beyond their strength.'

He turned to the crowd now, and waved them through the doorway towards the street outside.

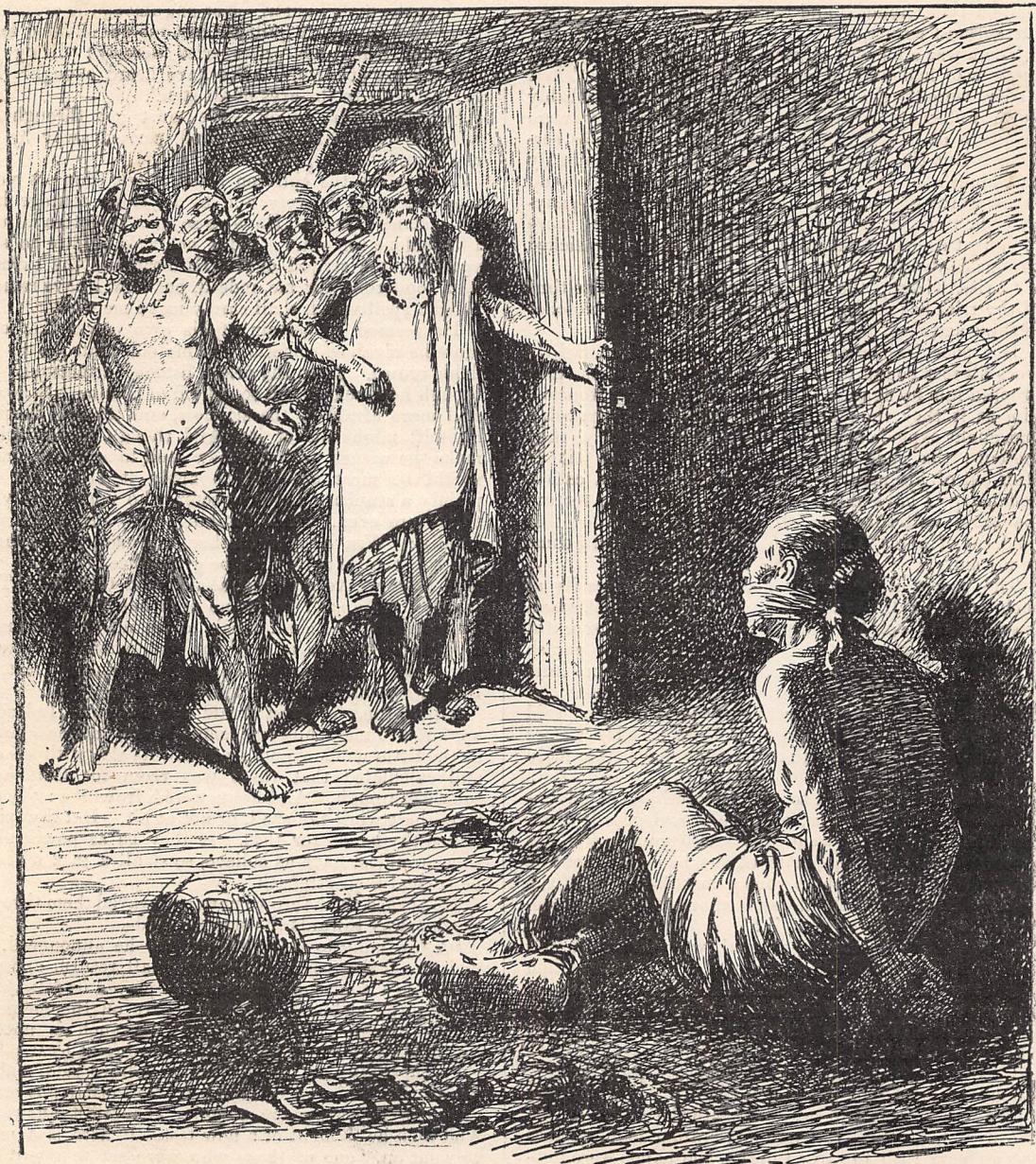
'A few minutes are thine, wizard,' he announced, 'in which to make ready. Then we shall return, and woe betide thee if once again thou hast played us false.'

'But the sickness will not depart on the moment,' Chinna urged. 'Thou knowest that such is not its custom. Give me, then, till the morning at least.'

'Thou shalt have the time that I have said, and no more. If this spell be more powerful than any other, then can it work more quickly,' the priest answered. And then he thought of a new test. 'There is a man,' he went on, 'one of those who were set to guard thy door, and who is newly smitten with the sickness. We will go fetch him hither, and thou shalt cure him in our presence.'

And the crowd echoed: 'Yes, yes! That is well said. We bring the man. Make ready, sorcerer.' And, in another moment, the hut was empty. The door had closed again, and all was dark.

(Continued on page 234.)



“There was sufficient light to show the figure of Chinna lying bound on the floor.”



"Slowly the door opened, and there peeped round it the face of a little inquisitive boy."

CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 231.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

DIRECTLY the door was closed, the children came scrambling into the hut one after another, in the order Brian had planned, dragging the skins after them. And Chinna, who could see the small figures plainly against the starlit night, sighed with relief. And when he spoke, his brave voice shook a little as never had it shaken in the presence of his enemies.

'Ye have come,' he said. 'There were moments when I feared that, after all, ye might hesitate. It is so easy when ill-luck strikes a man for all to fall away from him. And already, it seemed, I felt the pain of the hot irons, the smart of the pepper, the bamboo choking my breath. It is no death for a man to die, that—the death of a thing in a trap.'

Already Brian's little axe was at work on his bonds, and in another moment Chinna was free, and his cheerful self again. He seemed to take for granted that now the children had come all would be well, which was extremely reassuring. And Brian and Frederick wrapped the skins around them as neatly as they could in the darkened hut; and meanwhile Nancy explained to Chinna just what they meant to do. She and Brian had planned it all out very carefully on the way from the forest to the village.

'We will stand a little to one side of you,' said Nancy; 'and, when the door opens, you must point to us and say nothing at all, and I'll do the talking, because that will surprise them most.'

And she rehearsed to herself the little speech Mrs. Chinna had taught her, and added a few more sentences. She felt as if they were dressing-up to act charades. So intent were they all on rescuing Chinna, that as yet they scarcely had time to feel afraid on their own account.

But their preparations were soon completed, and still the enemy lingered. There was noise in plenty from the village street, but the door remained unopened. And it was then that fear crept close to the children, and for the first time they fully realised that, not only might they fail to save Chinna, but that they might themselves be in danger from his enemies. Would it not have been better, they wondered, merely to have cut Chinna's bonds and then to have escaped with him through the window? But they could not have guessed that the villagers would be so long in returning, and such an escape would have been useless without a considerable start. The little party must soon have been overtaken and captured, and would have been robbed of such advantage as the present situation gave them. Some such thoughts passed now through Nancy's mind and through Brian's, while Frederick was frightened because the others were frightened, but without quite knowing why. Chinna was the least uneasy of the four; partly because he was so much pleased at the loyalty the children had shown, partly because he was very busy listening to all the sounds of the night, which came drifting in through the open window, as well as to all the sounds of the village. His quick ears separated one from another as skilful fingers separate the tangled threads of a skein.

'There is something moving outside,' Chinna began.

'Something large and heavy. First it comes close, and then for a short space it slinks away, and again returns.'

The children listened, but could not detect the movement of which Chinna spoke. They had not his delicacy of perception yet, though it was wonderful how their hearing had improved in the last few days.

'It might be the buffalo,' Brian suggested. 'It did turn towards the village street, but it may have followed us afterwards, thinking we were herd-boys, perhaps.'

'It is not the footsteps of a buffalo that I hear,' Chinna asserted. And then he ceased speaking suddenly as the latch of the door rattled. In an instant the children had grouped themselves a little to his right, Nancy in the middle, and Brian and Frederick on either side of her.

Slowly, very slowly, the door opened, and the light of the flames flickered in once more, and weirdly illumined the curious little group. Most strange indeed the children looked, so strange that they could almost have been afraid of themselves. The snake-skin, which was wrapped round Frederick, shimmered and glimmered until, through its undulating folds, a snake-life seemed to flow. In bold stripes of orange and silver the tiger-skin threatened and defied. And Nancy was so pale with excitement that her face was paper-white.

Slowly the door opened, and there peeped round it, not the crowd they were all expecting, but the face of a little inquisitive boy. He had been challenged by his comrades to look at the wizard while his elders were still at the house of the sick man, who firmly refused to be moved into the deadly presence of the sorcerer.

One glance the little boy gave, and followed that glance with a yell—a yell so utterly piercing that it brought the whole population of the village, helter skelter, to his aid. He was too frightened to run away, but remained in the doorway as if he were frozen to the spot, while the yell poured from his throat as though he had breath enough in reserve to go on for ever. And the crowd, which rapidly collected round him, began to yell also as they, too, caught sight of the strange shapes within the hut, until Chinna opened his mouth to speak, and a frightened silence ensued.

(Continued on page 247.)

FRUITS FROM ACROSS THE SEAS.

I.—THE ORANGE.

GREAT BRITAIN is well off for home-grown fruit, but there are many other fruits which we get from overseas. Some of them we can purchase at our fruiterers, but others we never obtain in their fresh state—we only meet them sometimes among candied fruits which have been sent from abroad. People who have travelled much, or who have lived in foreign lands, especially the tropics, tell us that we, at home here, do not know the real flavour of an orange, or a pineapple, or of many other fruits! You see, in order that these fruits should arrive here ripe, they are *packed unripe*, and a fruit which has ripened in a packing-case cannot be as beautiful as one ripened in its natural element and on its tree or bush. Then again, there are heaps of foreign fruits which will not travel in their fresh state at all! Imagine what would be the result if you tried to pack raspberries or mulberries, and they had to remain in their packing for weeks! Why, these fruits rot when they have been gathered two or three days! Since our

vessels have been supplied with the wonderful refrigerators which they carry, merchants have been able to bring over specimens, but still these have to be eaten soon after they are removed from the cold storage, or they go bad. And even then we cannot experience their true flavour.

I have had, from time to time, the opportunity of tasting many overseas fruits, as a friend of mine, a sea captain, brings them over. As his ship comes into dock quite near to my home, he often brings me specimens. I shall start by giving you some account of the overseas fruits which are met in English shops, for I dare say you do not really know so very much about them. It is a curious fact that we are often very ignorant about things which are quite common to us.

I suppose the most common are the members of the orange family, viz., the orange and the lemon.

We will take the Orange (*Citrus aurantium*) as our example; the history of all the others of this family is much the same. The orange was originally a native of Asia; it was introduced into Europe by the Portuguese about 1547. You will remember that the Portuguese were great explorers and were very keen about spices, so naturally they were interested in oranges. Also they found that they would actually grow in the south of Europe, and so they instituted 'Orange groves,' and they have flourished quite well ever since.

There are a tremendous number of varieties. We hardly realise this at first sight, but even in our shops we get such kinds as the Seville oranges, which are large and very bitter—we use them you know for marmalade. Then there are Tangerine and the Mandarin, little flat fellows, with very thin skins, and a very penetrating scent. These at Christmas we see in our shops, temptingly packed in boxes decorated with tinsel fringes and rosettes. Then again, there are the Maltese Blood Oranges, fruits in which the pulps are streaked with dark red. Other varieties vary in shape, colour, and thickness of skin, but there is not much interest for you in a string of names of varieties, so I will go on to describe the tree itself.

Now, have you ever tried to grow a little orange-tree? It is quite easy if you have a greenhouse where you can place it away from the possibility of frost. You just plant a pip or two in a pot with a little good soil and they will grow quite easily. If you try it, you will thus be able to verify many of the details which I shall now describe to you.

In fig. 1, I show you a spray of orange blossom drawn from a small plant grown by a florist in the neighbourhood. The leaves are evergreen and have a peculiar winged stalk which is jointed to the leaf. This you can see plainly at a. If you have a plant of orange, and do not keep it watered, the leaves will fall off, and, instead of giving way at the main stem, they break at the joint. This winged leaf-stalk and the joint will help you to know a quite young orange plant with only a leaf or two, so remember this, and look out for it.

The leaves are of a clear green and very shiny; the young ones are very pale in colour. The flowers are white, sometimes tinged on the backs of the petals with bluish purple. There are five fleshy petals; the sepals are mere points round a woody disc. The stamens have flattened filaments, sometimes being split at the top and carrying more than one anther. At fig. 2, I show you an enlarged section of a flower and also a single stamen of the form I describe. You see

the pistil has a round 'ovary' (or seed vessel), and a short 'style' on which is a single stigma. The part which will be the orange is the ovary. Now, if you again refer to fig. I (b) you will see there are several flowers which have lost their petals and stamens. This is the first stage in the development of the orange. The orange is green at first, a very vivid emerald green too. As it grows the stigma disappears, leaving only a scar (or 'cup' where the fruit rests), but the calyx lasts on, and is the little dry disc you find on your orange. At B, in fig. 1, you have an orange which has begun to develop, but it is at that size still green. Later, of course, it gradually turns yellow, and finally takes on that particular shade of yellow which we call 'orange' (it is the fruit which has given the name to the shade). One great peculiarity of the tree is the fact that on a moderate-sized branch you will, at the same time, find buds, flowers, and fruits in all degrees of ripeness.

Now you will think it strange, I suppose, when I tell you that the right term for the fruit is a 'berry'; but such is the case. The structure of the orange is a little peculiar: you know when you have removed the outer skin you can divide the fruit into what we call 'quarters'; but this is a wrong name really, as the divisions are many more than four (fig. 3). Each of these divisions are covered with a thin skin and enclose generally a pip or two and hundreds of tiny bags of juice. Have you ever noticed this last fact? These bags are formed by a large number of hairy outgrowths from the inner wall of the 'quarter.' If you very carefully take off the outer skin from a 'quarter,' you can separate out these little bags of juice. In fig. 4 you can observe the arrangement of the 'bags.' It is an interesting thing to do! The 'pips' are, of course, the seeds. Oil is extracted from the outer rind of the orange which is of considerable value in medicine.

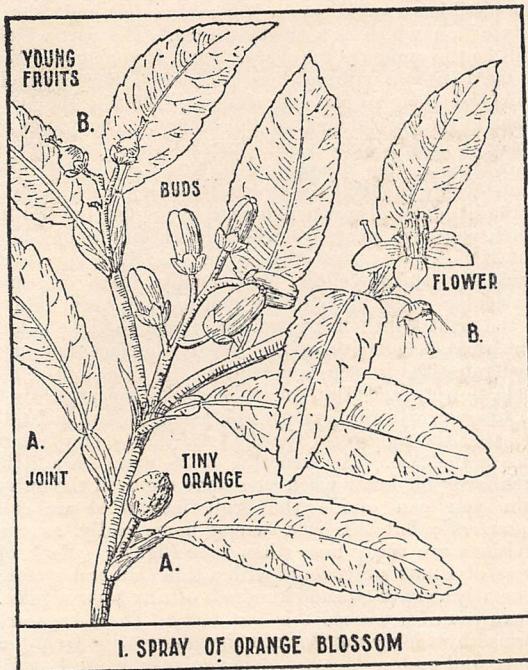
Oranges are grown in 'groves'—that is, in rows which are far apart, giving them plenty of room to spread out: the wider the branches spread, the more fruit they carry.

For exportation they are gathered unripe, and, as you no doubt know, they come to us packed in boxes. A friend once told me that when you have once tasted an orange which has been gathered, ripe, straight from the tree, you never again want to eat the poor things we get here! Well, that is all very well, but we cannot all go to the home of the orange and have this experience, so we must be thankful for small mercies in the shape of a very luscious and favourite fruit.

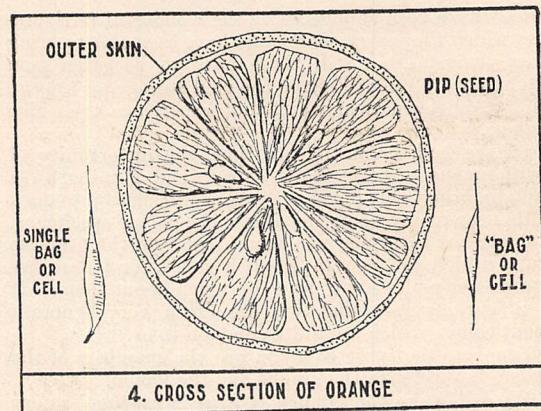
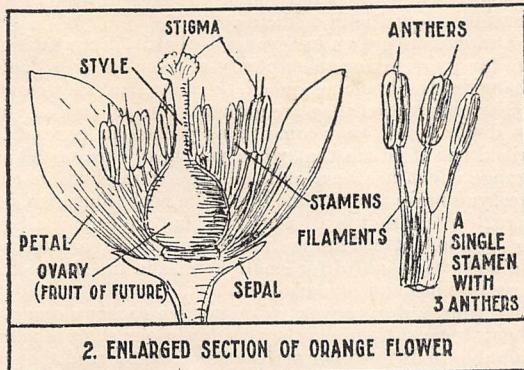
Of course, during war, we do not see so many oranges about, because the room they occupy in our ships is more valuable to us for other merchandise; but I read that in 1905 the value of the oranges brought into Great Britain was about 1,949,496!.

The next most important member of the Citrus family is the Lemon (*Citrus limonum*). Its chief differences from the orange are that it is seldom sweet, is lighter in colour (again it gives a name to a colour, viz. 'lemon yellow'), and it is longer and has a point (fig. 6). Its life history is much the same. It does not grow to be so large as an orange-tree, and is a thorny bush about twelve feet high. There are a number of varieties, many of which are used for flavouring and in medicine.

Then there is the Citron (*Citrus medica*). This fruit is similar to the lemon, but larger and with a thicker rind. It is the skin of the fruit which we have, candied, and use in cooking. There is also the Shaddock (*Citrus decumana*), which is a larger tree than the orange, bears

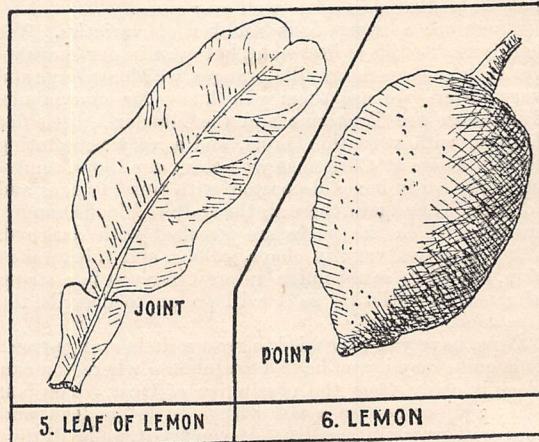


larger fruits and flowers, and the scent of the flowers is more penetrating. Fig. 5 shows a leaf of this tree, which will be seen to have a notched tip. The fruit is very



nearly spherical in shape and of a lemon colour. It is sometimes called Grape Fruit, because it is thought to have a flavour of grape. It is one of many fruits which have been declared to have been the Forbidden Fruit of the Garden of Eden.

The Lime fruit, too, is a similar and valuable fruit,



but is not nearly so well known in England as other varieties.

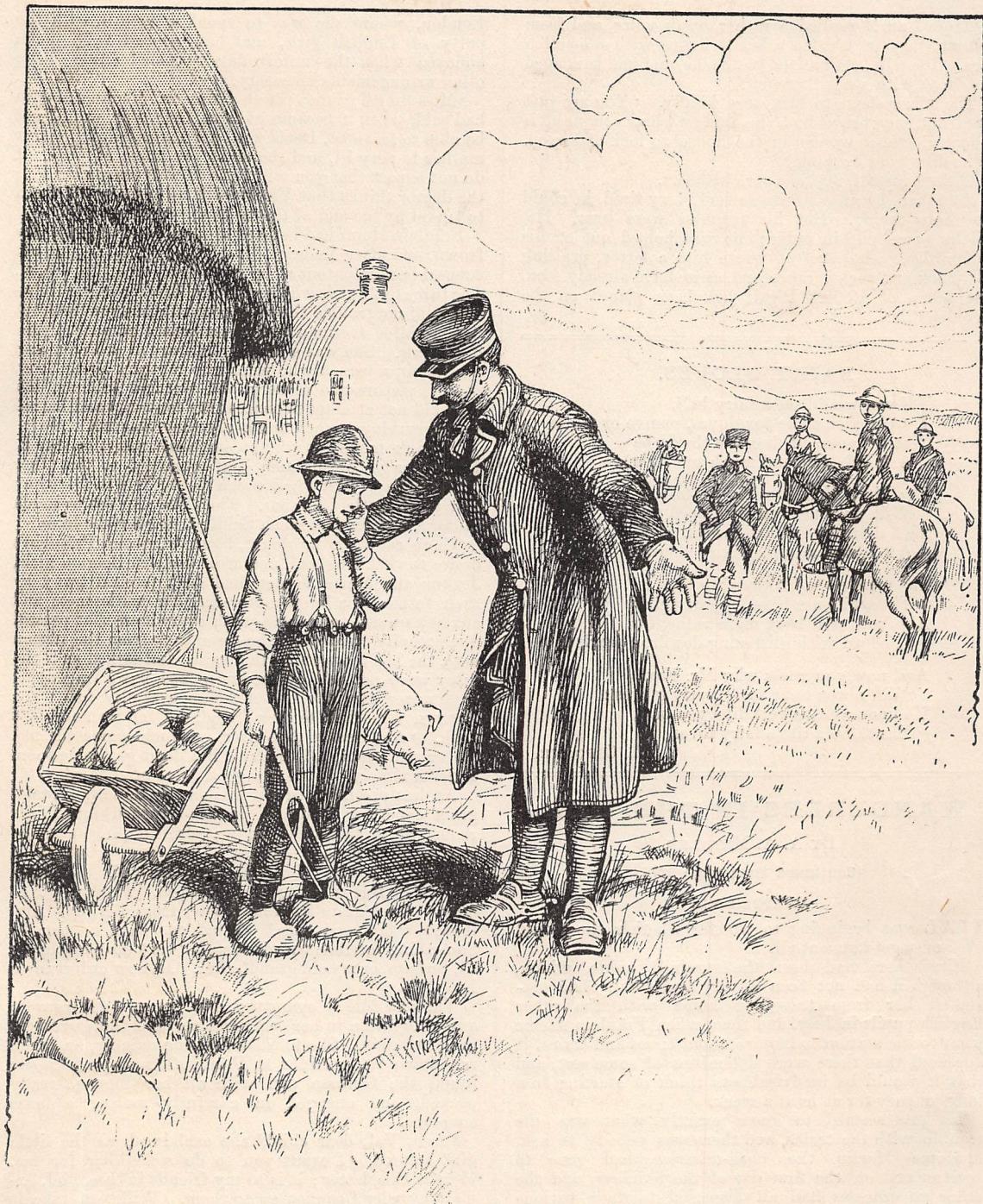
This, I think, covers the Orange family fully enough, though you may often read of local varieties which I do not mention.

E. M. BARLOW.

THE GOLDEN BOOK.

THE French Government is said to be compiling a 'Golden Book' all about the brave work of those boys and girls who, during the war, have been trying to fill the places of their absent fathers. One of the stories in this book will be that of Robert Pigal, a lad aged fourteen. He, when his father had gone to the front, tried hard to manage a farm of one hundred and sixty acres.

But his mother died, and Robert was left absolutely alone. He found it impossible to do all the work of the farm himself. It was equally impossible



"From behind a haystack came a small figure with a swollen face."

to hire any one to help him. So at last the sensible boy wrote to the commandant of the military dépôts at Evreux, telling of his sad plight, and asking that some soldiers might be sent to his assistance. The day after

Robert had sent his letter, a little band of soldiers rode up the lane leading to the farm, and knocked at the door of the empty house.

"Robert Pigal!" the commanding officer called out.

'Here I am!' replied a rather weak voice, and from behind a haystack came a small figure with a swollen face. Poor Robert had the toothache, and had bandaged his cheek with a handkerchief.

The officer spoke to him very kindly. 'You are just tired out, my brave boy,' he said; 'what you need is a doctor, and a woman in the house to look after you. Who does your cooking?'

'I do it myself, sir,' answered Robert.

And then, because he was so very, very tired, he could not help crying. But his troubles were over. His affairs were put in order; he was helped out of his difficulties. The Prefect wrote him a letter, praising his pluck and perseverance, and, as we have already seen, the name of Robert Pigall has been placed on the 'golden' list.

FAIRY GLOVES.

IF you would see a fairy ball,
Go, pick some foxgloves, mauve or white
(Not for yourself, because they'd be
A fairy's size, and much too tight).

The Little Folk in robes of state,
Will welcome you with open arms;
Such dainty gifts, and useful, too!
Are worth all other fairy charms.

The mauve are for the elfin boys;
The white are liked by fairy girls,
And both will have more value, far,
If edged with glistening dewdrop pearls!

And now you guess why Mr. Fox
Will never wear such pretty gloves:
He knows quite well, like you or I,
'Tis those a little fairy loves.

I. E. OSBORNE.

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

BY A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 227.)

CHAPTER VII.

VAL was beginning to wonder whether she would ever get home at all.

First there had been the sprained ankle, which, although it had not been a very bad sprain, had prevented her from travelling home with the other English pupils in July, and then, when Fräulein Heinz went to the station to inquire about times and trains, it appeared that there were difficulties of some sort, and that it would be inadvisable to think of starting on a long journey for at least a week.

No one seemed to know exactly what was the trouble with the trains, and there was nobody to ask. Madame Martin, the head-mistress, had gone to Switzerland on the first day of the holidays, and the other governesses had all dispersed to their various homes. Only Fräulein Heinz, the young German teacher, was left, and she did nothing but grunt and shake her head vaguely when she was asked questions. To tell the truth, Fräulein was not in a very good temper just then, for she had wanted to leave for

London, where she was to spend a month, with the party of English girls, and had seemed very much annoyed when the unfortunate sprained ankle made other arrangements necessary.

'Miss Smith cannot possibly stay on,' Madame Martin had said, when it became evident that Val would not be able to leave St. Denis with her schoolfellows. 'Her mother is very ill, and she must get home at once. I do not expect that you will have to wait long, Fräulein; the doctor thinks that Valerie will be quite well enough to travel by the end of the month.'

Fräulein Heinz had listened to these plans with a sulky frown, and after Madame Martin had gone, she did not conceal her discontent at having to stay on at the school. The three little girls who had been left in her charge, however, did not trouble themselves about this, for the stout flaxen-haired German had never been a favourite with her pupils. She was a strange mixture of stolidity and sentiment, a person who went into raptures about food, poetry, picturesque scenery, and German soldiers, but who did not attempt to conceal her contempt and hatred for everything French and everything English.

'I can't make out why on earth she wants to stay in France, or go to England,' Val remarked to the other girls one day. 'She had much better live in Germany and teach little Germans. Then she can eat as much sausage, and read as much Schiller, as ever she likes.'

There could be no doubt, however, about Fräulein's desire to visit England, and after the two Belgian girls, Jeanne and Marie Vernet, had been fetched away by their father in a large motor-car, her restlessness and anxiety seemed to increase with every hour that passed. She actually cried when she came back from the station with the bad news about the trains, and talked as if the delay were not only an inconvenience, but a tragedy.

'I never saw any one make such a silly fuss,' Val Mervyn remarked to her friend, old fat Suzanne, the cook. 'And really it is ever so much worse for me. Roger will eat up all the fruit if I don't get home soon, and I'm simply dying for a good game of tennis.'

At last one morning—it was on the Sunday—a telegram came for Fräulein, and she rushed into Val's room, while the little girl was dressing, in a state of great excitement and distress.

'Look, look! This has just arrived. What a disaster! But it cannot be helped. I must go at once. A telegram from my home, from Berlin! And it says, "Come at once." What can have happened? Something terrible, that is certain. My dear mother is ill, perhaps, or my old grandfather. Oh, how unfortunate I am!'

Val was full of sympathy, and her own affairs were quite forgotten in her eagerness to help the governess in her trouble. She finished dressing quickly, and then ran down the corridor to Fräulein's room, where she found the German girl with all her luggage ready packed, and engaged in carefully sealing a large envelope.

'Ach, Val, dear child,' she exclaimed, as the little girl entered, 'I want you to do something for me. Here is this letter; it is to my friends in England, explaining why I cannot go to them. Will you take it with you, and, when you get home, put an English stamp on it and post it. That is all.'

Val took the letter rather reluctantly. 'Very well,' she said, 'I'll try to remember; but you know I haven't got much of a memory. Roger always says that I shall

forget my own head some day. Why don't you post it yourself?

'No, no, I cannot. There is not time, and, besides, the posts seem to be disorganized. And you are certain to be back in England in a few days. I have sent a telegram to Madame Martin. She will return immediately, and will take you back to England herself. And you will remember the letter, dear one. It is very important; for what would my kind friends think of me if I did not write? See, I will fasten it inside your dress. Here is a large safety pin.' Fräulein unhooked Val's frock, and suited the action to her words. 'And don't tell any one about the letter. You must promise me that. It is a little secret of my own.'

'Oh, all right.' Val gave the required promise, and accepted the commission carelessly enough, for Fräulein Heinz was always a young person who delighted in foolish sentimental secrets and mysteries.

And then the pair went down to the dining-room, where Suzanne had prepared a good breakfast, to which the German, in spite of her anxiety, did full justice.

'One must always eat well before a long journey,' she said, as she spread a crusty roll with butter and honey. 'It is very foolish not to keep up one's strength.'

Val felt very lonely when, half an hour later, she stood at the door and watched Fräulein drive away down the avenue in the crazy old fiacre which, in default of a better vehicle, she had engaged to take her on the first stage of her journey.

'It breaks my heart to leave thee,' she had sobbed, as she embraced her little pupil; 'but what can I do? "Come at once!"—that is what the telegram says, and who can tell what has happened! Farewell, dear little one; you will be safe and happy with Suzanne, and Madame Martin is certain to arrive to-morrow.'

Val herself did not cry, for she was not very fond of Fräulein; but still, she could not help being troubled about her own journey. No message came from Madame Martin in reply to the telegram, and there was no one to make new arrangements. Suzanne was a darling, of course, but it would be very dull to spend the whole of the holidays with her at St. Denis-sur-Meuse.

Val knew that she could not travel by herself, and although she might write to England, it seemed doubtful when she would get an answer. As Fräulein had said, the posts seemed to be out of order as well as the trains, and except for the telegram, nothing had arrived at the school for several days.

It was as if a curtain had fallen, cutting off the house from the rest of the world, and laying it under a spell like the enchanted palace of the Sleeping Beauty.

Val spent most of the day in the garden after Fräulein had left, for she could not walk very well yet, but at about six o'clock she scrambled out of the hammock and made her way towards the house. It was nearly supper-time, and she had determined to ask Suzanne to let her have the meal in the kitchen instead of by herself in the big dining-room. Suzanne, at least, would be some one to talk to, although she had not been very cheerful these last few days, and her wrinkled, brown face had worn an anxious look that was very unlike its usual expression of placid good-nature.

There was nobody in the kitchen when Val reached

it, and she paused for a moment, looking round the wide sunny room, with its rows of brass and copper pots and pans, its great polished stove, the tabby cat asleep on the window-sill, and the clock ticking slowly on the wall. It was very hot, a bee was humming, and everything seemed as drowsy and spellbound as the rest of the large, empty house. However, a second glance showed that Suzanne could not have been away long, for a tempting salad was in a little blue bowl on the table, together with a plate of horseshoe-shaped rolls, some butter, and a dish of freshly gathered wood strawberries.

There was also an omelette burning in a pan on the stove, and when she saw this, Val realised that something must be very seriously amiss. Suzanne was a thrifty and careful cook, in whose eyes the waste of good food was not only foolishness but sinful, and only some startling event or dire calamity would have caused her to neglect her work in this strange fashion.

And then, suddenly, as she stood there wondering, Val heard the sound of some one weeping bitterly, and a voice—Suzanne's voice—exclaimed, 'Oh, dear! oh, dear! that I should have lived to see it. Whatever will become of us all?'

The little girl hesitated for a moment, and then limped out of the kitchen and through the great shadowy scullery where washing was done, and where firewood, charcoal, potatoes, and onions were stored for winter use. There, outside the door in the bright sunlight, was Suzanne, seated on a bench with her apron over her head, rocking herself to and fro and crying as if her heart would break. By her side stood a young man in the quaint blue coat and red trousers of the old French infantry, and Val realised at once that this must be the old woman's soldier grandson, Anton, of whom she had often heard.

For a moment neither of the two noticed Val, and she stood motionless, watching the scene with wide, bewildered eyes.

'Come, come, Grandmother, there is no need to be so sad about it. I shall be home again before long, safe and sound.' The boy (he hardly looked more than eighteen) patted Suzanne's shoulder with awkward gentleness, but nothing seemed to comfort her, and then the little girl came forward through the doorway into the dazzling sunshine.

'What is it, Suzanne? Tell me at once!' she demanded. 'It's no good pretending that you're not crying,' as Suzanne hurriedly wiped her eyes and tried to stifle the choking sobs. 'I must know what has happened.'

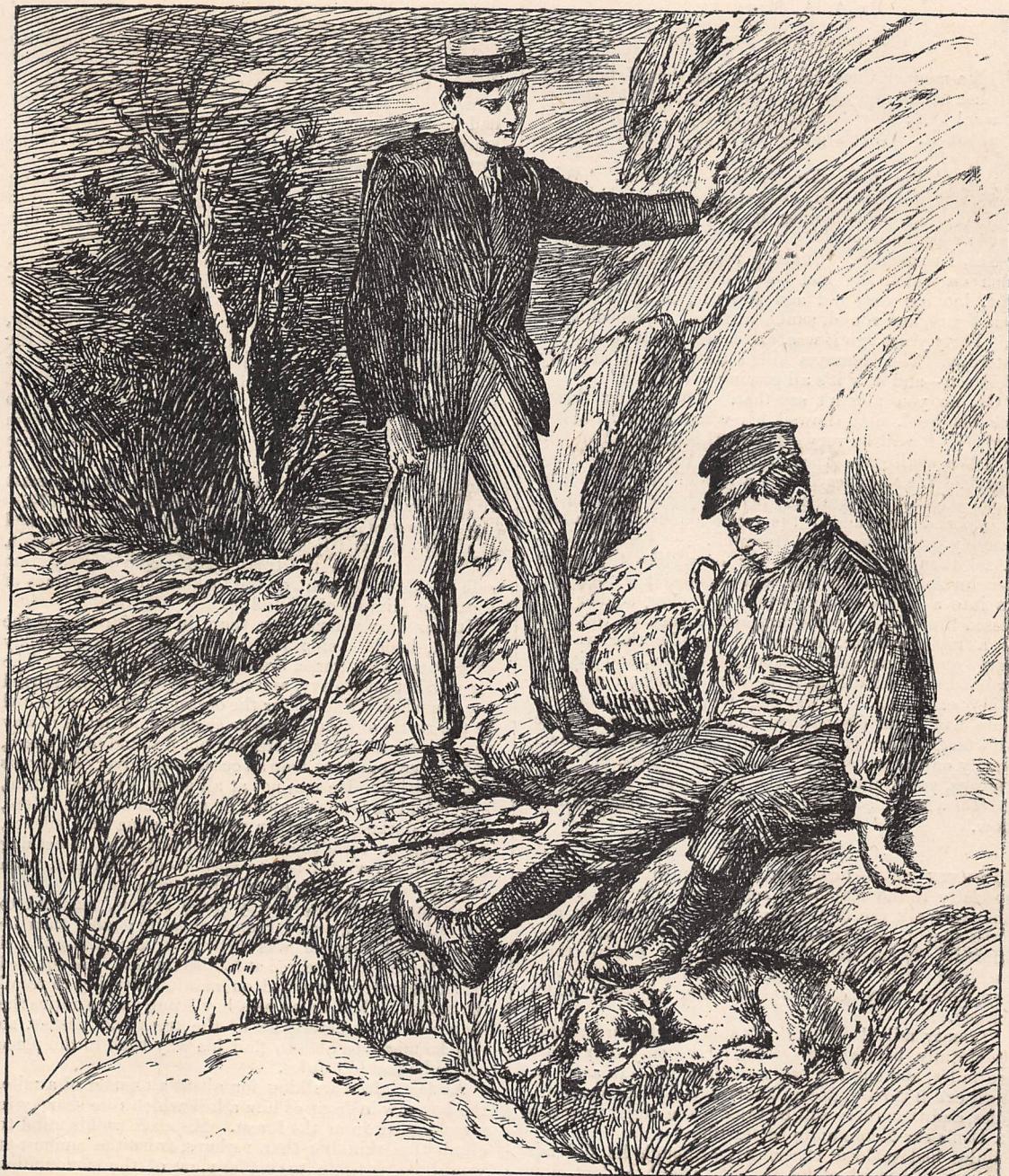
'It's the War that she is troubled about, Mademoiselle.' The young soldier straightened himself, and, although his face was grave, there was a gleam of excitement in his black eyes. 'I have to go, you see; we have been called up, and I came to bid my grandmother goodbye.'

'The War!' Val repeated the word in an awestruck voice, for this was the first news of the coming struggle that had penetrated into the little shut-in world of the school; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that it was the first that Val had heard, for no newspapers had come to the house lately, and although Suzanne had listened to plenty of whispers and wild rumours, she had managed to keep them from the ears of her charge.

(Continued on page 242.)



“I shall be home again before long, safe and sound.”



"At last Jules gave up in despair."

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 239.)

FOR a moment there was silence, and then Val clasped her hands, and turned to the young soldier eagerly. 'A war! Oh, how frightfully exciting! Do tell me all about it. Who's going to fight? And where? And why?'

'Why?' the man shrugged his shoulders. 'Who knows, but it's the Germans again—as it was before—in 1870. My grandmother is old. She remembers. That is why she weeps.'

'Yes, I remember.' Suzanne rose heavily from the bench on which she had been sitting, and stood upright, looking very old and pathetic, in spite of her stout figure, and round, sunburnt face. 'I remember it all. Forty years ago it was, and more, but it seems like yesterday. The Germans killed my husband and my eldest son—and now it's all coming over again.'

'Oh, no, you mustn't say that.' The soldier threw back his head, and showed his white teeth in a gay laugh. 'It will be very different this time. You will see. We shall give the Prussians the beating they deserve. We shall teach them a lesson. But I must be going. Good-bye, Grandmother, wish me good luck.' He stooped and kissed the tear-stained cheek affectionately. 'Mademoiselle, farewell.'

And then Suzanne dried her eyes, like the brave Frenchwoman that she was, and steadied her quivering lips into a smile, so that, when the young soldier had crossed the cobbled courtyard, and turned at the gate for a last good-bye, he saw his grandmother waving a large and rather wet handkerchief to him, and kissing her hand as cheerfully as if he were setting off on some holiday excursion. It was only when the red and blue figure had quite disappeared round the corner that the old woman's face changed again, and she sunk down wearily on to the bench. 'You don't understand what it means, you young ones,' she said. 'But I was here in 1870 when the Prussians came to St. Denis—and I know.'

CHAPTER VIII.

TWENTY miles does not look much on a map, especially if the map is a small one, but when you come to walk the distance on a hot August day, and across hilly, unfamiliar country, things are very different. Roger and Jules found this out to their cost, and they were both very tired and footsore long before they came to the end of their day's journey.

'Twenty miles! Why, that's nothing,' Roger had said disdainfully, before they set out. 'It's only four times five miles, and any one can walk four miles in an hour. We'll call it three miles an hour, as you're rather small, Jules, and then there will be rests. We ought to get to St. Denis-sur-Meuse quite by tea-time.'

Jules had nodded cheerfully, although he did not understand a word of his friend's speech, and at first everything had gone well, and then they trudged along at a good pace. As time went on, however, the miles seemed to become longer and longer, and when tea-time came—or rather five o'clock, for there was no tea to be had that day—the two wayfarers were still many miles from their destination.

'We shall get there before dark,' Roger declared, when they started off once more, after leaving the little town where they had encountered the soldiers; and later on this was modified into 'We shall get there some time to-night.' As dusk fell, however, he began to feel less confident, for they were in a thickly-wooded district now, and with every step the country seemed to grow wilder and more deserted. By seven o'clock they had lost their way completely, and, had they only known it, were walking steadily away from St. Denis instead of in its direction.

At last Jules gave up in despair, and sitting down on a moss-covered rock, announced that he was too tired to walk any further. Toto also seemed to be at his last gasp, and looked a very draggled and woebegone little figure. He threw himself down at his master's feet, and stretched himself with a sigh of relief and utter weariness.

Roger looked down at the exhausted couple ruefully, for although he could hardly understand a word of the French boy's explanation, it was quite evident that neither he nor his dog could go any further without a rest. 'All right,' he said. 'You stay here, and I'll go and have a look round. You may feel better before long, or perhaps there may be an inn near here where we can stay for the night, and get something to eat. I don't know what to think about it, Jules, but I'm most frightfully hungry.'

Jules leaned back against the rock behind him, and shut his eyes, and Roger, with a rather superior smile, walked on through the trees. He peered eagerly from side to side as he went, on the look-out for some trace of a path or glimpse of a building.

It was nearly dark now, there in the forest, and the ground, besides being rough and uneven, was thickly overgrown with gorse, brambles, and low bushes. The air was hot and heavy, and not a breath of wind stirred the branches. Except for the occasional hoot of an owl or the rustle of dead leaves as some animal made its way through the thickets, there was not a sound to be heard, and Roger could not help an occasional shiver of nervous apprehension. He was not at all a timid boy, as a rule, but he had never been alone at night in a forest before, and the darkness, together with the unnatural silence, gave him an eerie sensation. He felt as if something were lying in wait, ready to spring out upon him from every shadow or thick clump of brushwood.

'What a horrible, creepy place this is,' he said to himself, as he glanced round uneasily; and then he remembered that he was fifteen, a man almost, and much too old to be scared at foolish fancies. He squared his shoulders and trudged on manfully, trying to recall the things he had learnt as a boy scout, and to notice the shapes and characteristics of the trees and bushes, so that he might be able to find his way back to the place where he had left Jules.

At last, after walking for about a quarter of a mile, the boy saw in front of him a hill which rose sharply in a rocky peak from the forest. He made up his mind to climb this, thinking that, perhaps, from the summit it would be possible to get a view of the surrounding country, for, if some village were in sight, where food and lodging could be obtained, all difficulties would be at an end, and it would be a simple matter to go on to St. Denis on the following day.

'Val does not know that I'm coming, so she won't be disappointed,' Roger told himself; and for his part he

was not altogether sorry that his arrival at the school should be delayed. He had thoroughly enjoyed his tramp with Jules, and the one glimpse of war which the day had afforded had been a glorious and encouraging one. His heart beat quickly even now as he remembered the triumphant music of the 'Marseillaise' and his ride on the flower-decked gun. The prospect of a summer at Monkton Ashe Rectory seemed very dull and commonplace in comparison with all the excitements and vicissitudes of the past two days.

The French were going to beat the Germans, of course, but that was in the future, and there would most likely be no battles for a long time. Everything had seemed so peaceful as he and Jules made their way across country, and to-morrow would be quite time enough for him and Val to start on their homeward journey. Roger did not foresee any difficulties about that journey, and he could not help feeling sorry that his adventures were coming to an end. He wished that he could dispatch Val under a safe escort to England, and stay on himself in France to share the experiences and excitements of his new friend, Jules.

These thoughts, and others like them, flitted through the boy's head as he scrambled up the hill, which, although not very high, was steep, rugged, and thickly grown with prickly bushes. He was hot and breathless by the time the summit was reached, and threw himself down among the heather and whortle-berry bushes for a short rest. It was lighter here than it had been in the gloomy forest beneath, and the air felt cooler and less stifling.

After a few moments, Roger raised himself on one elbow and looked about, still panting after his exertions. All around could be seen a wide panorama of wooded hills, standing out black against the clear, pale sky, in which a few stars were beginning to sparkle. There was no sign of any town or village, so far as could be seen at a first glance, but far away in the distance was the silvery gleam of a river.

Roger was just beginning to wonder whether he and Jules would have to spend the night in the woods, when suddenly a strange buzzing noise broke the silence. It was loud and insistent, like the humming of some gigantic insect, and the boy, startled out of his weariness, sat up and listened intently.

Not far away, on the apex of the hill, there was a great tree, and it seemed as if it was from there that the noise came. The tree was dead—perhaps it had been struck by lightning, for the huge branches were leafless and stood out, gaunt and naked, against the sky. It was like the ghost of a tree, towering up there among the thick undergrowth, for most of the bark had fallen away from the massive, smooth trunk, and it gleamed pale and mysterious in the fading twilight.

The noise ceased after a few minutes as suddenly as it had begun, and in the following breathless silence it seemed to the boy that he heard a soft rustle, as if some one—or something—were moving among the dense bushes that grew closely round the tree. He did not wait to hear anything more, but fled away, stumbling through the low undergrowth and almost hurling himself down the deep descent. A sudden panic had seized him there on the lonely hill, and now he was only anxious to reach the bottom of the slope and to have once more the comfortable human companionship of little Jules.

(Continued on page 254.)

THE STORY OF SOME ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

BY CONSTANCE M. FOOT.

IV.—ORDERS OF CHIVALRY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

ALTHOUGH, in common with all other Orders of the United Kingdom,

THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH gives place to that of the Garter, the Red Order of England is really as ancient as the Blue one; indeed it may be looked upon as almost the older of the two, for from the time that a man came to place his sword at the disposal of his God and his Sovereign, from that time the Order of the Bath has practically existed. You will remember, too, that at the installation of a knight of old (of whom we spoke in the first paper) there were no rules or regulations, only those special ceremonies of prayer, watching by night, and bathing (the latter as an emblem of purity), so that of all the great companies of Western knights who carry on the ancient traditions of chivalry, none can claim longer descent than those of the Bath.

As far as the actual institution is concerned, this Order probably dates from the reign of Henry IV., who at his coronation, in 1399, made forty-six esquires Knights of the Bath. Charles II. at his coronation created sixty-eight knights, but after his time the Order fell into neglect, being revived, as a military one only, by George I., when it consisted of the Sovereign, a Grand Master, and thirty-six knights. At the conclusion of the Great War in 1815 it was still further enlarged by the Prince Regent for the purpose of rewarding the distinguished services of many officers (both military and naval) who had taken part in that campaign. Yet again it was increased in 1845, while two years later an important change took place, civil knights, commanders, and companions being then added. Its present organization was finally established in 1861, consisting then, as it does to-day, of three classes: (1) Knights Grand Cross; (2) Knights Commanders, each being entitled to use 'Sir' before his name after being invested with the insignia; and (3) Companions.

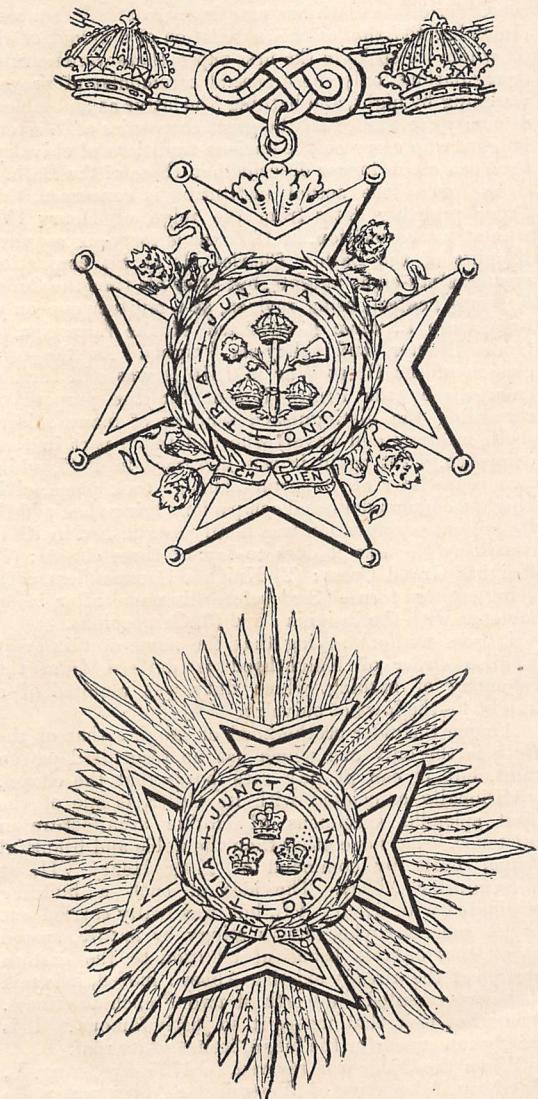
It goes without saying that the name of this great English Order of Knighthood is derived from the ceremony of bathing, which duty was required of a knight by the laws of chivalry.

Among the older brotherhood of knights that of the Bath is the only one which has no recognised patron saint, but it can at any rate boast that the chapel, traditionally associated with its Order, is one of the most splendid specimens of Gothic architecture in existence, being none other than the noble and beautiful chapel built by command of King Henry VII. at Westminster Abbey. The idea of such a building originated with Henry VI., but was really carried out by his successor who, though stingy by nature, spared no expense on this beautiful addition to the eastern portion of the already existing Abbey: indeed, it is said that it represented the worth of two French provinces. And what is it that makes it so justly famous? It is chiefly renowned for the magnificence of its roof.

When the Order was revived, in 1725, by George I., this beautiful portion of Westminster Abbey was made the Chapel of the Order, and the plates and banners of the Knights of the Bath were placed over the stalls. Although since that date it has always remained (in

name) its home, as testified by the stall-plates and dust-begrimed banners which hung above them, it had, since 1815, fallen into disuse for the religious ceremony or knightly installation, and it was not until a July day in 1913 that it was solemnly re-dedicated to this purpose, the most honourable Order of the Bath thus coming into its own again after nearly one hundred years.

We must now imagine ourselves, on that memorable day, inside the Abbey. Following the choir came the procession of knights, looking like a moving crimson stream in their rose-red mantles as they paced with slow and stately steps up the long nave of the beautiful Abbey—first, the Knights Grand Cross two and two; next, those to be installed; while behind these followed



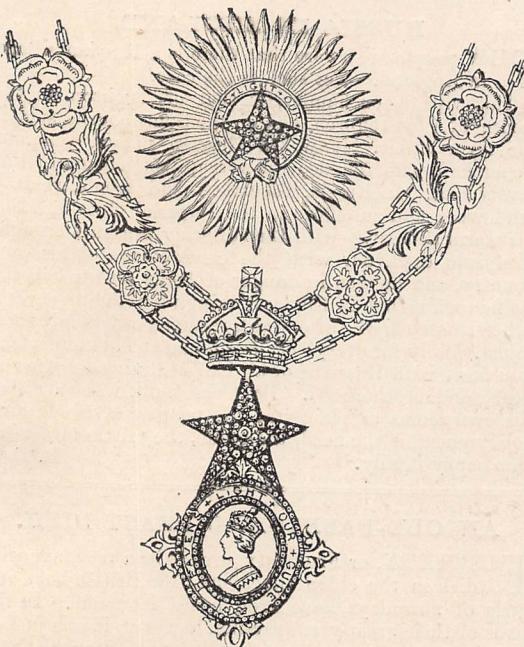
The Badge and Star of Knight Grand Cross of the most honourable Order of the Bath.

the Officers of the Order—among whom were the Gentleman Usher, Bath King of Arms, and the Dean of Westminster (the Dean of the Order). By himself, immediately in front of the Sovereign, walked the Great Master, the Duke of Connaught. The King, who came last, was robed exactly like the other knights, only that his train was longer and borne by two Pages of Honour. A very magnificent and picturesque procession it was, the crimson-mantled knights carrying their white-plumed velvet hats in their hands and each wearing the particular decoration belonging to his rank. The ceremony which followed, though short, was exceedingly impressive—perhaps no part more so than the taking of the oath, or again at the ‘offering of the sword,’ as it is called, when each knight drew his sword and held it forward by the blade with the hilt towards the Altar, only sheathing it when the Great Master sheathed his. This closed the ceremony in the Chapel, and the procession re-formed to return to the choir of the Abbey, where the first portion of the service had been previously held.

Before, however, leaving (in imagination) the historic Chapel, we must notice how it has been transformed. The tattered banners, so long familiar, have disappeared—they have been sent to the descendants of the knights to whom they had belonged—while in their place hang the bright, fresh banners of the newly-installed knights. Their helmets, swords, and mantles have been arranged over the stalls, and at a glance it is possible to tell if the knight is a peer or not. If a peer, the helmet has bars across it; if not, a raised visor. In either case his crest rises from the helmet, while on each stall will be found a brass plate with his arms wrought in enamel.

But you will be wanting to know something more of the Robes and Insignia of this great Order. To begin with, the robes of olden days were not always crimson as they are now. At the coronation of Henry IV., the knights wore a green robe with a furred hood and a white silk cord hanging from the left shoulder. Later on, their costumes seem to have been varied. For instance, before the ceremonial of the bath it consisted of a monk-like garment of brown or grey, with hood and girdle. After the bath they donned a red surcoat and mantle, finally exchanging these for a blue (or purple) velvet or satin gown with miniver-trimmed hood. Nor must we forget the white cord which always continued to hang from the shoulder until removed by king or lady for some deed of bravery. To-day, as we have seen, the mantle is of crimson velvet lined with white satin.

And the Insignia—of what do they consist? A Collar of gold composed of nine Imperial crowns, with alternating devices of rose, thistle, and shamrock, joined by white enamelled knots. Hanging from this is the Badge of the Order—an eight-pointed gold Maltese cross enamelled in silver, in the four angles of which stands a golden lion. Here again we find shamrock and thistle, while between these are three golden Imperial crowns within a red circle bearing the motto of the Order, ‘Tria juncta in uno’ (Three joined in one), this in turn being encircled by laurel branches rising from a blue scroll with the words ‘Ich dien’ in golden letters upon it. The decoration is worn by Knights Grand Cross pendent from a red ribbon across the right shoulder, when it is known as the ‘Red Ribbon of the Bath.’ Although principally a military, it is a civil Order, but the decoration of the two varies so slightly that the difference is not worth describing: the chief thing to



The Collar, Badge and Star of the most exalted Order of the Star of India.

recollect is that Knights Grand Cross only, whether military or civil, wear the red ribbon of the Bath across their right shoulder.

There are likewise Stars—both military and civil—but it will be sufficient to describe the military one of the Knights Grand Cross. This is formed of rays, or flames, of silver with a gold Maltese cross placed upon it, in the middle of which, within the motto, are branches of laurel.

A Knight Grand Cross is entitled to wear Collar, Badge, and Star; a Knight Commander, only the Badge suspended by a red ribbon from his neck and the Star embroidered on the left side; while the Companion may only wear the Badge hanging by a red ribbon from the button-hole.

When reading down the roll of the Knights of the Bath we find many an illustrious name; but being mostly a military Order, we are not surprised that those of great soldiers are the first to catch our eye, such as the late Field-Marshal Earl Roberts and Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, to say nothing of others whose names are becoming increasingly familiar to us to-day—for instance, Admiral Lord Jellicoe, Sir Douglas Haig, and many such another. Nor must we forget to include a civil knight—perhaps none more appropriate than that most recent one, the Right Honourable Sir George Houstoun Reid, High Commissioner for Australia, and one of her most distinguished sons. The honour was enhanced by the fact that at one step he rose to the full dignity of G.C.B., being the first ever to receive it in this manner. We have full confidence that he (in common with the illustrious names already mentioned) will be true to that beautiful knightly vow to honour their God, their King, and the Right!

We next come to one of the three British Orders of

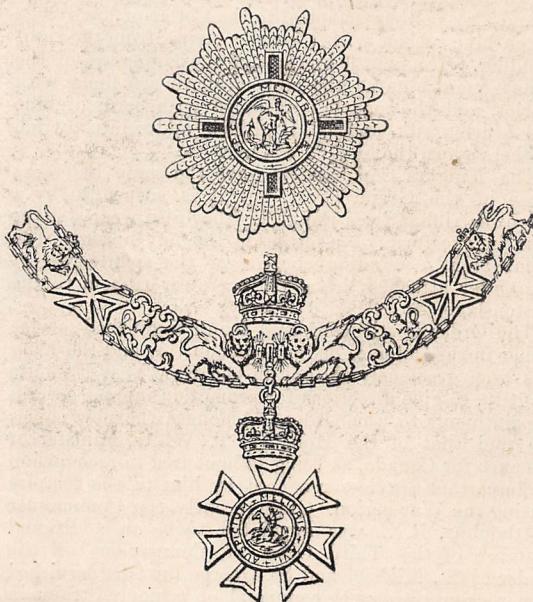
Knighthood which take their name from the Land of the Gorgeous East.

THE MOST EXALTED ORDER OF THE STAR OF INDIA, as it is called, was instituted by Queen Victoria in 1861, being further enlarged in 1866 and again in 1878. It is conferred for services connected with India, and consists of the Sovereign (the King-Emperor), a Grand Master (the Viceroy for the time being), and three classes of members—namely, Knights Grand Commanders, Knights Commanders, and Companions, who are entitled to place respectively after their names, G.C.S.I., K.C.S.I., and C.S.I.

Its Insignia is very beautiful. The golden Collar is formed of roses, lotus flowers, and palm branches, the roses being alternately red and white. From the Imperial crown in the centre hangs the magnificent Badge—a brilliant five-pointed star, to which is attached an oval-shaped cameo bearing the bust of the Queen in profile, and encircled by a band of light blue enamel carrying the motto 'Heaven's Light our Guide'. Even more magnificent is the diamond Star, also five-pointed, resting on waving rays of gold, which bears the same motto on a light blue circle, but in this case is composed entirely of diamonds. The ribbon of the Order is light blue with thin white stripes, and the robes are of the same colour in satin lined with white.

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL
AND ST. GEORGE

ranks next. This was created by George IV. (when Prince Regent) in commemoration of Britain assuming the protection of the Ionian Islands, and was originally 'for natives of the Ionian Islands, of the Island of Malta and its dependencies, and for such other subjects of His Majesty as may hold high and confidential situations in the Mediterranean.' At its first formation it consisted of sixty-five Knights Grand Cross, two hundred Knights



The Collar, Badge and Star of the most distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Commanders, and three hundred and forty-two Companions, the first-named being privileged to surround their coats-of-arms with the full insignia of the Order, the Knights Commanders only with the ribbon and motto, and the Companions merely to use the Badge.

In 1865, when Britain decided to abandon her protection of the Ionian Isles, the Order was re-formed and extended, then providing for such of 'the natural-born subjects of the Crown of the United Kingdom as may have held or shall hold high and confidential offices within Her Majesty's Colonial Possessions and in reward for services rendered to the Crown in relation to the Foreign Affairs of the Empire.' At intervals it was still further extended, but in 1902 was limited as to membership.

The Chapel of the Order is in St. Paul's Cathedral, and was dedicated to that purpose on St. George's Day, 1906, by a most impressive service which has been repeated annually since that date. On these occasions the banners of any knights who have died during the year are reverently taken down from their place and laid upon the altar.

The Star of the Knights Grand Cross is formed of gold and silver rays with the Cross of St. George in red over all, and in the centre the Archangel St. Michael encountering Satan; the motto of the Order, 'Auspiciū melioris ævi' (A pledge of better times), is inscribed on a blue circle. The golden Collar is composed of alternating lions, Maltese crosses, and the letters (or cyphers, as they are called) S.M. and S.G. In the centre are two winged lions holding seven arrows and a book, these being surmounted by the Imperial crown. The Badge, a gold cross of fourteen points, has in the centre of one side the Archangel St. Michael meeting Satan, and on the other St. George on horseback slaying the dragon. The motto, similarly to that of the Star, lies on a blue circle. There is also a Cross, surmounted by an Imperial crown, which is worn by the Knights Grand Cross either attached to the Collar or, by a wide Saxon blue ribbon with a scarlet stripe, from the right shoulder. The mantle and hat of the Order are of the same Saxon blue as the ribbon; both are lined with scarlet, and the mantle is fastened with cords of blue and scarlet silk and gold. Black and white ostrich feathers adorn the hat.

The Knights Commanders have the same Badge as those of the Grand Cross, but it is suspended by a narrower ribbon from the neck; they also wear a silver Star in the form of a cross on the left breast. The Companions' decoration consists of the small cross of the Order attached, by a yet narrower ribbon, to the button-hole.

The Order is still conferred for distinguished service either in the Colonies or foreign countries, and the King has been graciously pleased, in the New Year Honours of 1916, to give directions for promotion in, and certain appointments to, this Order. Amongst the new names we find that of the Hon. W. T. White, Minister of Finance for Canada, as being so honoured in recognition of important services rendered by him to the Empire during the War period. Quite recently, too, Commander Littlejohns, R.N., was appointed to be an additional member of the Third Class of Companions of the Order of St. Michael and St. George for 'distinguished service connected with command of armoured trains in Flanders.'

(Concluded on page 253.)

RUSSIA IN ENGLAND.

FEW people are aware that there is a Russian village in England. Yet such is the case.

This village, or hamlet, is that of Tuckton, in the parish of Christchurch, and on the Southbourne side of the river Stour. It was a Russian named Vladimir Tchertkoff who founded the foreign settlement in this lovely spot. In Russia, Tchertkoff had been a wealthy landowner and an officer in the Imperial Guards. But his warm sympathy with the suffering peasants brought him into disfavour with the Government of his own country, and he was in danger of being sent to Siberia. So he took refuge in England, bringing with him several other Russians, who afterwards received others into their midst. Work for everybody was found at Tuckton, where you meet with Russians of all classes, living together in peace and brotherhood. Mr. Tchertkoff, who furnishes his own rooms as plainly as the poorest of his fellow-countrymen, is the head, the guide, the 'little father' of this happy family.

E. D.

AN OLD-FASHIONED FEAST DISH.

FURMETY, or Frumenty, used to be a very favourite dish in the olden times, but few British boys and girls of nowadays have even heard its name. In the lives of their great-grandparents, however, it was just as certain to find a place at the Christmas dinner as was the turkey, plum-pudding, or the mince-pie.

'Take clean wheat and Bray it in a mortar,' runs an ancient recipe; 'seethe it till it burst, and let it cool. Take sweet milk of almonds, or sweet milk of kine, and temper it all; and take the yolks of eggs. Boil it a little, and set it down.' In the olden days, furmety (from the old French word for wheat, *froument*) was often eaten with venison. But it was also eaten alone as a peculiar dainty, sweetened with sugar, and thus it appeared on the table at other festivals beside Christmas.

One of these was Mothering Sunday. On the fourth Sunday in Lent it used to be the custom for lads and lasses in service to be given a holiday, for the purpose of visiting their homes. This was a great event, as you may be sure, not only to the young servants themselves, but to the mothers who expected them, and in very many cottage homes a special dinner was provided for the welcome guests. Furmety was a very favourite dish upon that day.

A friend of mine tells me of a custom that was common in Devonshire about fifty years ago. The farmers would hold a feast for their friends and workers at harvest-time every year, when the corn was safely home. Hams and tongues, huge joints and savoury puddings, always graced the festive board at these times, but first and foremost of all dishes was the furmety. This was prepared specially from the new wheat of the year, just picked, and was boiled in cream, sweetened and served in small dishes to each one of the guests. Furmety plates, by the way, can still sometimes be seen in old curiosity shops, they are of willow-pattern and other quaint designs, and are like soup-plates of a very small size.

I was reading not very long ago that this old English dish should be a very suitable one to serve just now on some of our meatless days; in any case, it is interesting to read about as an old-fashioned fast dish which our ancestors used to enjoy.

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 234)

BEHOULD my servants who do my bidding,' said Chinna, pointing to the children and using, to Nancy's dismay, the very words she had meant herself to employ. But there was no need for her to speak, she found, so cowed the people were. They had no doubt whatever at that moment that Nancy and Brian and Frederick were in truth spirits whom the little wizard had summoned. They had left the hut empty save for their prisoner; they found it thus filled. What other explanation could there be save one in which magic had a share?

'Ye have seen,' Chinna went on. 'Now close the door again, and leave me alone to finish the spell. 'Tis well for you that these great ones did not cause you to fall dead at sight of them. Thus far they have shown mercy. But, should ye hear them speak, your doom, as I have said, is sealed.'

The silent crowd slunk back. Already eager hands were outstretched to close the door, and with hearts beating high with hope and relief, Chinna, Brian, and Nancy watched. Only Frederick was disappointed. Only Frederick felt that everything had fallen a little flat, that this scene was not quite equal to many a tale to which he had listened, and eagerly he searched his small memory for a more appropriate ending. And, all at once, he sprang forwards, waving his hands in what he hoped was a most spirit-like manner.

'Go away! Go away!' he shouted, 'or we will turn half of you into snakes, and the other half into tigers.'

And then he stopped, most bitterly dismayed, for no longer the people retreated, but, slowly, they came surging back again. And no longer fear ruled in their faces, but an eager curiosity was taking its place. Perhaps it was the sound of Frederick's voice, so altogether human, which roused their suspicions. Perhaps it was the fact that in the hurry of the moment he had let the snake-skin slip a little from his shoulders. Whatever the reason, they were cowed no longer, but bold, impudent instead. And they determined to examine these strange spirits more closely.

'Go!' Chinna shouted; 'go, ere ye die!' But his words fell now on ears that did not heed them. No longer could he bend the crowd to his will.

'These are children only,' one man breathed. And then another clamoured: 'Let them die with the wizard. Without doubt they are his.'

CHAPTER XXV.

AND, almost before the children realised what had happened, there was an ugly rush in their direction. Grasping hands were pulling the skins from their shoulders; fierce, cruel faces were thrust close to their own. They were hustled hither and thither, and pushed finally into the corner of the hut furthest from Chinna. They knew that the plan they had thought so splendid had failed altogether, and now they, as well as the little hunter, were in the utmost danger.

'We belong to the white people!' both Nancy and Brian cried desperately. But this assertion met with incredulous looks and scornful laughter. Not one among the villagers doubted in that moment of excite-

ment that these children were in truth the children of Chinna, and that he had magicked them into this resemblance in order to frighten his enemies. And it seemed an additional proof of this fact that Brian should be neither white nor black, as though in his case Chinna's charms had partially failed. And there were even some among the crowd who were eager to suggest that the little wizard should be forced to turn the children their proper colour again before he was punished for his other misdeeds. But they were those on whose houses the sickness had as yet no hold, and who could therefore afford to amuse themselves, and were in no particular hurry for Chinna's torture and death.

But the village priest was not of this party, and he was by far the most powerful person present; and it was he who decided now that Chinna should first be dealt with, and that afterwards, if it seemed desirable, the children should be killed, so that the whole brood of sorcerers might be exterminated. And he ordered some among the villagers to stand in front of the children and hold them back if they tried to interfere, while he called to others to look to the irons which had all this time been heating in the fire.

'And bring the sick man,' he ordered, 'and lay him in front of the sorcerer. This last chance we will give him that all may be done in due manner, and none may say, "We acted in haste, and therefore we did not well."

And into the house the sick man was carried, protesting still against his fate, and turning away his head so that he might not meet Chinna's eyes, the evil glance of which he was sure was so potent that it could carry death with it. And, thus turning, he met Brian's eyes instead, and stared intently, surprised. And something like gratitude softened his face, and Brian saw it, and felt as if hope had peeped again into the little hut; hope, which a moment since seemed to have flown forever. Yet in what way could the sick man help, seeing that he himself was almost powerless?

But Brian was not the only person who, it appeared, felt hopeful. Much to the children's surprise, Chinna had taken the discovery of their disguise in the most tranquil fashion. Though torture and death now awaited him, it seemed, yet he was smiling as if he cherished a most satisfying secret. And he did not flinch, nor seem unduly disturbed even when a piece of red-hot iron was brought in a pair of tongs and held immediately beneath his nose, and he was told that, unless he could cure the sick man, the iron would be placed next on the soles of his feet.

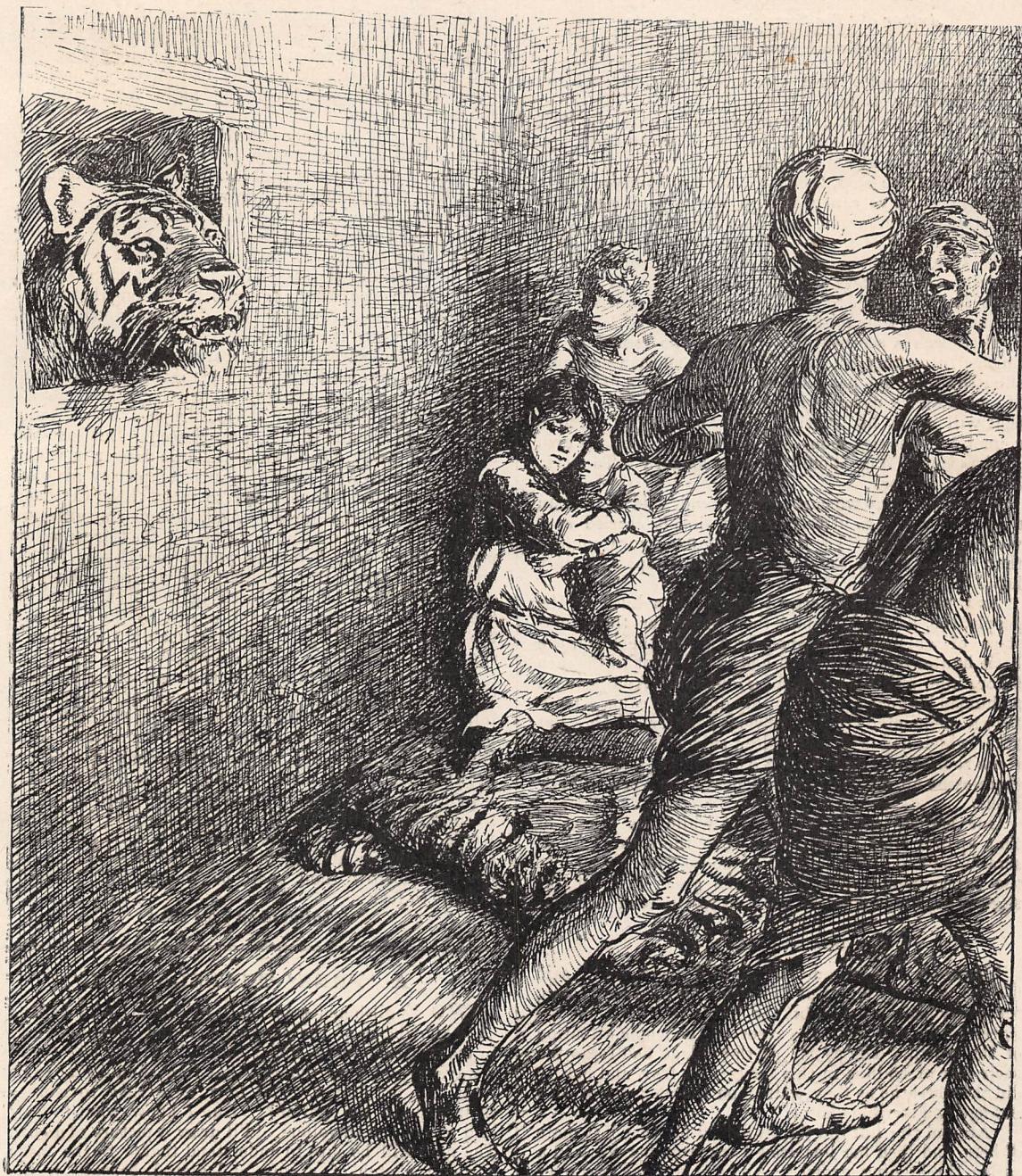
'And bring the bamboo also,' the priest demanded, 'that he may look upon it, and know the manner of the death we have prepared for him should he still refuse to make due reparation.'

And two men brought an enormous bamboo, and laid it at the hut door, for it was too long to find room inside. And the crowd fell to quarrelling as to who should stand upon the ends. Apparently, though every one was anxious for Chinna's death, no one coveted the post of executioner lest the little man should return to plague his slayer in some ghost-like form afterwards. And, at last, lots were cast, and the gruesome wrangle came to an end. And all through it Chinna smiled happily. And every now and then he put his hollowed hand to his ear as though he listened attentively to some sound which interested him greatly.

(Continued on page 250.)



"Grasping hands were pulling the skins from their shoulders."



"Into the empty window-frame slid the great head of the tigress."

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 247.)

'ALL is ready,' said the priest, at last. 'Now, A sorcerer, begin.'

And, at that, Chinna drew himself up to the full of his short height, and he looked in a stubborn, yet dignified fashion at his enemies.

'Ye think,' he said, 'that it is for you to give orders. Ye think that ye can deal with me as ye please. Ye forget, and again forget, that I am mightier than you by far. Even now one waits without who will come if I call. One before whose face ye will flee, shrieking, to the uttermost corners of your houses. Shall I call, O, most foolish people? Or will ye be wise in time, and repent you of your misdeeds?'

There was a scornful outcry from the crowd as he finished, an outcry led by the priest. And then some one shouted, 'Now he has sent for his wife without doubt. He would trick us again as he tricked us before. After that will come his cousins, one by one. 'Tis plain he cannot cure the sick man, and but tries to delay his own punishment. Why should we wait longer? To work, brethren, to work.'

'Tis not for my woman I would send,' said Chinna, in a voice so grave, so utterly certain, that it carried conviction with it. 'Tis the mate of one more mighty than I who comes seeking, whose footsteps I plainly hear.'

And now upon the crowd there fell a hush as the people, too, listened, despite themselves, for those footsteps of which Chinna spoke. And, in the hush, the little hunter raised his voice, and called—not to the men before him, but to the darkness outside. And he used no human language, but from his lips there came a long-drawn melancholy cry, the very counterpart of that other which had set the children shivering in the little stone shelter in the old fort. And, behold, from outside there came an answer; from beneath the very window itself.

One endless moment there was while the echoes of that answer died away. And then there came a soft scrabbling and scratching on the house-wall. And into the empty window-frame slid the great head of the tigress, her fierce eyes gleaming in the light of the fire.

CHAPTER XXVI.

'BEHOLD her whom my spirits have sent,' said Chinna, very softly. But there was no need for speech, for every pair of eyes in the hut were fixed on the tigress. She and she alone absorbed the whole attention of the crowd. The people of the village had forgotten their fear of Chinna in this far greater fear, and hardly did they breathe as they waited on the pleasure of this strange and terrible visitor.

Around the hut the tigress looked for that lost mate of hers, and then her lips drew back from her teeth in a sullen, threatening growl. And she slid one paw over the sill as though to reach with it the ground inside, and thus drag herself through the window-frame. And at the sight the people stared no longer, but made with one accord for the doorway, thronging, pushing, until there was scarcely room to move in the narrow

space—jostling, falling into the street outside. And now the hut was empty save for the sick man, the children, and Chinna, and the thing he had summoned from the night. Puzzled and uneasy was the tigress, for she knew from the smell of the place that here her mate had lain, but yet she could not see him. Moreover, she was sure that, but now, he had answered her, and forth she sent again upon the night her searching, solemn summons.

And, as that summons died away, Chinna faced the tigress boldly. His steady eyes fixed themselves on hers until those green globes wavered. And, inch by inch, that threatening head drew back.

'Fetch a brand from the fire,' Chinna ordered, and Brian rushed outside, and snatched up a piece of burning wood. The street was as empty as it had been when the mate of the tigress claimed the headman's house. Every door was shut as tightly as on that other occasion. And, carrying the blazing wood, Brian dashed back into the hut.

The sudden flare of it, the sparkling fire was enough. There was no need for Chinna to thrust the brand in the face of the tigress, though he ran to do so. Before he could reach her, she had dropped to the ground outside, and Chinna smiled, well pleased. But soon the smile died away, for he knew that the danger in which they all stood was by no means completely averted. The children and he had yet to make their way from the village to the forest. And, though the villagers were not for the moment to be feared, the tigress in her present angry baffled temper would very likely follow and attack any person who left the village that night, undeterred by a burning torch in the open. And, in the morning, when she would return to the depths of the forest, the villagers would probably turn hostile again.

Round and round in a circle Chinna's thoughts thus went, and sought in vain for a way of escape, and failed to find it. And from the ground the sick man moaned softly, and then began to call for mercy. And Chinna, who had much of the true instinct of a doctor in him, responded mechanically to the appeal. He bent above the groaning form, making weird passes in the air as he did so, and whispering strange-sounding words. And, after a little, he straightened himself, and said in a most confident voice, 'The sickness will depart. On the morrow thou shalt be well again. There is nought to fear.'

(Continued on page 263.)

A 'FREE' TRANSLATION.

TWO Englishmen travelling in Spain, who had no knowledge of the language, found great difficulty in making themselves understood. Arriving one day at a wayside inn, they thought that they should like some roast beef for dinner. But how were they to convey their wish to the waiter? 'Oh, I know what to do!' said one of the travellers. 'I'll draw a picture of a cow. The man will be sure to understand that.' So he made a rough sketch of a cow, and placed beneath it the figure 2, meaning of course, 'beef for two.' Then the artist handed his picture to the waiter, who bowed, nodded, and smiled, as much as to say, 'I quite understand.' He went off to execute the order, and presently re-appeared with two tickets for a bull-fight!

A SOLDIER DOG.

PADDY, a black-and-white fox-terrier, was a real soldier dog, for he was actually born on the battlefield during the Soudan war. After a time he became the property of the 15th Hussars, and when that gallant regiment charged at Suakin, over the sand of the desert first and foremost, leading his friends into action, went Master Paddy. The jolly little dog barked and frisked along as if war were the greatest game on earth.

S. BRAINE.

A BIRTHDAY WISH.

WHEREVER laughter is, and love,
And joys that all may share,
And sunshine floods the long, long path—
May you be there!

Wherever happiness abides,
And music thrills the air,
And life is sweet, and roses blow—
May you be there!

SHEILA E. BRAINE.

THE RED STEER.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

[A Sequel to 'The Chinaman.]

IT was dark and very quiet among the giant firs that rolled down the valley on the Pacific slope of Canada. A belt of wet prairie ran along the creek, and the cattle fed among the tall swamp-grass. The camp fire had burned low, and Jake Winthrop and Tom Dawson sat between a big hemlock's roots. A little black and white terrier crouched at their feet, and Pete, the hired man, lay a few yards off, fast asleep. The boys did not feel drowsy. Perhaps they were over-tired, for they had been on the trail since early morning. There were no fences in the valley, the cattle were wild, and a bush-bred steer can push through tangled forest much faster than a man.

Jake's father had sold the cattle, but had cut his foot when chopping a tree, and sent the boys to take the animals to the railroad. He made them take Pete, but warned them they must not trust the latter with the business to be transacted at the settlement. The buyer expected them to reach the stockyards about noon next day, in order that the cattle might rest before they were put on board the train early on the following morning.

There was no moon, and Dawson could hardly see the animals except when they moved, but he heard them tear off the harsh grass, and now and then the bells at their necks made a musical clash. The night was cold, the mosquitoes had gone, and presently the dark trunks got indistinct, and Dawson slipped down between the hemlock roots. He did not know if he slept or not, but after a time he became suddenly alert, for a long howl broke the silence. Then the cow-bells clashed, and he heard a splashing in the swamp. The terrier got up and began to growl.

'Timber-wolves!' said Jake. 'They're not likely to bother us much, but if they hang round they'll make the stock restless, and I want to deliver the bunch in good condition.'

Another howl came across the trees, but it was fainter,

and afterwards all was silent again. The cattle, however, did not begin to feed, but packed together in a compact, shadowy mass, and the terrier stood still, with the hair on its neck bristling.

'I can't understand this,' Jake remarked. 'A cow's not afraid of a wolf, but these beasts are uneasy. And look at the dog!'

Dawson listened, but only heard the soft splash of the creek and the clank of a bell as a steer moved its head. The animals kept together, and he knew this was their habit when alarmed. The terrier would not come when he called, but continued to growl and pricked his ears. He threw fresh wood on the fire, and they sat down, without wakening Pete, who did not move. It was a comfort to feel the repeating rifle he put across his knees.

Nothing happened for a time, and then there was a splash and a rustle of grass as the cattle began to move across the swamp. They did not run, but went hesitatingly, as if they were curious and only half afraid. Indeed, he imagined they were going towards, and not away from, whatever it was that disturbed them. The terrier quietly trotted in the same direction.

'Hustle round the swamp and head them off,' Jake said sharply. 'We're going to have trouble if they get into the bush.'

Dawson picked up his rifle, and a few moments afterwards caught his foot under a fallen branch and came down. Then he blundered into a thicket, and, failing to push through, tried the edge of the swamp. His feet sank in the boggy soil, and the long grass wrapped about his legs; but he made some progress, although he could no longer see his comrade or the cattle. Pete shouted to him across the swamp, and soon afterwards a curious cry came out of the dark.

He stopped, and felt his skin creep, for he knew the cry. It was not clear like a wolf's howl, but was rather a hoarse snarl, broken by a kind of grunt. Only a Pacific-slope panther made a noise like that, and he had once killed a panther with his axe. He had done so when wildly excited, in order to save Jake's dog, and did not want to meet another in the dark.

Trying to locate the spot from which the noise came, he threw up the rifle and fired two shots. The snarling stopped, the echoes of the reports rolled across the trees, and then there was a rustle of undergrowth and a snapping of low branches as the cattle plunged into the bush.

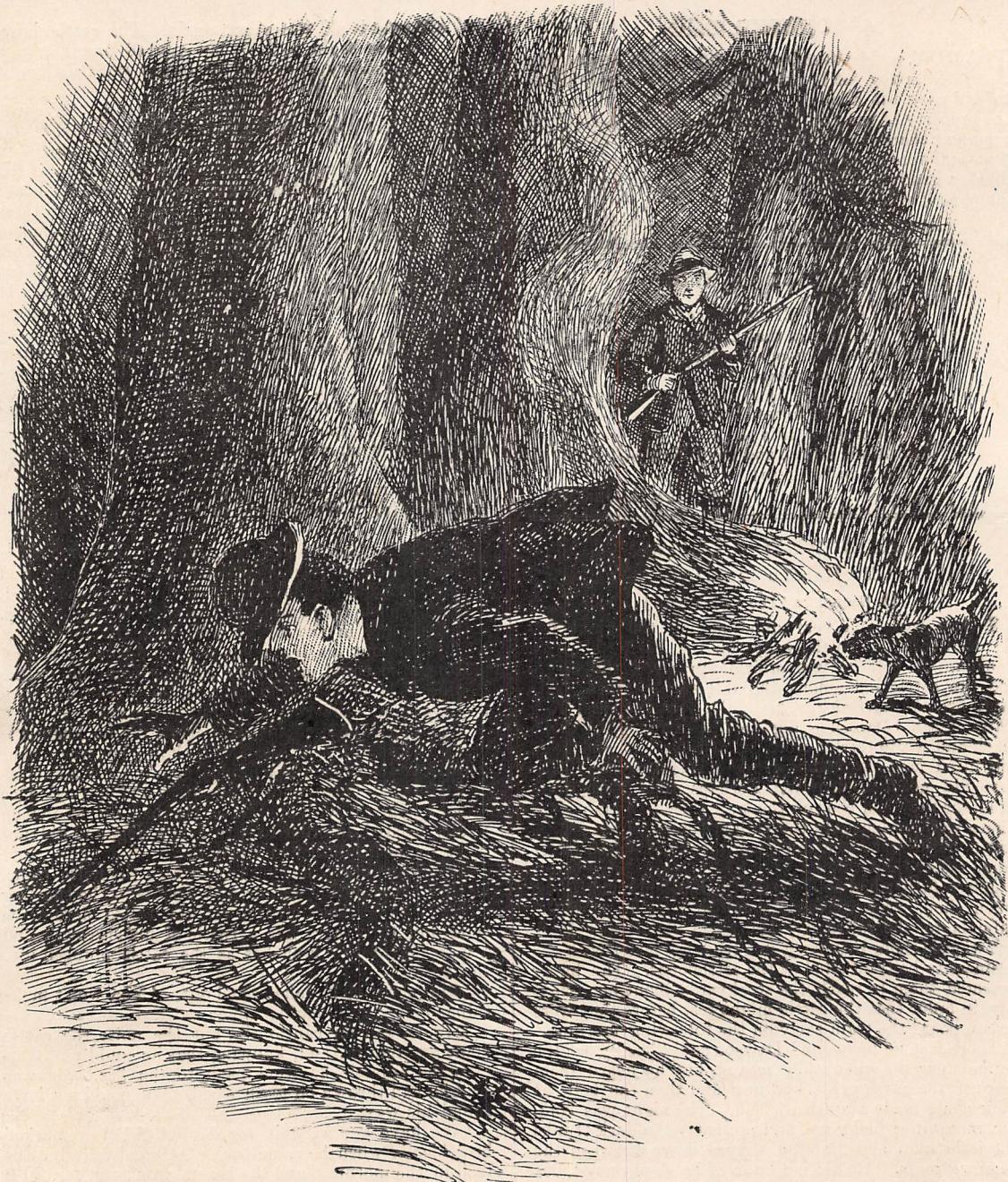
'Quit shooting!' Jake called out. 'You won't make things better by plugging the cows.'

Dawson ran on cautiously, but the noise the cattle made got fainter, and, knowing that he could not overtake the animals, he went back to the fire. He was glad he had thrown on fresh wood, or he could not have found his way.

'We have got to wait for daylight,' Pete remarked breathlessly when he came back. 'Guess we'll find the trail in the morning, and the beasts won't run far. I'll allow it's the first time I've known a panther get after a bunch of stock.'

Dawson said nothing. He had not long left England, and the others knew the forest and the habits of the animals that roamed in it.

'The thing's curious,' Jake agreed. 'When bush cows get scared they roll up close with their heads to the danger, and mill round if they think it moves. In this part of the country the wolf-packs don't bother



"Dawson caught his foot under a fallen branch, and came down."

them, and a panther generally hunts alone. He wouldn't have a fighting chance against a band of milling stock; besides, a hog's his favourite meal."

"They've stampeded, anyhow," said Pete.

"Do you think the shooting frightened them?" Dawson asked.

"It might help to keep them on the run, but they set

off before you began. Then I'm puzzled about the dog. He knew there was something about, but he looked suspicious, not scared, and when he scents a panther he keeps close to me."

Dawson knew this was so. The terrier had not forgotten how he had been mauled, and his hair had scarcely grown across the scars a panther had made.

'Well,' said Pete, 'I guess that panther had got a cold.'

Jake nodded, and Dawson, noting his thoughtful face as the fire blazed up, thought he understood. The noise a panther makes has a husky note, and sounds something like a cough, but in the cry he had heard this was rather marked. Pete had hit it when he said the animal had a *cold*.

'But if the brute was trying to creep up to the cattle, it wouldn't have made a noise,' he said.

'I sure can't figure out the thing,' Jake owned. Anyhow, as we can't get busy until the morning, we'd better go to sleep.'

They lay down, but Dawson wakened now and then, and saw by the light of the fire that Jake was not asleep. He could understand this, and sympathised with his comrade. Mr. Winthrop had entrusted them with a band of valuable animals, and they had let them run away. It hurt their pride, and might mean a serious loss to the rancher. They got up at daybreak, and for an hour or two followed the cattle's trail through the trampled underbrush. Then they heard cow-bells, and soon afterwards found the stock feeding quietly, although one had gone.

'That red steer's the best of the bunch,' Jake remarked. 'You two, drive the others back and get breakfast. I don't feel I want much food until I track the beast.'

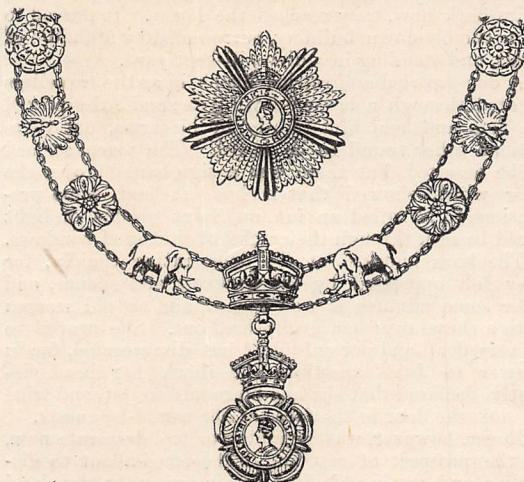
(Continued on page 261.)

THE STORY OF SOME ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

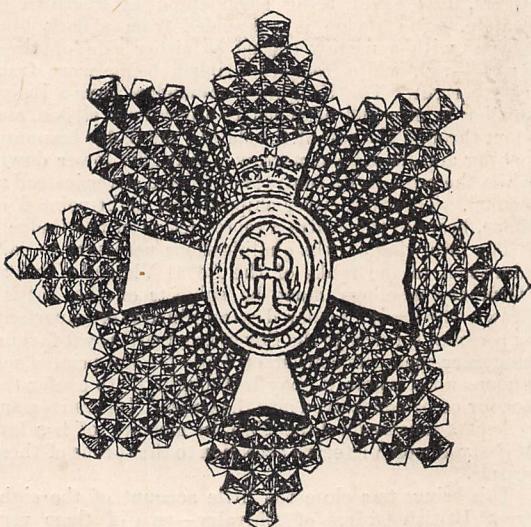
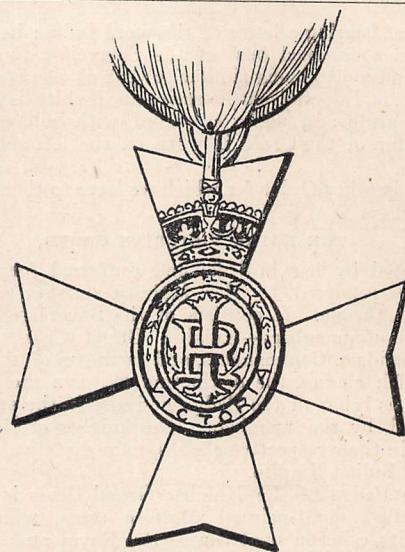
IV.—ORDERS OF CHIVALRY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

(Concluded from page 246.)

THE most eminent Order of the Indian Empire was instituted by Her Majesty Queen Victoria on January 1st, 1878, being further extended and enlarged at her first Jubilee, ten years later. It consisted then, as now, of the Sovereign and twenty-five Knights Grand Commanders (of whom the Grand Master is the principal)



The Collar, Badge, and Star of the most eminent Order of the Indian Empire.



The Badge and Star of the Royal Victorian Order.

and of fifty Knights Commanders and Companions. It was originally formed to commemorate the proclamation of the English Queen as Empress of India.

The magnificent Collar of gold is appropriately formed of elephants, lotus flowers, peacocks (with out-spread tails) and Indian roses. The centre is occupied by the Imperial crown, the whole being united by chains of gold. The Star of the Knights Grand Commanders has alternating rays of gold and silver, five in number, issuing from a centre of gold. Hanging thereon is a royal effigy of the Sovereign surrounded by a purple ring on which, in letters of gold, is inscribed the motto 'Imperatoris auspicio' (Under auspices of the Emperor), above which is the Imperial crown in gold. The Badge consists of a golden rose with five leaves enamelled red,

each leaf bearing a letter of the word India ; here again we find a crowned bust of the Sovereign, the purple band and motto being similar to that of the Star. The mantle, of Imperial purple satin, lined white, is fastened by a purple and white silk cord with golden tassels. The Star of the Order is worn on the left side of the mantle.

Yet another Order for which we have to thank Queen Victoria is

THE ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER,

instituted by her in 1896 and conferred for personal services rendered to Her Majesty and her successors on the throne. It consists of the Sovereign and five classes of members—Knights Grand Cross, Knights Commanders, Commanders, and members of the fourth and fifth classes, the distinction between the last two divisions lying in the Badge and also in the precedence enjoyed by the members. The knights of this Order rank, in their respective classes, immediately after those of the Indian Empire.

The Badge of the Knights Grand Cross is a white enamelled eight-pointed Maltese cross, which bears upon its crimson oval centre the Royal and Imperial cypher encircled by a blue enamelled band inscribed with the motto of the Order, 'Victoria,' in golden letters, this again being surmounted by a crown of Empire. The Badge is suspended from a dark blue ribbon with a narrow edging on either side of three stripes—red, white, red—the ribbon being worn from left to right. The Knights Commanders have a Badge smaller in size and attached to a narrower ribbon, and so on through the rest of the classes, the Badge becoming smaller and the ribbon narrower as it gets lower down, while the cross in its centre is of frosted silver instead of enamel. The Star, silver chipped and eight-pointed in shape, bears in the centre a reproduction of the Badge.

The following are the qualifications necessary to gain admission to the ranks of the Royal Victorian Order : ' Ordinary members must be subjects of the British Crown who having rendered extraordinary, or important, or personal services to the Sovereign, merit royal favour. Honorary members consist of those foreign princes and persons upon whom it may be thought fit to confer the honour of being received into the Order.' Its anniversary is kept annually on June 20th, in memory of her late Majesty Queen Victoria's accession to the throne of these realms.

This brings to a close the little account of the eight great British Orders of Chivalry—two of them very ancient, the others comparatively modern ; but none the less all are alike conferred for *service rendered*, which, as you will remember, is the true meaning of Chivalry and Knighthood. Next we will consider Orders of Merit.

CONSTANCE M. FOOT.

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

BY A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 243.)

ROGER scrambled quickly from rock to rock and from bush to bush, but it was growing very dark now, and in his haste he did not pause to choose his way. In a few minutes he was obliged to stop short on the brink of a little precipice, and when this had been skirted and he reached level ground, he found that he

was on the opposite side of the hill from that on which he had made the ascent.

He was standing still, breathing quickly after his exertions, and wondering which direction it would be best to take, when suddenly he caught sight of a red glow shining through the trees. Going forward a little, he peered between the close-set trunks, and soon saw, not far away, the silhouette of a house with a high, pointed roof and ruddy firelight streaming from an open doorway.

Roger's heart gave a great bound of joy and relief, for somehow, after his late adventure, the prospect of spending a night in the dark, lonesome wood did not seem very inviting. He began to walk forward, but stopped after a moment, remembering that it would be better to find Jules first, who, being French, could speak to the inhabitants of the house and make arrangements.

Just as he was turning back, the gleam of light suddenly disappeared, as if the door had been shut.

Roger looked round, carefully noting a fallen fir and a strangely shaped rock which would serve as landmarks, for the house itself was so surrounded by trees as to be almost invisible ; and then he set off at a brisk pace with visions in his mind of soft beds, a savoury supper, and the cosy, home-like flicker of fire-light.

He felt sure that the day's adventures were going to have a happy ending after all.

It took some time to find Jules, and when he was found, fast asleep with Toto in his arms, it was not easy to rouse the little boy or to make him realise the situation. 'Maison, over there ; bon maison, and supper—what do you call it ? Souper, manger. Come along, Jules, it isn't far. Quick, vite !'

It was hardly surprising, perhaps, that Jules had some difficulty in understanding this speech, but he seemed to catch the drift of it at last, when Roger had had recourse to the language of signs, and sat up, yawning and rubbing his sleepy eyes with tightly clenched fists. He looked very small and babyish, in spite of the thirteen years of which he had boasted, but Roger dragged him to his feet relentlessly, and, after what seemed a very long walk through the woods, for it was quite dark now, they reached the house. It proved to be a tumble-down building, surrounded by a huddle of sheds, and standing in a dirty, ill-kept yard.

A dog growled and rattled his chain as the travellers entered through a broken-down gate ; and Jules picked up Toto and held him tightly in his arms, but there was no other sound to be heard. The place seemed to be deserted, but there was a sign hanging over the door which showed that it had, at least, some pretensions to be called an inn, and faint gleams of light could be seen through the cracks of shuttered windows.

The boys knocked at the door, rather timidly, for they felt oppressed by the darkness and silence, and after some minutes it was opened, and an old woman with a shawl over her head peered out. She proved to be very deaf, and not only deaf but disagreeable, for in answer to Jules' questions she shook her head violently, declared that she had no rooms to let, and tried to shut the door in the faces of her would-be guests.

Roger, however, was beginning to feel desperate now, as the prospect of rest and food seemed about to disappear, and, setting his foot firmly across the threshold of the open door, he pushed Jules forward. 'Hurry up, old man, tell her we must come in. Remember,

"souper," "diner," or whatever you like to call it. We shall simply starve if we can't get something to eat."

Thus encouraged, Jules did his best, and a brisk argument followed, of which Roger did not understand a word. The woman, deaf as she was, seemed to be able to hear Jules' clear, shrill voice, but still she shook her head resolutely in answer to his pleas for shelter and supper.

No, no; it was impossible. The house was already full. She had guests, and had promised them that no other visitors should be admitted. They were foreigners, her two boarders, and they wished to be quiet here—to have the place to themselves. She had given her word, and what could be done? She was only a poor old woman, and these people paid well; she could not afford to displease them.

'But we will disturb no one, madame, my friend, Monsieur Roger, and I. We will be quiet—oh, but quiet as two mice; and it is so little that we want. Only some food and a place to rest. We are tired and starving. Madame, dear good madame, will never be so cruel as to turn us out to sleep in the dark forest.'

The woman began to show signs of relenting; perhaps the pale, weary face of little Jules pleaded his cause even more strongly than his coaxing voice. She opened the door wider, and the boys had a glimpse of a great open hearth on which logs were burning brightly. A black pot, from which a savoury smell came, was suspended over the flames, and on a table near at hand could be seen a long loaf of bread and some plates.

Jules tried to push his way in with an ingratiating smile, but the old woman still barred the way.

She had no rooms, they were both occupied by her present guests, and even food must be paid for. A poor old woman could not be expected to give things away. Money—perhaps, if the young gentlemen had money—something might be arranged.

'Argent.' Roger caught at the word, and pulling his purse—or, rather, Sam's purse—out of his pocket, he produced a new five-franc piece. The firelight flickered brightly on the large silver coin, and it seemed to awaken an answering sparkle in the innkeeper's black, beady eyes. After a little more hesitation and a furtive glance over her shoulder in the direction of a staircase which wound upward from a corner of the room, she clutched at the money and thrust it into her own pocket. Then she stood aside and allowed the boys to enter, shutting and bolting the door carefully behind them.

Very well, she would give them some food, and they might spend the night by the fire; but there must be no noise, and they must leave early in the morning before her other lodgers were awake. They were upstairs now, the other lodgers, in their sitting-room—she had taken up their supper—and they must not on any account know anything about the new arrivals.

Jules, now that he had got his way, paid little heed to the grumbles of their hostess, and Roger understood nothing of what was said. In a few minutes the boys were comfortably established by the fire with cushions at their backs, footstools under their tired feet, and large plates of stew out of the black pot on their knees. The woman bustled about, making coffee and cutting slices of bread from the large loaf, and altogether Roger thought that it was the most delicious meal that he had ever eaten.

This was an adventure indeed, and no less delightful was the night that followed when, having been provided with some pillows and ancient blankets, the hostess took her departure, and stumped upstairs to the upper regions, leaving them to curl themselves in front of the fire that still blazed brightly on the hearth.

It was very hot, of course, but that did not matter, for the flickering flames added to the charm of this novel experience; and long after Jules was sound asleep Roger lay awake, watching them, and thinking over all the events of the past day.

His strange experience on the hill-top came in for its share of meditation; but by this time Roger had thought of a solution of the mystery that seemed to him to be quite satisfactory. It must have been bees, that queer, buzzing noise that he had heard—wild bees, that had established themselves in the trunk of the great tree. Most likely the tree was hollow, dead trees very often were, and the bees had been swarming, or something of that sort. Certainly he had always thought till now that bees swarmed in the daytime; but French bees might be different from English ones, and anyway he did not know very much about them.

The boy's thoughts drifted away to the rustling sound that he had heard after the buzzing had ceased. Could it have been a bear? Those animals, he had heard, were fond of honey, and he remembered that, in geography books, bears were still included among the wild animals of France. Roger made up his mind that he would question Jules on the subject, and he fell asleep at last wondering what the words, bear, bee, honey, and hollow tree, would be in French.

CHAPTER IX.

AT dawn on the following day Roger and Jules were still sound asleep, and they never stirred when the old inn-keeper made her way heavily down the narrow staircase and lumbered into the kitchen.

The first thing she did, after flinging open the shutters and letting in a stream of bright sunlight, was to rouse Jules by seizing his shoulder, shaking him violently, and repeating her instructions of the previous night.

They must wake up at once, he and his friend, and be off before the other lodgers made their appearance. It was early yet, but she herself had to go out; there was the cow to milk and the pigs to feed—a poor, hard-working woman could not afford to lie in bed. But there must be no delay. The lodgers were strange folk, and the gentleman would be angry, furious, if he found out that other travellers had been in the house. He and the lady would leave at once, and she would lose her money.

She went off at last, still grumbling, and with a great clatter of tin pails; but Jules was still stiff and sleepy after his long tramp of the day before. Instead of waking Roger he yawned, and lay down again in his warm nest of cushions for a final nap.

Once again there was silence, broken only by the even breathing of the two boys and the murmur of farmyard noises outside; but before long there came the sound of another脚步 on the creaking wooden staircase, followed by a loud, horrified exclamation.

Roger started up and found himself confronted by a woman, not their old hostess, but quite a different person, a young woman with fair hair and a pair of round, indignant blue eyes.

(Continued on page 258.)



"Roger started up and found himself confronted by a woman."



CHATTERBOX.

ANY PORT IN A STORM.



“He peered into a dark hole far up the trunk of the tree.”

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. MUTHLEY.

(Continued from page 255.)

THE boy stood up, feeling foolish and uncomfortable at thus having literally been caught napping, and Jules also scrambled to his feet. For fully a minute the three stared at each other, and then the girl, for she was hardly more than that, turned and rushed away up the stairs as quickly as her feet would carry her.

They heard a door bang, the sound of some one hurrying across a room overhead, and then the mutter of harsh, angry voices.

'Hullo, there seems to be a row on,' said Roger, but Jules, who understood the position more or less, could not explain matters. Instead, he smiled at his friend with a quaint little shrug of his shoulders, and then contrived to make it clear that they must leave the inn without further delay. It seemed rather hard to have to start without having any breakfast, but there was no help for it, and neither of the boys wanted to encounter either the grumpy old woman or the furious young one again.

Just as they were leaving the house, however, a way out of the difficulty presented itself, for on the table was still half the long loaf of bread which they had had for supper. This was commandeered, a franc being left in its place as payment.

Then Roger slipped the straps of his knapsack over shoulders, Jules whistled to Toto, and they set off once more on their journey.

It was still only six o'clock, and the early morning air seemed exquisitely fresh and cool after the stuffy warmth of the kitchen where they had spent the night. All around was the forest, green, dewy, and full of wonderful aromatic fragrance. Birds were singing, and the ripple of a stream could be heard not far away.

The boys could now see that the inn was built in a tiny clearing, just large enough to contain the house itself, its outbuildings, the littered yard, and a scrap of orchard where a couple of goats were tethered beneath the apple and pear trees. Just outside the gate of the yard ran a narrow sandy track, rutted with wheel-marks, and this ran northward, but Roger decided that he had better follow it until they met some one who could direct them, or came to a cross-road that would take them eastward in the direction of St. Denis-sur-Meuse.

Behind the inn, at a little distance, rose the steep, cone-shaped hill, and on its summit could clearly be seen the bare branches and gleaming white trunk of the dead tree.

As Roger stood looking upward at the scene of his adventure, the panic of the night before seemed utterly absurd—as terrors have a way of doing in bright sunshine—but he was conscious of a devouring curiosity and eagerness to climb the hill once more. He wanted to go near to the tree to listen to the loud humming of the wild bees, and to look for traces of the bear among the bushes, through which it had rustled in the quest for honey.

And then, suddenly, a bright idea flashed into the boy's head. Honey! well, why should not he and Jules find it as well as the bear? The search would, at least, serve as an excuse for a second ascent of the hill,

and, if discovered, the honey would be a welcome addition to their breakfast of dry bread. 'We'll go up that hill,' he said, turning to Jules, and he set off quickly through the trees. Jules followed without demur, and very soon they had reached the hill, and were climbing it by a comparatively easy path which Roger had never seen in the darkness of the previous night. It took them quickly to the summit, and there before them were the thick bushes, where the supposed bear had lurked, and the huge white tree. It looked bigger than ever by daylight, its trunk towering high above their heads and the boughs, most of them leafless, but some with lingering tufts of green foliage, stretching wide in every direction.

It probably was a hollow tree, as Roger had surmised, for there seemed to come a dull echoing sound when he struck it with a stick, but no hole was to be seen.

Roger tried to explain things to Jules, thinking that perhaps the sharp-eyed little French boy might be able to help in the search.

'Look, Jules, honey in this tree, honey and bees.' He stopped, paused, and then, as if with an inspiration, remembered the word he wanted, 'Honey—miel—yes; that's it, miel in arbre.'

Jules' puckered brow smoothed itself, and he nodded in delighted comprehension. 'Ah, oui, oui,' he said, and after gazing upward for a moment, he turned to Roger with a rapid stream of words that seemed almost to trip over each other as they fell from his lips.

He stopped, at last, with his usual little shrug of the shoulders, when he saw that he was not understood, and then running to the tree, he caught at a bough, swung himself lightly on to it, and began to climb with rapid dexterity. In a very few minutes he was high up among the branches.

Roger watched his friend in a glow of eager admiration, for the French boy seemed to be as deft and nimble as a monkey, and it was wonderful to see how he raised himself from bough to bough and found footholds in the least promising places. He stopped at last, and peered into a dark hole far up the trunk of the tree, that Roger noticed now for the first time.

Apparently the inspection was not a satisfactory one, for Jules soon began to clamber down again, and when the ground was reached he shook his head vehemently in answer to inquiries for 'Miel.'

He tried to explain, however, what he had seen in the hollow tree, but although the words were accompanied by many gesticulations, Roger found it impossible to grasp his meaning. Then Jules ran round to the other side of the tree and pushed his way in among the thick bushes.

All this time nothing had been heard of the loud buzzing noise of the evening before, and Roger, as he listened to the drowsy hum of a few stray bees above the heather, wondered if he could possibly have dreamt that part of his adventure.

In a few moments Jules, covered with leaves and bits of stick, emerged from among the bushes, and once more vainly tried to explain something to Roger.

'Is there anything in there?' asked the English boy; but before he could search for himself, the sound of voices was heard, and Jules, seizing his friend's arm, dragged him backward into the bushes.

Two people were coming up the narrow path, talking as they came, but in low voices, so that, even if he had

understood their language, the words would have been almost indistinguishable. The foremost of the two was a man, tall and square-shouldered, with a ruddy face, and a felt hat pulled low down on his forehead. He might have been good-looking, but an ugly scar seamed one cheek and twisted his mouth into a perpetual sneer. Behind him came a woman whom both Roger and Jules recognised instantly, for she was the angry, blue-eyed young person who had roused them from their slumbers less than an hour ago.

Jules, remembering the words of the old innkeeper as to the fury of her lodger, tried to drag Roger down into the undergrowth, but the other, less well-informed, saw no reason why this chance encounter should be avoided. He had been hoping to meet some one who would be able to show them the way to St. Denis-sur-Meuse, and here were two people who probably knew the district and would be able to give the necessary information. Moreover, perhaps they might speak English, for their dress and general appearance showed that they were not peasants.

The boy took off his cap politely and came forward. 'Could you tell us, please——' he began, and then stopped short, for, as he looked up and caught sight of the boys, the scarred man's face changed, and now wore an expression of savage rage that was startling and horrible.

And the strange part of it was that fear seemed to be mingled with his anger, and he glanced furtively round, as if dreading attack or searching for a way of escape.

Roger stepped back, dismayed, and then the man, recovering his courage but losing his temper more completely than ever, burst out into a storm of furious exclamations and questions. 'What are you doing here? How dare you come? It is disgraceful, abominable! Don't you know that this place is private property? I will have you punished, thrashed, imprisoned!'

The man seemed to be beside himself, and even plucky little Jules quailed before his threats and abuse, although he clung desperately to Toto's collar and prevented the dog, who was snarling and showing his teeth viciously, from taking an active part in the encounter.

All this time the blue-eyed girl glared at the two boys with a face that was almost more full of rage than her companion's, but she seemed to be anxious to restrain his violence, and every now and then dragged at his arm or spoke to him in a low whisper. At last her persuasions seemed to prevail, and after a few more shouted threats the man turned and rushed away down the path. The girl followed, and Roger and Jules were left alone.

Roger was the first to recover, and he broke into a rather nervous little laugh. 'What queer people! I wonder what he was driving at! But France does seem to be a rum country. Come on, Jules, let's go down the hill another way. We don't want to meet that horrible man again.'

He led the way to the side of the hill where he had climbed up the night before, and now, in broad daylight, the descent proved to be a simple matter. In a very little while the bottom was reached, and then they found the road, striking it some distance north of the lonely inn. Before long came a cross-road, and they trudged eastward for several miles, halting at last near a little valley where a rushing stream had widened into a shallow, silvery pool.

'What a ripping place; let's have a rest here,' Roger cried, flinging himself down on to a heather-covered bank, and then they ate their breakfast of dry bread, and afterwards had a splendid bathe in the cool, sparkling water.

(Continued on page 270.)

THE TWO SHIPS.

A Fable.

'WHEN my ship comes home,' said the first merchant, 'I shall sell the cargo at a great profit and become the richest man in the town.'

'I shall be rich also,' observed the second merchant, cheerfully. 'I shall buy a large house and garden, several new dresses for my wife, and toys for all the children.'

'That is all very well,' returned his companion; 'but last night there was a great storm at sea, and the chances are that both our ships went to the bottom. I could not sleep for the roaring of the wind.'

'Neither could I,' said the second merchant; 'but as we lay awake, my wife and I amused ourselves by thinking of what we would do with our money when—I should say *if*—our ship comes safely home.'

'You are very foolish,' said the first merchant, and went his way frowning and sighing because of the bad weather.

Unfortunately the barometer continued to fall instead of rising. The weather went from bad to worse, yet when next the friends met, the second merchant smiled as cheerfully as ever.

'What is there to smile about *now*?' demanded the first merchant, rather irritably, for he was worn with anxiety.

'Why,' answered the other, 'I was smiling to think of the relief it will be when our ships have actually come to port.'

'My opinion is that they never will,' was the answer; 'then,' he added, very impolitely, 'you will smile on the wrong side of your face.'

'You may be right,' said the second merchant, good-temperedly.

But that very night there was the worst storm of the season. Both the ships were already overdue, and a few days later came the news that the first merchant's ship had been sighted by the home pilots, but its sister-vessel had gone to the bottom of the sea. Fortunately the crew had been able to escape in the boats, but the cargo was lost for ever.

Once more the two merchants met on the quay.

'Friend,' said the second, 'I congratulate you with all my heart. But why do you sigh?'

'Because,' answered he, 'I learn from the signals that my cargo is less than I had anticipated. Why do you smile?' he demanded. 'Anybody would think you had gained a fortune instead of losing one.'

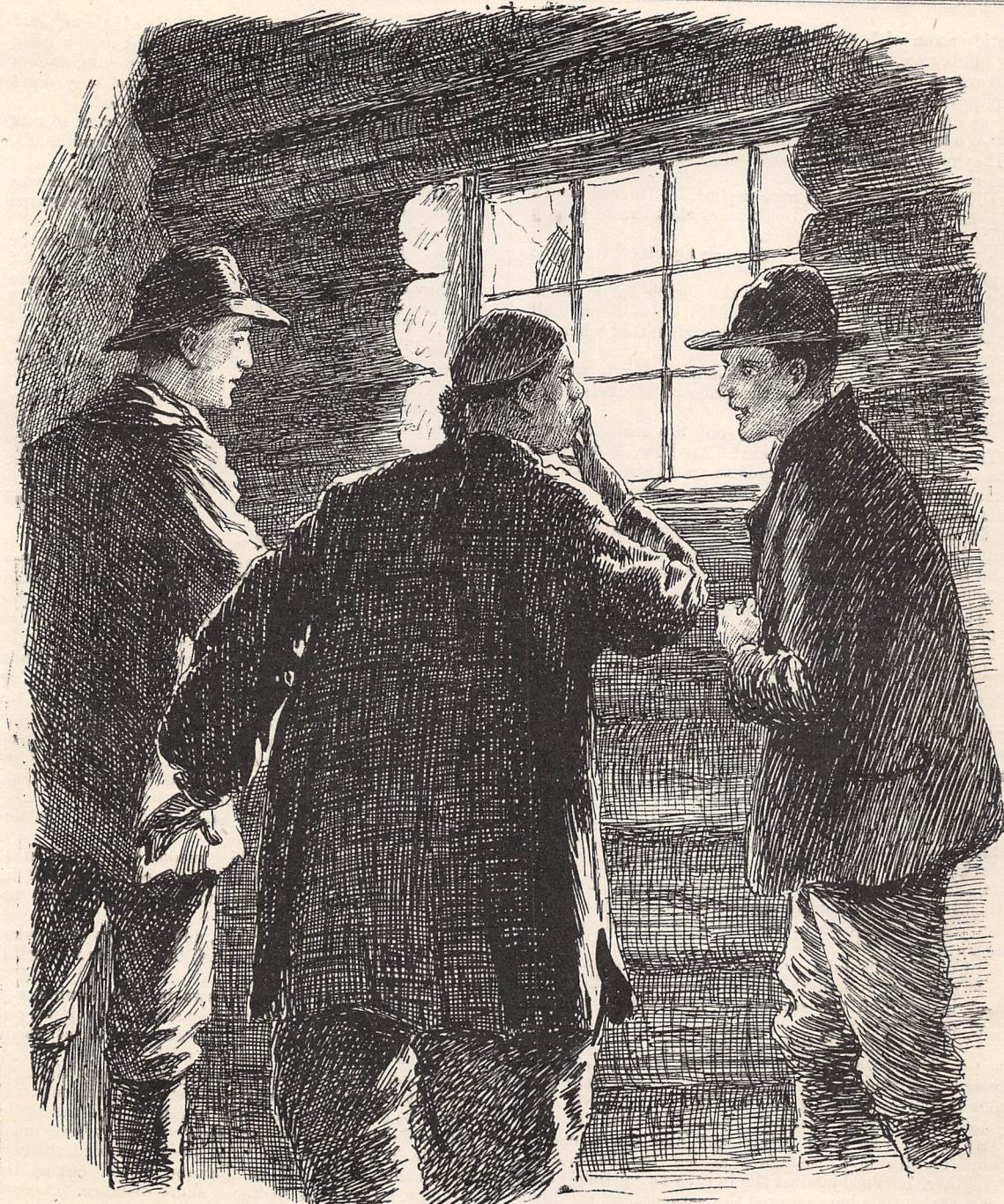
'Why,' said the second merchant, 'my wife and I make a great joke of the way we planned to buy a house and garden, and new clothes, and toys for the children, when all the time it was highly uncertain whether we should ever be a penny richer than we are at this moment. In short,' added he, with great simplicity, 'we laugh at our own foolishness.'

Which only proved, if he had but known it, that the second merchant and his wife were at the very least ten times wiser than their friend.

JOYCE COBB.



“‘What is there to smile about now?’ demanded the first merchant.”



"He put a finger on his lips and vanished."

THE RED STEER.

(Continued from page 253.)

IT was noon when Jake reached camp without the animal, and his look was gloomy, but resolute. 'I've got to find that steer before I go home, but if we

stop now, we'll make the settlement too late for the buyer to sort out his stock. Besides, he won't want to put them on the cars when they're hot and tired.' They set off, and reaching the little town at dusk, went to the hotel for supper. It was a rude wooden building, and when the meal was over they entered an

untidy room with cracked board walls and a floor torn by lumbermen's spiked boots. A gramophone made a discordant noise, and a group of men lounged about the big stove, for the nights were getting cold. One looked up as the boys came in.

'We have put the stock in the yard,' Jake said to him. 'They're in pretty good condition, but we haven't got the red steer.'

'That's awkward,' the man replied. 'The red steer's the best of the bunch. Don't know that I want to ship the others if that one's short.'

'You're only one short. You can knock off its value and pay for the rest.'

'No, sir; you have spoiled the bunch for a quick-selling lot; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll pay half your bill, and settle up again with your father when he sends the steer along.'

'Certainly not,' said Jake. 'It looks as if you wanted to call off the deal because the price of stock is going down.'

Some of the others laughed, but the man frowned. 'Think yourself a smart kid! Anyhow, I don't do business like that. You stand to your bargain and I'll stand to mine. Bring along your steer, and I'll put up the money.'

In the meantime Dawson had quietly studied the man, and did not like his look. He was big and truculent, and talked in a bullying voice, but there was something about him that hinted at cunning.

Then another of the group looked round. 'How'd you lose your steer?'

'I'm not sure we did *lose* the beast,' Jake replied.

The others hunched round their chairs, and the man said, 'Then where's it gone?'

Jake told them what had happened, and the fellow remarked in a sneering tone, 'Why didn't you shoot the panther? You look like a sport, and you had a gun.'

'We tried,' said Jake rather dryly. 'Perhaps it was lucky my partner missed!'

Dawson imagined the man glanced at the dealer who had bought the cattle. The fellow had red hair and a jarring laugh. He laughed again as he replied, 'You're a curious kid to trust with a bunch of stock. You lose the best and then come here allowing that it was stolen. Do you reckon some of the ranchers robbed you back along the trail?'

'I don't,' said Jake. 'They're an honest crowd.'

'Then you reckon the steer's in town? Why don't you look round the stockyards and see if you can find it?'

'I mean to find it,' Jake replied.

'If that's so, you'd better get busy,' the dealer interposed. 'Bring your steer along before the train pulls out to-morrow, and I'll give you the price I fixed.'

The boys went out, but as they crossed the floor Dawson heard a rattle of crockery and saw a man in blue clothes in a passage that led to the kitchen. Another, outlined against the light, was putting plates in a rack. The boys entered the veranda, and sat down near the rails. There was nobody in the street, across which the forest rose like a dark wall, but the clang of a locomotive bell and hoarse shouts came from the stockyard. The hotel windows had no curtains, and the light in the dining-room shone out. Then a shadow moved across the window, and when it vanished the lamp burned low.

'Another Chink; the town's full of them,' said Jake. 'They have two at the stockyard and a gang slashing in the bush, besides the fellows growing garden truck and at the laundry. Well, I suppose they don't make much trouble and work pretty cheap.'

Dawson imagined his comrade did not want to talk about his difficulties; but he was curious and asked, 'Do you really think the steer was stolen?'

'Sure,' said Jake quietly. 'I think the panther was a *man*. He was clever, but he hadn't got the growl quite right. The dog knew the difference.'

'Ah!' said Dawson. 'But the stock ran off all the same.'

'They did,' Jake agreed. 'It's not hard to stampede bush cows. But I allow I was foolish to hint that I knew. Wouldn't have done it if the dealer hadn't got me mad. My notion is he and the red-haired fellow played us a put-up game.' He paused, and added quickly, 'Hallo! Who's this?'

A shadowy object flitted round the corner of the building and stopped close by. The light from the window was faint, but Dawson thought he knew the Chinaman, who seemed to smile at him. It was the man they had saved from drowning not long since.

'Ah Lee,' he said. 'Cookee at hotel. You lose led cow?'

'Yes,' said Jake. 'Glad to see you look all right.'

Ah Lee glanced round, as if to make sure there was nobody about. 'Plenty China boy in town. Flend lookee; pellaps find led cow.'

Then he put a finger on his lips and vanished as a man came out of the door.

The man went down the veranda steps, and Jake remarked, 'Ah Lee's learned English pretty quick, or else he knew more than he pretended the night we pulled him out of the water. Anyhow, he may be some help. A Chink can beat a very smart white man at any kind of cunning trick, and the fellows know how to work together. If the steer's about the settlement, as I think, his friends will get upon its track.'

'Why do you think the steer is about the settlement?' Dawson asked.

'My notion is that the thief means to ship the beast off to Vancouver, and I shouldn't be surprised if he tried to put it on the cars among another bunch to-morrow.'

It was cold on the veranda, and the boys soon went to bed. As Dawson undressed, the landlord knocked at the door.

'If you're shipping your cows in the morning, you want to get up in good time; the stock train pulls out at seven o'clock,' he said. 'Breakfast will be ready when the boys have finished the job.'

Dawson thanked him, and when he put out the light stood at the window, thinking, for a few moments. It would be dark when the men began to load the cattle, and, if Jake was right, the thief would not have much trouble in smuggling the red steer on board the cars amidst the bustle. Then Dawson looked out of the window. He could see for a short distance. A dark wall of forest shut in the settlement. At the end of the street the wall was broken by the gap the stockyards occupied, and two big lights burned beside the railroad track. Nearer him, a low building stood a little back from the row of wooden houses, and he knew this was a livery stable whose owner had gone away. Then, looking straight down, he noted the dark roof of a shed

against the wall of the hotel and a pipe that ran up past the window to the roof. He knocked on the thin boards between his room and Jake's, and saying good-night, got into bed and soon went to sleep.

(Concluded on page 282.)

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 250.)

THE sick man was so astonished at this, and at the same time so delighted, that at once he ceased to groan. And he sat up, and cried joyfully that, already, he felt health returning to him. To the children it seemed a miracle almost; but, as a matter of fact, there was nothing miraculous about it. Chinna had seen so much of this particular type of illness that he had been able to tell from the examination he had made that the man was over the worst of the attack, and would soon recover. However, he did not give his secret away, but smiled in a lofty fashion at the gratitude that was poured out on him.

'You have saved my life. You have saved my life,' the man repeated, 'First the child gave me water, and slaked the thirst that would have consumed me, and now ye have chased the demon of sickness away. In what manner shall I help you in return, O great wonder-worker? And ye, little wonder-workers all?'

It was Nancy who answered, for it was not Chinna alone who had been thinking very hard. And Nancy guessed they had found in this man's friendliness what Chinna had failed to find—a way of escape from them all. No one had listened before when she and Brian had claimed that they were white, but perhaps this man would listen now, and believe, and help.

'We are not wonder-workers at all, we children, I mean,' she began very earnestly. 'But we are really white, and we belong to white people, and we were carried down the river, ever so far, by a flood, and we have been living in the forest with Chinna. If you will help us to get home again, you shall have a great reward. Heaps and heaps of money,' Nancy promised recklessly.

The man did not answer immediately, and very anxiously the children waited. And, as they waited, it seemed to them more and more probable that he knew as little of white people as did Chinna, and would prove equally reluctant to leave his home. But, at last, to their great relief he said slowly, looking them over as he did so: 'So ye belong to the white people. I have a brother who has taken service with them. On the making of a road for the fire-carriage does he labour.'

And, at that Brian cried—for he knew the natives of India sometimes call a railway engine a fire-carriage—'It must be the very road our father's making. It's the only one there could be near here. If you'll take us to where your brother's working, that's exactly where we want to go.'

And, meanwhile, Chinna stood by, listening a little sadly. It seemed that these white children of whom he had grown so fond, and who, he was still inclined to believe, had been specially sent to him, were now about to leave him to face all the difficulties of his future unaided. But not for long was he sorrowful, for soon they were all hanging round him, begging that he and

Mrs. Chinna would come with them, trying to soothe his misgivings, promising that nothing but good should come of it. And Chinna, a smile slowly breaking over his face, gave consent at last. At least the white people could not prove more cruel and treacherous than the villagers he would leave behind—than the spirits who had so causelessly betrayed him, and who had no further use for him, it seemed, and had even laid their ban on his little forest home.

It was as he came to this conclusion that they all remembered Mrs. Chinna. In the general excitement it had been forgotten that that patient little person was still waiting at the edge of the forest, and that her anxiety was still unrelieved. Yet how could this be accomplished before morning, considering the danger involved.

CHAPTER XXVII.

'We must wait until the dawn,' Chinna decided, as much for Mrs. Chinna's sake as for any other reason. 'Until she, the mate of the great one, goes to her own place.'

'Perhaps she's gone already,' Nancy suggested.

But Chinna answered, 'She still waits; listen.' And, for a moment, there was the deepest silence in the hut, while from outside there drifted in a long and sighing breath. It was plain that Chinna was right, and that to go in search of Mrs. Chinna before the morning was impossible.

But, just as this conclusion was reached, there was a patter of footsteps from the village street, and into the circle of light thrown by the fire came the little woman. She was looking anxiously from side to side for any signs of Chinna or the children. She had been unable to bear the suspense any longer, and had crept nearer and nearer, until she had finally ventured into the village itself. And warm indeed was the welcome she received; and she laughed and cried by turns, and called down blessings on everything and every one indiscriminately. Such queer little blessings they were, too. She hoped that the children might all have many sons when they grew up, and that their shadows might never be less, and that Rajahs and Maharajahs might bow down before them. And that the sick man's crops might prosper, and his flocks and herds increase until they covered the whole country-side, though what they would find to eat in that case Mrs. Chinna did not stop to consider. It was long before she was calm enough to be told she was to journey to a new country, and she was very frightened at the prospect at first. But she, too, felt as Chinna did, that the angry villagers and the angry spirits between them had robbed the life in the clearing of the peace and security it once possessed; and affection for the children tugged also at her heart. And, presently, she was listening, round-eyed and happy, while Nancy, and Brian, and Frederick told her of all the wonderful things they would show her once their home was reached.

The remainder of the night passed quickly, though through it all was woven the thought of that waiting thing outside; and, when the talk died down for a moment, those deep-drawn breaths came sighing through the window. As a dog waits on a mat for its master, so the tigress waited beneath the window for him whom she sought. And it was not until the dawn wind ran whispering through the grass, that she slunk away stealthily to her forest haunts.

(Continued on page 266.)



“Chinna, a smile slowly breaking over his face, gave consent at last.”



"A pile of driftwood was collected with which to build a fire."

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 263.)

WITH each hour that passed the sick man had grown stronger, for faith in his own cure had acted as a most powerful medicine. And, as soon as it was certain that the tigress had taken her departure, he set off to his own house to prepare a bundle of food, for the journey would probably take a couple of days, he said. And also he promised to satisfy the curiosity of any of the villagers who might question him, and to persuade them to let the little party depart in peace. Doors could be heard now opening and shutting down the length of the village street, and the voices of women, chattering shrilly together.

The man was gone some time, and, when he returned, he brought not only provisions with him, but also the news that the village was fairly divided for and against Chinna. There had been no fresh cases of sickness; but, on the other hand, there had been no more marvellous cures such as his own. And there were those who insisted that Chinna had worked this one miracle merely to save himself from punishment, and not because he was of the class of the good wonder-workers; and that, therefore, he still deserved to be slain. Chief among these was the jealous priest; but the more sober among the elders were inclined to let Chinna depart in peace. These had helped with gifts of food, which had swelled the bundle the man carried.

'But I think 'twere well to be gone quickly,' he said, 'ere the evilly-disposed conquer the others. 'Tis the same where the children are concerned. Some believe they are white in truth, and some believe it not, and call me fool because I go with you. I did not speak of the reward,' he added, with a twinkle in his eye, 'lest all should call me wise, and all wish to share it.'

And so Chinna, and Mrs. Chinna, and the children, and their guide, whose name they found was Shub Ram, sallied forth into the sunshine. Towards the open country on the further side of the village they went, passing first down the village street, and then doubling back again. The villagers watched them from their doorways with mingled wonder and hostility. But the better-disposed kept the more truculent under control, and no attempt was made to detain them. It was a relief, nevertheless, when the village was left behind, and Shub Ram announced that a clear road home lay before them. Presently they would come to the big river, he said, which apparently twisted in such fashion that it could be reached by a short cut, which would halve the distance they had to travel.

For a while they plodded on, and then, all at once, they remembered the goat. Brian had tethered her in the hut on the previous night, but she could not be left thus to starve to death, or to fall a prey to some savage creature. And Chinna bade the rest of the party wait in the shade of a big tree until he had made his way back to the clearing, and brought the goat with him. It took him a couple of hours at least; but the delay was welcome, for it allowed the children and Mrs. Chinna to rest. They all slept soundly indeed until they were awakened by Chinna and the goat together. And then they were ready for the food Shub Ram had

collected, while Chinna told the tale of such adventures as had befallen him.

'Well below the village I turned into the track,' he said, 'lest any of those black-hearted ones should see me. And I found the marks of the feet of the tigress. To the lake she had gone to drink, and then she had turned to the head of the water, that she might thus return to that part of the forest which is her special kingdom. But it is likely that to-night she will return, and frighten those people of the village still further. Then they will be punished indeed, and suffer for their treachery as is but fit.'

And Chinna chuckled joyfully as he thought of the tigress nightly haunting the village, and the villagers with no little hunter to come to their aid. And the children and Mrs. Chinna shared in his enjoyment. The only person who did not entirely appreciate this prospect was Shub Ram, since the village was his home. He decided hastily that he would stay with his brother until it was likely that the tigress had forgotten her lost mate, and finally abandoned her search.

And now, when all had eaten and rested sufficiently, the journey was resumed. Across rough scrubby country the road passed; or, rather, the track, since road in the usual sense there was none. The ground under foot was loose and sandy; and because of this, and because of the time that had been lost while Chinna fetched the goat, it was near sunset ere a blue streak ahead announced the nearness of the river. That river down which the children had been carried so very many years ago, it seemed; yet it was but a few days merely, though it was difficult to credit this.

'I had hoped to reach a cattle station where live some cousins of mine,' Shub Ram explained. 'But since already it is late, it were better to shelter in a cave for the night. There are caves in plenty along the river-bank.'

And without much difficulty a suitable cave was found, and a pile of driftwood collected with which to build a fire. There was planed and sawn wood among it, which had once perhaps formed part of the bridge. So the children at least thought and said as they watched the dancing flames, and talked of the breaking of that bridge, and of all that had happened since.

'Only a little while and we shall be home again,' they concluded, happily. And began to picture their return in detail, and to imagine what they would say, what Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith would answer; all the excitement, all the joy of it, until at last they were too sleepy to talk any more, and settled down in a corner of the cave. And soon Mrs. Chinna and Shub Ram slept also, until only Chinna remained, crouched on his heels, his head almost on his knees, staring into the heart of the fire. The sounds of the night, the scent of the night—so wild, so wholly different from the sounds and scent of the day—brought back to the little man, with cruel vividness, the life he was leaving behind him. And he thought of the clearing in the forest which had stood to him for home, and of the stricken tree he had tended so carefully. And again he wondered for what reason the spirits had turned against one who had served them so truly and so loyally. And, still puzzled, he questioned for the last time the reality of that anger.

'They killed the tree. They turned the hearts of the villagers against me. Yet, perchance, at the last they repented and sent the tigress to my aid,' he argued. If only he might know certainly in what light the spirits regarded him.

He, too, grew sleepy at last, and rose to throw another piece of wood on the fire before he sought the shelter of the cave. And, as he did so, from the darkness beyond a sound came creeping towards him which froze him motionless, head bent forward a little, listening intently.

(Continued on page 274.)

FRUITS FROM ACROSS THE SEAS.

II.—THE BANANA.

After the Orange and the Lemon, I suppose the most common over-seas fruit is the Banana. Nearly all varieties of it are tropical plants. The banana is a most useful and nutritive food, and in fact in tropical lands it is almost as valuable as our wheat or potato, forming one of the chief foods for millions of people. Its Latin name is *Musa sapientum*. There is a near relative, plantain, which is very like it, so like that it is often sold as the banana! Plants of banana and some of its near relations are often grown in hot-houses in England, but only for their foliage, for the fruits require so much heat that they never, or very rarely, 'set' here.

Now to tell you of its growth. It is not quite certain where its original home was. The East Indies is the most likely place, but it is now grown in all tropical lands, that is, in countries where it is hot enough. It grows at a tremendous rate, a tree being fully developed in a year; it is then about eighteen feet high. It has the appearance of being a tree with a 'trunk' (fig. 1), but really there is no true woody trunk. That apparent trunk is composed of the clasping, sheathing stalks of the leaves. The roots are what are termed in botany 'rhizomes'—that is, under-ground stems. (Solomon's Seal and Iris are common examples of this form of root.) These under-ground stems spread and throw up shoots which are clusters of leaves; the stalks sheath and grow very rapidly; the trunk is formed by the remains of the earlier leaves. This you can plainly see in my illustration. You see much the same thing happen with many of the palms which we have in English houses; there is no real trunk, but the lower parts of old leaf-stalks seem to be bound together with string-like fibres, which split away from the sides of the stems.

The leaves of the banana are often as much as ten feet in length and two feet wide. They have a strong mid-rib and many veins running from it to the margins where they are netted together. They are of a glorious clear green in colour, and form a graceful rosette at the top of the 'trunk.'

The flowers, which are blue in colour, rise right from the rhizome to the crown of leaves tightly wrapped in a sheath. The cluster is gradually pushed right up the tube formed by the sheathing leaf-stalks. When the cluster arrives at the top it stands upright at first, but as soon as the fruits begin to form, which they do very quickly, the cluster by its weight is forced to hang down as seen in the illustration.

These clusters of flowers contain a great number of individual blooms, and the fruits develop in succession from the lower part of the cluster first. (Of course you understand, the cluster as you see it in the illustration is really upside down, because it has had to hang down.) When a fair number of fruits have formed, the owner, if he wishes to produce really fine fruits,

will cut off the remaining flowers. This is why you never see a *complete* cluster of fruits. If you take note of the great bunches there are hanging in our shops, you will find the bottom of the cluster is missing, and you can see where the stem has been cut through. By the way, just notice that the individual bananas *do not hang down* when growing, as you would expect them to do, but turn up, so to speak. Curious, is it not?

When bananas are to be packed for exportation, they are picked quite green; in fact, you generally see them still green in the shops! There again I have no doubt that the flavour must be much finer when the fruits ripen on the trees! The packing for exportation has to be done very carefully, for the banana is a fruit which bruises very readily, and bruised fruits are nearly worthless.

The quantity of fruit produced by a single plant is extraordinary, for often the bunches from a single tree will weigh as much as a hundred and twenty pounds! A single tree will carry two or three clusters.

After the fruits have ripened—that is, at the end of about a year—the whole tree withers to the ground, but the rhizomes constantly throw up new shoots which follow the same round of events. It seems strange to us to hear of a tree of such a size finishing its existence in something like a year; but you must remember that in the tropical climates where the banana grows, the rate of growth is much faster than in our temperate lands. We, after all, have many plants which make much growth in a single season, and then die, as, for instance, the sun-flower, maize (an even better example), the hollyhock, and many others.

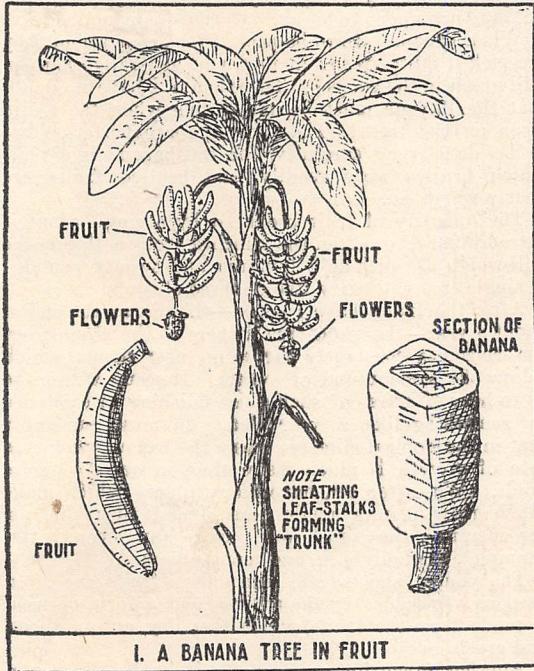
The young shoots and the unripe fruits are often used as vegetables by the natives, and a form of meal is made from the fruits, which they dry, cut in slices, and crush.

Another favourite over-seas fruit is the Pineapple. Its proper name is *Ananassa sativa*. Nearly all the members of its family are tropical; the pineapple was originally a native of the north-east parts of South America, but of course it is now grown in both the East and West Indies. It is not a tree but a low-growing rosette of large, very prickly leaves. Do you know the Aloe? It is a very prickly plant; it has long fleshy leaves with strong prickles at the ends. People grow aloes in pots as ornamental plants. Well, they are very like pineapple plants. The fruit got its name, 'pineapple,' from the fact that the form of the fruit suggested the shape of the pine cones of certain kinds of pine-trees. In fig. 2 I show a drawing of a stone pine cone, and you will, I am sure, agree that it is very like a picture of a pineapple with its top-knot cut off! But my sketch is of an object only about the tenth of the size of a pineapple!

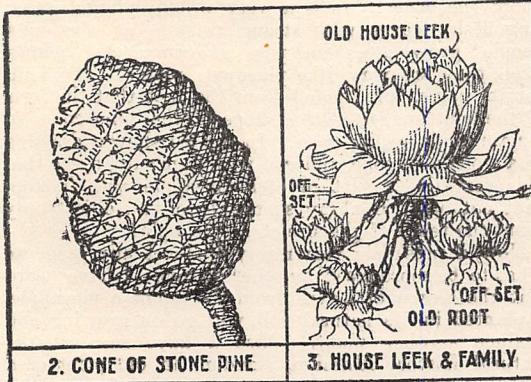
Now, a pineapple very rarely produces any seeds, so it has to be reproduced by other means. I have heard that the crown of leaves from the top of a pineapple, if planted in its natural soil, will go on growing and produce another plant. Also I have seen at the Natural History Museum, London, an old print of a very prolific pineapple plant, which had a whole colony of smaller plants all round it like a house-leek; you know how a house-leek will form off-sets. Well, in case you do not, I will give a sketch of one of its family (fig. 3).

The pineapple, as we know it, is produced from the centre of the rosette of sword-like leaves. When a

plant intends to fruit, the first thing which happens is that the middle of the plant begins to rise. The small leaves appear on a stalk, and below the leaves a green, fleshy cone appears with very numerous scale leaves. Here and there later are seen a number of bluish flowers, which fall rather quickly. The cone



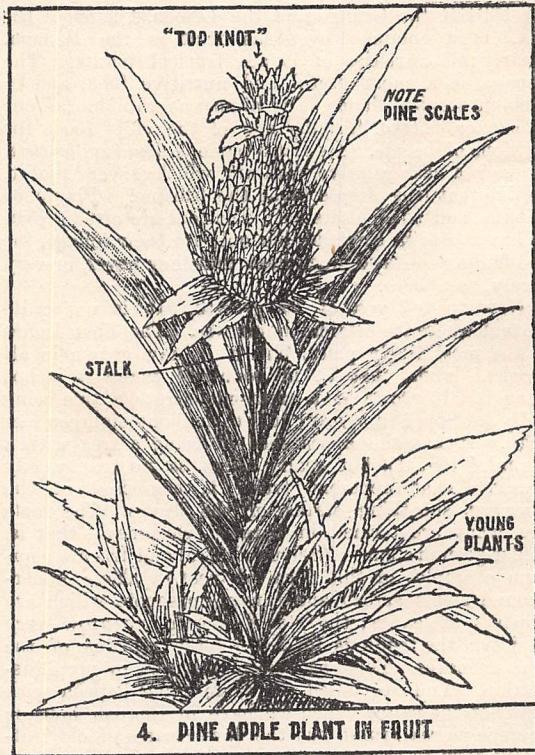
goes on swelling and swelling, and eventually turns to that lovely orange gold which we know so well as the colour of a ripe pineapple. As a matter of fact, all pines are not this colour, for I have some brought to me from abroad sometimes which are of



a sort of olive green in colour. There are of a particular variety, called King Pines, very beautiful in flavour, but not nearly so attractive to look at!

Now, if you carefully examine the next pineapple you meet, you will find it is composed of a number of angular sections, each with the remains of a scale on it.

Each of those sections represents a flower. The pineapple is really a great cluster of flowers which have become succulent, and if you cut open a pineapple you can pull those sections apart. In fig. 4 I show you a sketch of a pineapple plant with a pine growing; I also give you several details. A plant has to be from a year to a year and a half old before it gives any signs of throwing up for fruit, and the fruit takes nearly a year to ripen. So you cannot be surprised that pines are a little expensive, can you? Of course, they are very



numerous in their own lands, but the difficulties of transport are the trouble.

If you go to Kew Gardens, in the hot-houses you can see pineapples growing: they came to England something like two hundred years ago. We read that this fruit was to be seen on the King's table in the reign of Charles the Second, and there is an old picture in existence which shows a gardener presenting a pineapple to the King, but I do not think it was grown in England.

E. M. BARLOW.

GYP.

A Page from a Dog's Diary.

I AM a big brown and white collie. My name is Gyp, and I am really very handsome. My young master brushes me every day, and every member of the family loves me.

We are a big family: there are six children. Babs, the youngest, is two, and Miss Ethel, the eldest, is sixteen. She seems quite young and lively, in spite of



"I just jumped in and fetched him out."

being such an age; but I suppose human children live longer than dogs. My mother lived to be fifteen, and every one thought it to be a great age. 'Poor old thing, don't worry her, she's *very* old.' That's what master used to say to say when the children tried

to get her to play with them. But though I love the family, I must own that there used to be some things that they were very obstinate about. I did my best to train them, but they only misunderstood me and said I was a spoilt dog. I say 'used' because things are

better now. But that's just what I am going to tell you.

There were two things I wanted more than anything else in the world. The first was to be allowed to sit by that hot-red thing that people keep in a cage in their rooms (I think it's called a fire). I expect you know the thing I mean. But my family always said: 'No, Gyp, we can't have doggies in the dining-room. You must lie in the hall.' So in the hall I had to stay, cross, cold, and uncomfortable.

The other thing I always wanted was a collar like Miss Ethel's. It was silver, such a pretty crinkly pattern; but it was too big for her neck; so she wore it round her middle. She called it a 'belt' and she called her middle her 'waist.' However, names don't matter, it was the collar itself I liked so much. But I couldn't make any one understand that I wanted one, so I had to go on wearing my shabby old leather one.

Well, one day I was out for a walk by the river with Nurse and the four youngest children. We were romping and playing and having such a jolly time, when suddenly Babs slipped and fell into the water. You never heard such a noise as there was! Nurse and the children screamed and screamed, and instead of swimming to the bank, as any ordinary little puppy would have done, Babs simply began to drown.

Of course I could see that he was a little duffer, but I was fond of him and couldn't let him drown; so I just jumped in and fetched him out. When I laid him at Nurse's feet she began to cry with joy, and then she threw her arms round my wet neck and kissed me.

We all raced home to tell Mother and Father and the other children what had happened. Such a fuss! There was every one running from Babs to me and then back to Babs again. 'Oh, the darling!' they cried, 'he's saved the angel's life. Come and dry your dear wet coat by the drawing-room fire.' See! I was to sit in front of the red thing in the *drawing-room*. No one said, 'Go out at once, sir! Your place is the hall.' No, only nice, lovely things. They even seemed quite pleased when the water ran off my coat on to the best pink carpet. 'How wet the poor dear is,' said Mother, when she brought me a basin of warm milk. Then Jimmy, my young master, said, 'Gyp must have a real silver collar, in memory of having saved Babs' life.' They all agreed, and in a day or two it came. It was such a beauty, quite as good as Miss Ethel's, and it fitted me, too; I don't have to wear it round my middle as she does hers.

I often say to dogs who are friends of mine, how funny that such an ordinary thing as that should make such a difference to people. I am treated quite differently now! I have a silver collar, and don't have to lie in the hall any more. In fact, I am allowed to do pretty well what I like.

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 259.)

BOTH the boys were rather silent and thoughtful that morning, and Roger wished more than ever that he could speak French, and thus talk over all that had happened with his companion. There were so many things that he wanted to know, and that Jules could

have told him if only they had been able to understand each other's speech. What had the old woman at the inn said, when she tried to drive them away from her door? What had Jules seen in the hollow tree and afterwards among the bushes at its foot? And why had the man with the scarred face and the woman with the blue eyes been so angry about nothing? However, it was no good wishing, and not much good wondering, so Roger made up his mind to forget the various mysteries for the present, at least, and enjoy this glorious woodland tramp to the full.

By mid-day the boys were not very far from St. Denis—Jules had ascertained this from an old charcoal-burner, and he managed to explain directions and distances to Roger—but they lost themselves again in the afternoon trying to take a short cut, and it was near sunset when at last the old castle and graceful church spire of the little town were seen in the distance.

When first they had started out on their journey, Jules had shown Roger on the map the place where they must part, but to-day, after the meeting with the charcoal-burner, the little French boy, spreading out the map again on the smooth stump of a large tree, had announced that he intended to accompany his friend all the way to St. Denis, and from there go on eastward towards the frontier fortress where he hoped to find his soldier brother.

Roger was delighted at this change of plan, and determined that Jules should stay the night at the school and be provided with a good stock of provisions—and money, too, if he would take it—before setting out on his solitary journey. 'It's a splendid idea,' he said to himself; 'for Jules will be able to talk properly to Val, and she can put it into English. I shall be able to find out all about everything.'

In the meanwhile Val, in the great empty school, had found the days pass even more slowly than they had done before Fräulein's departure, for still no letters came; there was very little news, and Suzanne seemed strangely depressed, and was a far from cheerful companion.

To tell the truth, the old woman was at her wits' end, for the railways remained disorganized, and the rumours that she heard about the War were very vague. There was nobody to consult, and although she knew quite well that Val ought to be sent home to England, it was impossible for her to do anything without instructions either from Madame Martin or from the child's own relations.

Poor Suzanne felt quite weighed down with the burden of responsibility, and to this was added anxiety about her soldier grandson.

She did her best to make her little charge happy by cooking innumerable dainty dishes, letting her amuse herself in the sunny kitchen and serving picnic meals under the trees in the garden, but it was difficult to smile and gossip as if there were nothing amiss.

Val noticed the change in Suzanne, although she did not understand its cause, and her own high spirits began to flag as one dull monotonous day followed another and there still seemed to be no chance of getting away from St. Denis.

Early on Wednesday evening, three days after Fräulein Heinz had gone, the little girl was sitting on the steps outside the big front door with an unopened story-book on her knees, feeling lonely, rather cross, and

bored to distraction. 'I wonder if anything is ever going to happen again,' she said to herself with a weary yawn, and then suddenly she saw two small figures appear in the distance, far away at the end of the long avenue.

Here were visitors at last. But who were they? And what could be their errand? Val stood up, all her boredom forgotten, and shaded her eyes with one hand against the level, blinding rays of the setting sun.

The new-comers were getting nearer now, and she could see that instead of being men they were boys. The taller of the two had a knapsack on his back, and the smaller was closely followed by a little white dog.

Boys! What could boys be doing in the grounds of a girls' school? What a strange thing! And yet it seemed to Val that there was something vaguely familiar about the taller figure. And now he saw her, recognised her, and raced forward.

'Val!—'Oh, Roger, Roger!'

The little girl stumbled down the wide steps, giving her weak ankle a bad wrench as she did so, and when old Suzanne hastened out of the kitchen at the sound of her charge's cry of welcome, it was to see her fling both her arms round the neck of a strange and very dusty boy, and kiss him again and again.

'Mademoiselle!' The old woman's voice was full of bewilderment and consternation, but another boy, a small, bullet-headed little Frenchman, who had now come up, explained the situation with a characteristic shrug of his shoulders and a flourish of two small, grimy hands. 'We have arrived,' he announced in tones of triumph. 'Monsieur Roger has come to fetch his sister back to England.'

CHAPTER X.

IT was a very merry party that had supper in the kitchen that evening, for Val refused to have the meal laid in the big dreary dining-room, that seemed so strangely empty now that all the schoolgirls were away. Old Suzanne was well pleased with the plan, and she played the dual parts of cook and hostess, making one of her famous omelettes, bringing out all sorts of good things from the store-cupboards, and pouring out the coffee which she had brewed in a tall copper pot.

The old woman's spirits had revived wonderfully since Roger's arrival, for she considered that now he had charge of Val, and that all arrangements might safely be left in his hands.

Monsieur Roger, who had travelled all the way out from England to fetch his sister, seemed a very important person in Suzanne's eyes, and she treated him with a deference and respect that flattered the boy and amused Val immensely.

'Quite grown-up now, aren't you, Roger?' she whispered mischievously, and although Roger laughed too, he began to think that he really was grown-up, a man almost, and ready for any new experiences and responsibilities.

After supper the boys and the girl went out into the garden, for it was a hot, sultry evening, and then Val heard all about the journey; Roger giving his version in English, while Jules put in quaint remarks and explanations.

Later on, when the story of their joint adventures was finished, and Val had been told, too, about the midnight escape from the Rectory, and the voyage to

France, Roger remembered the many questions that he wanted to ask Jules. Then, with Val acting as interpreter, he learnt, at last, what the woman at the inn had said about her lodgers, and what the lodger had said in the strange encounter on the hill-top.

'I still don't understand why he was so angry,' was the boy's comment. 'For we hadn't done any harm. And he wasn't only angry, Val, he was frightened too; that was the funny part of it. How could any one be frightened by Jules and me? He was a savage-looking chap, that man, with staring blue eyes and a cut across his cheek that twisted his mouth. My word! He did shout and glare. Poor old Jules was quite funky.'

'What was the girl like?' asked Val. 'Did she glare and shout and shake her fist at you too?'

'Oh, she glared right enough, but she kept pretty quiet,' was the answer. 'And she had blue eyes as well. She was rather like the man. Blue eyes and a round face and a snub nose. She was fat, with big feet, and had yellow hair; lots of it, twisted up in thick plaits.'

Val burst out into a merry peal of laughter. 'Why, Roger,' she cried, 'it sounds exactly like Fräulein. Blue eyes, yellow plaits, snub nose, and everything. If Fräulein Heinz had not gone off to Berlin three days ago, I should think it was she that you saw in the wood.'

'I don't think much of your Fräulein if she was like that girl,' Roger retorted, and then he remembered another question that he wanted to have answered. 'Look here, Val, ask Jules what he saw in the hollow tree. He climbed up to see if he could find honey.'

Jules was getting rather sleepy by this time, and was beginning to nod as he sat on a wooden bench with Toto in his arms. Roger prodded him into wakefulness.

'What did you see?' began Val, in her pretty, tripping French.

Jules, when he had heard the question, looked up with a drowsy grin. 'There was no honey in the tree, Mademoiselle,' he said. 'No honey at all. When I climbed up and looked into the hole I saw wires, only wires.'

'Wires!' Val translated the word, and Roger repeated it incredulously.

'Yes, wires, that was all. There was a long one, going right down into the hollow trunk, and some one else had been up into that tree before me, Mademoiselle. I told Roger about it, but he could not understand. There were holes cut for the feet, and a piece of rope tied to a bough at a difficult place. That's why I could climb so quickly.'

'It's queer altogether, isn't it, Val?' Roger said, when this last speech had been translated to him. 'I wonder what the wires were for. Perhaps they had something to do with a lightning conductor; yes, that must be it; and afterwards, ask him why he kept poking about in the bushes at the bottom of the tree.'

This question called forth another long explanation from Jules.

'He says that there was another hole there,' Val explained. 'But it was filled up with a bundle of brushwood. He pulled away some of the sticks and peeped in.'

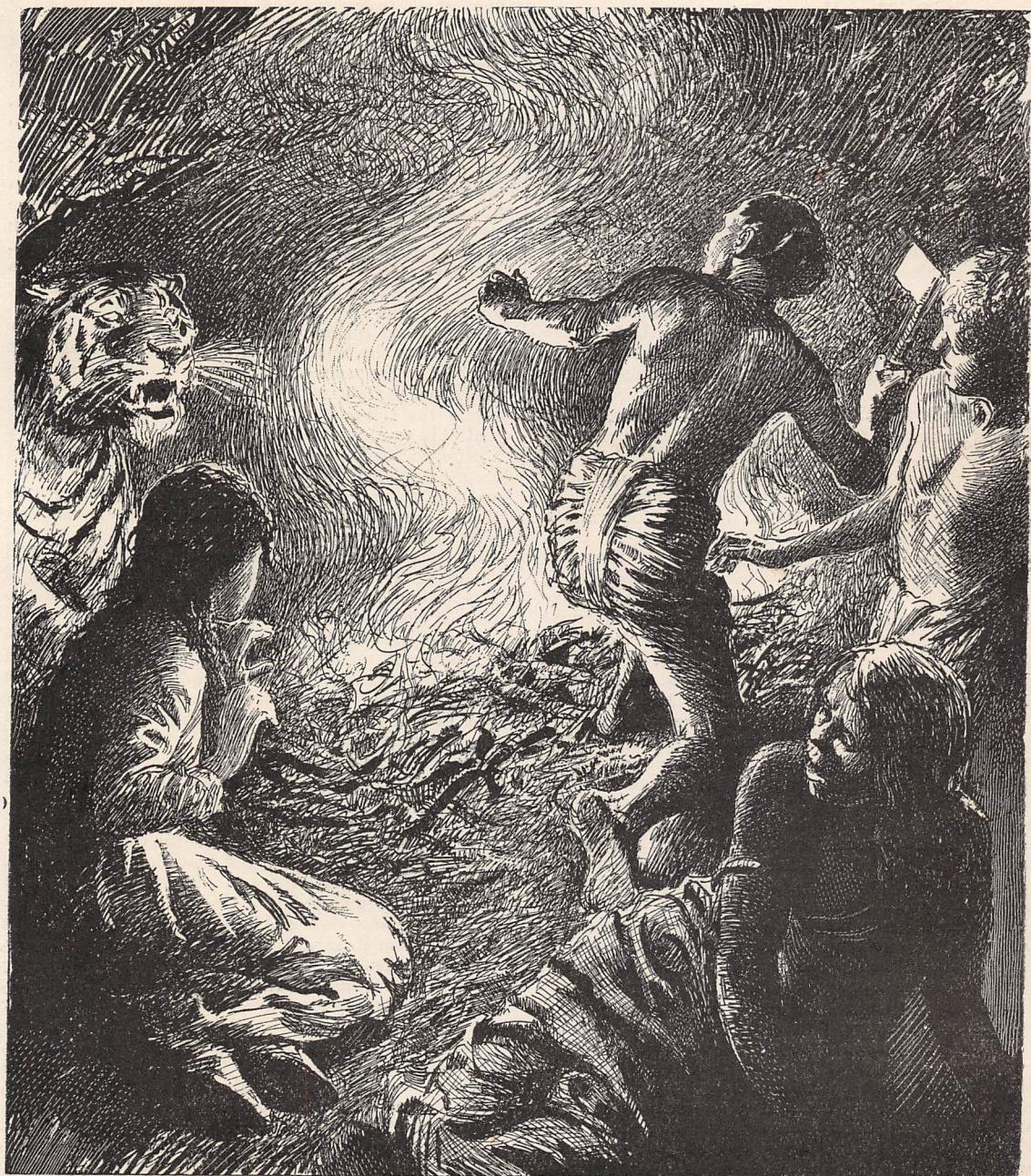
'Yes?'

'It was dark, and the bushes grew so thickly that he could not see much; but he thinks there were more wires.'

(Continued on page 278.)



"Monsieur Roger has come to fetch his sister back to England."



“To fling the axe straight and true seemed all the hope that remained.”

CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 267.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NEARER the sound came. Nearer, nearer. The fire was burning somewhat smokily, fighting against a mass of green wood in its midst. But now there came a puff of wind which sent the smoke hither and thither in writhing, curling clouds. And, in amongst those clouds, on the further side of the fire, Chinna could glimpse something which seemed almost part of them, and which had yet, surely, a form more fixed.

The flames steadied as the wind passed, and shot upwards in spears of light. And, between the spears, framed in them gorgeously, stood out the body of the tigress, sinuous and terrible. Her head was lowered, and her angry, searching eyes were fixed on the entrance to the cave.

Across the fire the tigress glowered at those whom she had tracked so far. Across the flames which now flared so high, but which, presently, must sink, for of spare fuel there was no great quantity. The country was so open it had not seemed likely the fire would be needed as a precaution. It had been lit for warmth and comfort merely.

But, as yet, the glow and glare held the tigress in check. She could not and she dared not cross the fire at its present height. Down upon her haunches she sank, and stared across the flames with jewel-bright eyes. And Chinna, as he answered that look, told himself that his question was answered also. The spirits had wholly turned against him; no shadow of doubt remained. Not content with driving him from his forests, they had sent this, their messenger, against him to destroy him. She had tracked the party doubtless by the smell of the tiger-skin which still clung to them. Yet why had she not remained by the headman's house, where Chinna had purposely left the skin itself? He could not know that the villagers had burnt both skin and house together, convinced that an evil spell rested on both. All ignorant of this, it seemed to Chinna that the presence of the tigress was a visible proof of the anger of those he had served.

That the tigress would have no pity now Chinna was very sure. He, who understood all wild things so well, could fathom her temper exactly. When first she thought she had found her mate, it had been possible to frighten her; to daunt her somewhat, since she was not sure of her discovery. But now that she had tracked him once more, as she believed, she would be thwarted no longer. She burned to sweep from her path everything, every one who kept him from her. She was aglow with hate against all who intervened. She yearned to spring into the cave; to strike with her cruel claws right and left. To tear the flesh of her enemies with her teeth. A terrible anger ruled her utterly; and, between that anger and those she would make her victims, was the fire only. Chinna's poisoned arrows had been taken from him with his other weapons by the villagers. With a sinking heart he realised these facts. And as, one by one, they sank deep into his consciousness, almost he was tempted to despair—to submit dully to the cruel fate he thought the spirits had dealt him.

If he had been alone, perchance Chinna would have surrendered. If Mrs. Chinna only had been with him, he might have reasoned that the death he was willing to accept, she ought to accept meekly also.

Almost he had reached this point when Frederick turned in his sleep, and, all unconscious that he did so, called loudly, 'Chinna! Chinna!' And, at the call, with a rush the little man's courage came back to him. He would not yield. At least he would do his best to save the children who had saved him so lately. At least the spirits had no right to punish them also. And he stood upright with a mighty shout, and laid his hands upon a piece of smouldering wood and flung it at the tigress. And Mrs. Chinna and Shib Ram and the children awoke at the noise and added their voices to his. The cave rang with the tumult and the echo, and for a moment the tigress stood hesitating, her head swinging low, while she growled threateningly.

Chinna had all his wits about him now, and quickly he began to build up the fire. It was burning most brightly in the centre; at either end the heat was less fierce, and to right or left a gap might soon form through which the tigress could enter. She seemed to guess that this was so, for she began to shift her position a little, edging to her left, which was the right of the cave. And she slid a paw out as though she would test the glowing ashes, and judge if she dared to cross them. But at once Chinna reinforced the weak spot with a fresh supply of wood, and, baffled, the tigress drew back again, and again returned to the attack. And she let out a roar of defiance which set the children and Mrs. Chinna and Shib Ram shivering with their hands pressed close to their ears.

It was the beginning of a veritable siege. First the tigress crept to one side, and then to the other. And ever Chinna faced her, and fed the fire anew, helped by Shib Ram and Brian, while Mrs. Chinna and Nancy and Frederick watched in the background. And from time to time they all shouted together when Chinna gave the word, hoping that the noise might turn the tigress from her purpose. But, though it had daunted her at first, it soon ceased to do so, and she paid no further heed, though still they shouted desperately.

It was as the night died that the fire died with it. It was as the dawn approached that the embers paled, and again the tigress slid a paw forward, and now that paw was not withdrawn. Across the dead ashes she stepped, lifting each pad daintily, and shaking the cinders from it as a cat shakes water from its feet. Slowly she moved as though she took pleasure in prolonging the suspense of those she threatened. She knew, it seemed, that these enemies of hers were wholly at her mercy. She meant that they should know it also.

She stopped as she came to the entrance to the cave, and thrust her great head through. And Chinna's hand went quickly to the little axe in Brian's waistbelt, the axe the villagers had given as part of the reward. He had not dared to throw it sooner, since to wound the tigress would but add to her wrath. But now to fling the axe straight and true seemed all the hope that remained. And straight and true it flew, hit the head of the tigress, but to slide from thence to the ground. The treacherous villagers had in this also been treacherous. The axe-head was of inferior steel, and the edge had curled and turned, and failed to penetrate the thick hide.

But the shock of the blow numbed the tigress for a space. She halted still, shaking her head as though

the axe still clung to it, uttering low, snarling growls. Clear she stood against the red glow of the fire with the night sky for a background.

And now she ceased to growl, and all the world seemed wrapped in a thick and heavy silence. And low she crouched for a spring, her muscles working beneath the supple skin. And as those muscles tightened, all at once the silence was rent by a voice shouting, shouting, shouting. By the thud of a horse's hoofs, galloping, galloping.

(Concluded on page 284.)

RICHER THAN HE KNEW.

SO rich was a certain Duke that he had no idea *how* rich he was. He did not know the amount of his income, nor even how many houses he possessed.

One day, when out hunting in the forest of Mixe, in the Pyrenees, he became separated from his friends. He lost his way, and, as night was coming on by the time he reached the edge of the forest, he determined to seek shelter at the first house he came to.

This turned out to be a very fine house indeed. The Duke received a warm welcome.

'Come in, sir!' said the chief of the staff of servants. 'Come in! Our master is absent. In fact, he is never here, but he wishes us to show hospitality to all, just as if he were present.'

The Duke was excellently served. He supped and slept like a king. The next morning, while feeding the servants, he inquired the name of his kind invisible host.

'This,' was the unexpected reply, 'is one of the mansions belonging to the Duke of Medina Sperantina. Although we have never yet seen him (for he seldom honours this neighbourhood with a visit), we love him because he is so generous and so good.'

'Ah, yes, of course!' said the Duke. 'I had forgotten my little house at Mixe. Too bad of me! But I am delighted to find that my servants so faithfully carry out my instructions even in my absence.'

Having expressed his approval by trebling the 'tips' of the astonished servants, the Duke rode off to rejoin his friends, who laughed heartily when he told them that on the preceding night he had slept in his own house without knowing it!

THE BELOVED DOG.

WINNIE WIGMORE is very fond of her little fox-terrier, 'Gyp.' She has loved him more than ever since the memorable summer evening when he so greatly distinguished himself.

Winnie's father was away in France, but she had a dear, kind mother to take care of her, and a delightful old grandfather to be her companion and playmate.

The grandfather had an 'allotment' on a common at some distance from the little house in which he and Winnie and Winnie's mother lived. Every fine day, the grandfather—usually accompanied by Gyp—went to his allotment, in which he took a great interest. He was very successful with his potatoes and scarlet-runners. Every Saturday, when Winnie had a holiday from school, she went with her grandfather and Gyp to the common, where she helped (or thought she helped) with the gardening.

One very fine, sunny Saturday afternoon, the grandfather was so interested in his work that when tea-time came he did not want to go home. Winnie, too, did not wish to go indoors, for it was so pleasant out in the sunshine! But about five o'clock Gyp became very restless and troublesome. He tugged at Winnie's frock, and tried to draw her away. Then he picked up the grandfather's coat, which the old man had thrown down on the ground. Gyp carried the coat in his mouth to its owner, at whose feet he laid it down. Then he sat up and begged, saying as plainly as possible, 'Do put it on!'

'Gyp wants his tea, Grandfather,' said Winnie.

Gyp was exceedingly fond of tea, and it seemed natural enough that he should be thirsty after running about in the heat. He was a 'spoiled' dog. Every one in his home always did what he wanted, and gave him whatever he asked for. So now, as he kept on worrying his two friends, Winnie said with a sigh, 'Well, I suppose we must go.'

'I suppose we must,' said her grandfather, and he meekly put on his coat. Gyp wagged his tail frantically, and barked in triumph. He rushed off in front, pausing now and again to look back and make sure that his friends were following.

When the three reached home, they found tea all ready for them, though Winnie's mother had had *her* tea—for she liked to have it early. A basin of tea was placed on the floor for Gyp. He lapped a little (out of politeness), but he did not seem to care about it, and kept on cocking his ears in a peculiar way, as if listening for something.

'What can be the matter with Gyp?' said Winnie's mother. 'I never knew him to leave his tea before.'

She had scarcely finished speaking when there was a tremendous bang, which made them all jump.

'An air raid!' exclaimed the mother and grandfather, both at once.

Gyp whined, and, running to Winnie, stood on his hind legs, and put his arms—I mean his fore-paws—round her, as if to protect her. Child and dog clung together, and Gyp licked Winnie's hands. Happily, the tension was over in a few minutes, for nothing more happened. The German aeroplane which had dropped the bomb flew away.

As soon as the little family knew for certain that all was 'clear,' the old man said that he would go out to see what damage had been done. Winnie wanted to go too, but her mother would not allow her to do so. The grandfather went alone, and some one in the street told him that the bomb had fallen on the common.

So off he went to the common, and there, on the very spot where his own allotment had been, gaped a huge crater! Nothing was left of his poor garden; there was only that big hole.

The old man hurried home with his startling news. When Winnie heard it, she flung her arms around Gyp, and kissed him again and again. 'Oh, you darling!' she cried, 'if it had not been for you, my dear grandfather would have been killed by that wicked bomb!'

'Yes, thank God for Gyp!' said her grandfather, as he bent over the pair. 'If he had not made us go home, my dear little Winnie—'

He could say no more. Big tears rolled down his cheeks and fell upon Gyp's back.

When at last Winnie had finished kissing Gyp, her mother began. Between her caresses, she told the dog



"Saying as plainly as possible, '*Do put it on!*'"

that never, never would she forget what he had done for her that day: that he deserved the Victoria Cross: that she loved him better than any one else in the world except her husband and her child and

her father—with many other things of the same sort. And now, I am sure, no other dog in the whole kingdom can be more fussed over than is lucky Gyp.

E. DYKE.



THE SOUND OF THE HUNTER'S HORN.

(An Engraving on Wood.)

JEWELS.

MOTHER has a sparkling brooch; she wears it every night;
Twinkle, twinkle, twink it goes in the dim firelight.
Mother has a bracelet, too, and quite a lot of rings;
But she says that jewels are just grown-up people's things.
Mother doesn't know, you see, about *my* jewellery—
All the lovely ornaments the garden gives to me!

Of the daisies on our lawn I've made the sweetest chain
For my neck, and when it droops more daisies grow again.
On the cherry-tree, up high, my cherry ear-rings sway;
I can have new ear-rings for my ears each single day.
And there's dandelion watches just beneath our tree:
Aren't they lovely ornaments the garden's given me?

ETHEL TALBOT.

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

BY A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 271.)

THE next morning Val's ankle was rather painful again, for she had twisted it when she ran down the steps to meet her brother. So it was settled that all plans for departure must be put off for a little while.

Jules left soon after breakfast, for nothing would persuade him to stay longer, and he went off, carrying a large basket of provisions for his journey.

Roger had rather dreaded the parting with his comrade, for it had seemed quite possible that Jules might wish to embrace him; but instead the French boy only held out a sunburnt paw. 'Shake, Roger, mon ami,' he said, with manifest pride in the English word, and then he ceremoniously kissed Val's hand, to her unbounded amazement and delight.

This done, he turned to Suzanne, to whom he had taken a great fancy; for, being a true Frenchman, he had a proper respect for her prowess as a cook, and after kissing her hand too, he gravely stood on tip-toe, and planted a similar salute on her brown wrinkled cheek. 'Farewell, dear madame, till we meet again,' he said, and then, with a final wave of his cap, he trudged away, a sturdy, independent little figure, with Toto following closely at his heels.

Later in the morning a donkey was borrowed from the farm for Val to ride, and she and her brother went together into the town. Roger wanted to see about trains, and to send a telegram to Monkton Ashe, telling his uncle of his safe arrival.

Neither errand was very successful, for the railway service seemed still to be hopelessly upset, as far as civilian passengers were concerned, and the old postmaster shook his head doubtfully over the telegram. Otherwise the expedition was most satisfactory, for Roger was shown the church, the museum, and the castle, and afterwards they had glasses of lemonade at a little open-air café, and bought more cherries than would have seemed possible anywhere else, from an old peasant woman in the market-place.

Everybody seemed to be very cheery and hopeful in St. Denis that morning, for although the war news was vague and meagre, it seemed to be quite satisfactory. The French armies had already gained victories, so it was said, England was going to fight with France, and it was certain that very soon the Germans would be entirely defeated.

Under these happy circumstances, it clearly would be absurd to think of hurrying away from St. Denis, so the children decided that they would stay on until Val's ankle was quite well, and by that time, no doubt, the trains would be running regularly again and everything would be easy and comfortable.

It seems strange now to think of the blinding mist of delusion, conjecture, and rumour that hung over France during those sunny days of early August, when every newspaper contained reports of victories, when disasters were ignored or belittled, losses were slurred over, and when people talked lightly of invincible armies and of a military situation that was eminently satisfactory.

It was possible to live in a fools' paradise then, especially in quiet, out-of-the-way places, where tidings travelled slowly, and the every-day routine went on, to a great extent, as usual.

And all the time, away to the north, beyond that shrouding veil, the great German invasion was sweeping relentlessly on, drawing nearer and nearer, until it was almost possible to see the flames of burning villages flickering through the fog, and to hear the distant thunder of the guns.

To Roger and Val the days passed very quickly, for although they spent most of their time in the big garden or in the woods beyond, there was plenty to do, and old Suzanne devoted her-self heart and soul to the task of making them happy and comfortable.

There seemed to be no reason why they should leave just yet, and certainly Val's ankle was getting stronger every day. In the meantime, trout and other fish could be caught in the little stream that ran through the wood, there was plenty of fruit in the garden, and Roger was busy learning French, with Val as his teacher, and old Suzanne upon whom new words and sentences could be practised.

At last, one afternoon the brother and sister were having a little picnic by themselves in the wood. They had made a fire—Roger's scout lore being invaluable on these occasions—and the kettle had already been boiled and tea made. Now Val was trying hard, but without very much success, to transform two eggs and a sprig of parsley into an omelette, which they had decided would be delicious with sponge-cake and bread-and-jam.

It was a very hot day, for there had, as yet, been hardly a break in the glorious summer weather. It seemed, however, as if a change might be coming now, for all the afternoon there had been the distant, but almost incessant, mutter of thunder.

'They've got a bad storm on somewhere or another,' Roger said once, lifting his head from the bed of heather where he was lying to listen. 'I wonder if we shall get it.'

'Perhaps; but it doesn't feel much like a storm, does it?' Val spoke rather absently, for she was anxious about her cooking, and then the omelette began to burn with a smell that reminded her of the evening, nearly three weeks ago now, when Suzanne's soldier grandson had come to say good-bye.

She stirred the mixture in the little pan vigorously, until, to her surprise, it began to show signs of a complete transformation. 'Hullo! it's going to be scrambled eggs,' she announced. 'Really I'm getting to be quite a good cook, Roger. What fun it would be to camp out and get all our own food. If we had a rabbit I'm certain I could make a perfectly heavenly stew.'

'I'd shoot any number of rabbits for you, if I had a

gun,' said Roger, lazily; 'or that pistol that Sam wanted to buy. You can't very well kill rabbits with a bowie-knife.'

'That's always the worst of it; having to kill the rabbits, I mean.' Val gazed dreamily away into the green distance. 'What a pity it is that you can't cook things without having to kill them first. Roger!' her voice changed suddenly, 'I do believe there's a rabbit now, in the bracken, just behind you.'

Roger started up and looked in the direction of the girl's pointing finger. Something certainly was pushing its way through the dense thicket of fern and bramble. There was a loud rustling sound, and the graceful fronds waved to and fro like the wind-swept branches of a miniature forest. 'Yes, it must be a rabbit—or a fox.'

The boy sprang to his feet, and then from among the bracken emerged a little white animal, but it was not a rabbit after all. It was a dog, and, moreover, a dog that they knew: Toto himself.

'Toto!' Both Roger and Val opened their eyes wide in amazement; and then Val, stooping, picked the little creature up in her arms and kissed his rough head. They were delighted to see Toto again, for, if he were here, his master could not be very far away.

'Jules, Jules, Jules!' Roger called his friend's name at the top of his voice, but there was no answer, and the next moment Toto struggled out of Val's arms and disappeared once more into the tangled undergrowth. The boy and girl pushed through it after him, and then they all went on across an open space, where the ground was brown and slippery with pine-needles, round a huge holly-bush, and down a narrow, winding path.

They found Jules at last, such a pale, weary-looking little Jules, lying among the mossy roots of an oak-tree. His shoes were worn into holes, his clothes were torn and dirty, his head was bare, and there was a blood-stained bandage tied round one hand and wrist.

The boy's eyes were shut, and at first Roger and Val thought that he was asleep, but after a moment his eyelids lifted and he greeted the new-comers with a shadow of his old beaming smile.

'Ullo, Roger,' he said; and then his expression altered, as if he had suddenly remembered something, and he caught Val's arm, gripping it tightly in his uninjured left hand. 'Why are you here still?' he asked. 'I thought you had gone away, long ago, to England. But you must go now, now at once, before they come.'

'Before they come—who? What do you mean?' But Jules did not answer the girl's questions. He had slipped back again, and shut his eyes as if utterly exhausted. 'I'm hungry,' he whispered; 'so hungry. Please give me something to eat.'

'What's up? Poor old Jules looks as if he'd been in the wars, doesn't he?' said Roger.

Val nodded gravely. 'He's hungry—starving, I think,' she said. 'Come, Roger, help me lift him up. He doesn't look as if he would be able to walk by himself.'

The two children raised Jules to his feet, and between them they managed to carry him to their little encampment. He had revived again by that time, and after a hot cup of tea, which he drank with a grimace, as if it had been medicine, and several large slices of bread-and-jam, he seemed almost himself again.

Then he told his story, Val translating it sentence by sentence into English for her brother's benefit.

Jules, it appeared, had not been able after all to reach the fortress which had been his goal when he left St. Denis, but he had not allowed this failure to daunt him or to change his determination to get to the Front. 'As they wouldn't let me go east, I went north,' he said. 'All the soldiers were going that way.' And he had actually managed to attach himself to a regiment, and had travelled up the valley of the Meuse and across the Belgian frontier.

The little French boy, it was evident, was one of those people who always manage to get what they want, somehow, and he told of how the Belgian peasants had welcomed the soldiers, and how he had stayed for more than a week in a farm where some of his new friends were billeted.

Then the regiment had gone on without him, although he had begged to be taken too; and there had been a great battle. The Germans had captured some place—he was not sure of its name; then the French had won a victory, but afterwards the Germans had come back again.

At this point Jules' narrative began to be disjointed and incoherent, but it was evident that one disaster had followed another, and that the invaders had come on and on, the French retreating before them, and fighting valiantly as they went back.

At last they had come very near, the Germans, and the village, even the farmhouse itself where Jules was staying, had been under the fire of their artillery.

Every one rushed away then to take refuge in France, leaving their homes deserted, and Jules had been carried southward in the great exodus.

The little boy stopped, and Val translated the last sentences, Roger listening with a pale, awed face.

'And your hand, Jules—what's the matter with your hand?' Val demanded. 'Have you hurt it badly?'

And then Jules' wide, merry smile broke out again. 'It's not a hurt, mademoiselle—it's a wound,' he said proudly. 'There was a splinter of a shell. They fired at the farm, those Germans, but I was the only one to be wounded.'

'Little Jules had, indeed, been in the wars.

'I came back to France with the Belgians,' the boy went on. 'There are thousands of them, the roads are blocked with their carts; but this morning, very early, I came on here by myself. "Madame Suzanne will be alone," that is what I said, "and will need some one to protect her." So I came; but it was a long way, and I had nothing to eat. I thought you would have gone, Mademoiselle—you and Roger. But you must go now, quickly, before the Germans come.'

'The Germans?' Roger echoed the word as his sister translated it with a puzzled frown. 'But I thought—we heard—do you think it can be true, Val? They must be a long way from here—in Belgium. Ask him, Val, is he quite sure.'

Val repeated her brother's question, and for a moment Jules did not answer. He had raised his head, and was listening intently. Roger and Val listened too.

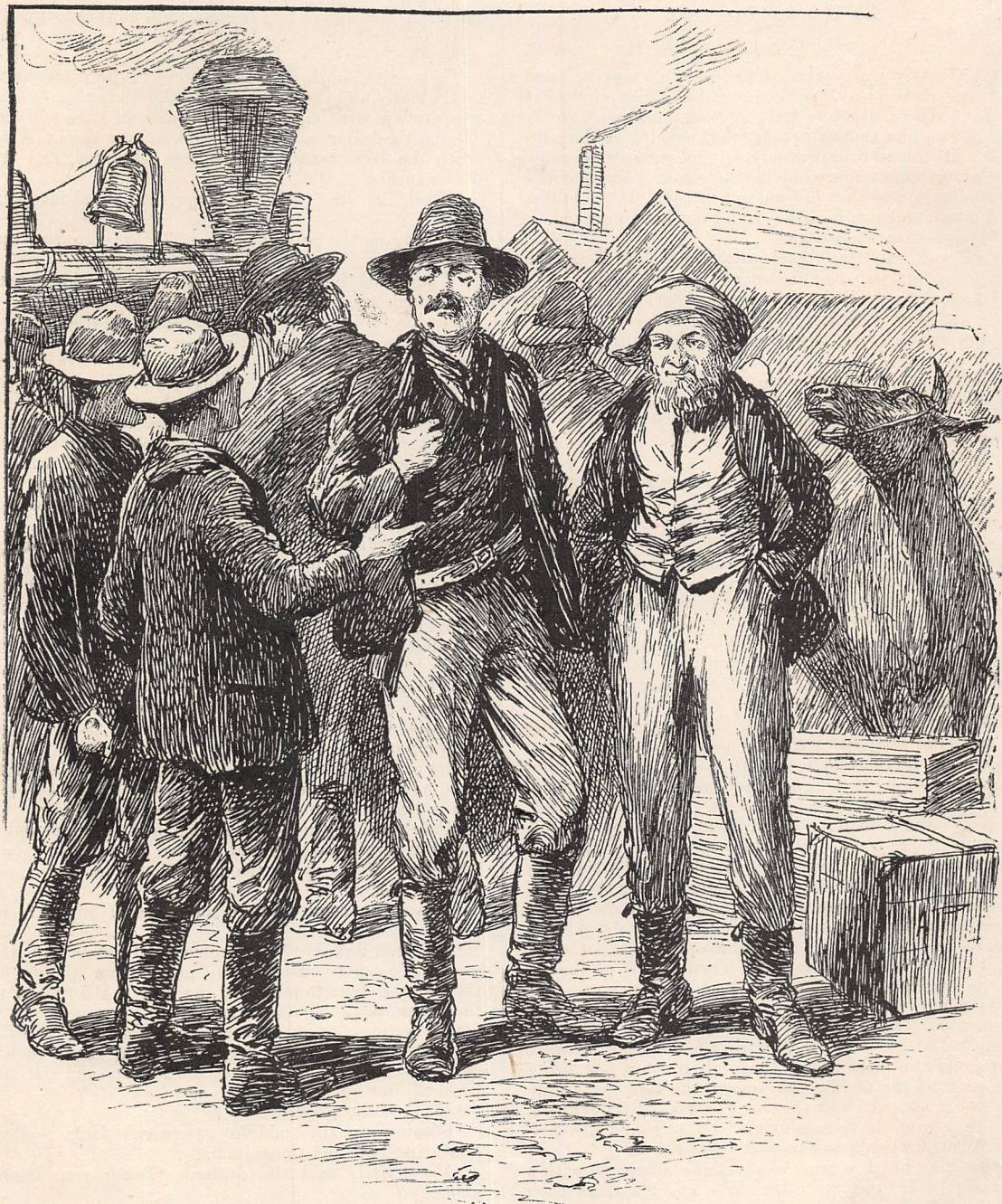
It was very quiet and peaceful there in the forest, and the wind had dropped completely. The constant mutter of thunder away beyond the hills to the north could still be heard.

'Hark!' Jules said, holding up his bandaged hand as if to enjoin silence. 'The sound of guns!'

(Continued on page 286.)



"It was a dog, and, moreover, a dog that they knew."



“ ‘Have you come to take the money I offered?’ he asked.”

THE RED STEER.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

(Concluded from page 262.)

DAWSON was wakened by a slight tapping, and it nearly went to sleep again while he wondered what it was. The noise, however, kept on, and by-and-by it dawned on him that somebody was knocking at the window. He turned over drowsily, but got wide awake as he saw an indistinct figure outside the glass. For a moment he hesitated, and then jumped out of bed. If the fellow had meant to harm him, he would not have knocked.

'Who's there?' he asked.

'Ah Lee,' said the other quietly, and pushed up the window. 'If you wantee led cow, come quick.'

Dawson knocked on the wall of the next room. 'Get up, Jake. Ah Lee has found the steer.'

'I'm awake,' Jake answered. 'I'll be with you in a minute.'

He opened the door, half-dressed, and, sitting down, began to put on his boots. Ah Lee sat on the window-ledge, and Dawson hurriedly put on his jacket.

'Now,' said Jake, 'where's the steer?'

'In lively stable.'

'Ah!' said Jake, 'it's near the yards, but I hadn't thought about looking there.' He was silent for a few moments, and then resumed: 'There's no policeman in the town, and some of these cow-punchers are toughs, while I imagine the red-haired man's a crook. Well, as he might make trouble if we woke him up and claimed the beast, I think the best plan is to steal it back.'

'Come quick; take led cow,' Ah Lee remarked.

'I'm coming,' Jake replied, and turned to Dawson. 'Waken Pete; he's at the end of the passage. Get out quietly and join us at the stable.'

Dawson went away, carrying his boots, and a minute or two later bent over the hired man's bed. A bushman wakens easily, and Pete got up and listened to what Dawson had to say. Then they crept downstairs, and, finding the door unlocked, went out into the dark. Nobody seemed to have heard them, and they did not put on their boots until they were some distance down the street. It was not paved, and the soil was soft and torn by wheels. When they reached the stable, Jake and Ah Lee were waiting outside, and the Chinaman had a key that fitted the lock. They did not ask where he had got it, but let him open the door, after which Jake struck a match. There were no horses in the stable, but the red steer occupied a stall.

Jake put out the match, and was silent for a few moments. Then he said, 'I think the bush is the best place. Twist that old halter round the beast's horns, Pete, and stick fast to it. Don't go too far, and bring the steer up the middle gangway at the yard just before seven o'clock. I guess they won't miss it till daybreak, and they won't have much time to hunt round then.'

'What are you going to do?' Pete asked.

'Nothing until seven o'clock,' Jake answered with a chuckle. 'In the meantime Tom and I will go back to the hotel.'

Ah Lee locked the door, and the boys waited until he and Pete faded into the dark. Then they returned to the hotel, and climbing up the pipe, got in by the window of Dawson's room. They did not, however, go to sleep, and Dawson thought daybreak was long in

coming; but at length a grey light crept across the bush and the big firs got black and distinct among the drifting mist. A locomotive bell began to toll at the stockyard, and here and there shadowy figures moved about the street.

They waited until they heard steps in the passage and on the stairs, and then went down to the dirty room, which was strewn with cigar-ends and smelt of stale tobacco. The cattle-dealer and the red-haired man were talking when the boys came in, but they separated, and the dealer turned to Jake.

'Well,' he said, with a laugh, 'what about your steer?'

'If I bring the beast along, you'll have to pay up,' Jake replied.

'That's so, but you had better be quick. There isn't much time left. I'm going to the yard now.'

The boys followed after a time, and it was light when they reached the busy yard. A locomotive was shunting a row of cars, and men and frightened animals crowded the gangways and the loading bank. For the most part the cattle had run wild in the bush, and now some charged their drivers, while some packed and surged against the rails. Shouts and bellows broke through the tolling of the locomotive bell and the roll of wheels. Jake and Dawson, however, stood quietly by Mr. Winthrop's animals, and now and then the dealer glanced at them as he hurried past.

'Better take my offer and let me have the stock,' he said the last time he went by.

Jake shook his head and afterwards glanced at his watch. Then he indicated the locomotive, which was bringing in another row of cars.

'That makes up the train,' he said to Dawson. 'If Pete's here in the next ten minutes, the dealer will have time to put our lot on board.'

They waited anxiously. The most part of the stock was already shipped, and the bustle was dying down. A group of men stood on the emptying bank, with the dealer among them, and the locomotive pump began to pant as the engineer got ready to start. Then Dawson saw a man and a big red animal turn a corner.

'Pete's coming now!' he cried, and followed Jake, who ran across the yard and stopped the railroad agent. Then they went up to the dealer, and he gave them a keen look.

'Have you come to take the money I offered?' he asked.

'No,' said Jake. 'We have come to deliver you the steer. You said you'd pay the proper sum if I found the beast in time to put it on the cars.' He turned to the other men. 'Isn't that so?'

'He certainly promised; we heard him,' one agreed.

'You have time,' Jake resumed, turning back to the dealer. 'The agent told me he won't send out the train till our bunch is loaded up.'

'Where's the steer?'

'Coming up the middle gangway,' Jack replied, indicating Pete and the animal.

'Very well,' said the dealer. 'Bring your bunch along.'

'In a minute. Suppose you hand out the bills?'

The dealer laughed and pulled out his wallet. 'Here you are,' he said, counting some paper money. 'Now, if you've got it right, fill up this receipt.'

Jake carefully turned over the bills, and then took the other's fountain pen. 'Yes; that's correct. Thanks.'

The dealer gave him an ironical smile. 'Well, so long as you're satisfied! You're a pretty clever kid. In fact, I allow you're much smarter than you look!'

For a time the boys were occupied helping to put the animals on the cars, and then leaned against the rails, breathing hard, as the long train rolled away with its bellowing freight.

'She's off, and we have got the money,' said Jake. 'I felt bad about it last night, and now I'm tired. Let's go along and get breakfast.'

They saw Ah Lee at the kitchen door as they went to the dining-room, and Jake held out a bank-note.

'The red cow's on the train,' he said.

Ah Lee signed him to put the money back. 'I savvy; John savvy much,' he replied, with an urbane smile.

Jake went on with Dawson, and as they entered the dining-room remarked, 'Well, I guess he's right. There's not much worth knowing a Chinaman doesn't know, and I reckon they're as honest as some white men I have met.'

THE BECKONING LEAF.

A JAPANESE tree, called *tegashiba*, has leaves which in shape somewhat resemble a human hand. In olden days, when a soldier had to leave home, his farewell meal consisted of a perch, served on a leaf of a *tegashiba* tree. When the fish had been eaten, the leaf was hung over the door. This was a sign of a very old fancy. The soldier's friends thought that by thus hanging up the leaf they ensured his safety, and that some day in the future there would be a happy homecoming. It was not only the shape of the leaf, but also its movement, which gave rise to this pretty fancy. When stirred by the wind, the *tegashiba* leaf has the appearance of a graceful beckoning hand. E. D.

MORE AND MORE SHELLS!

SAID the Snail to the Chicky, 'I hope you don't think that I'm a confounded old "slack'er", I've read in the papers of Germany's crimes, And now I'm determined we'll whack her!'

Said the Chicky to Snaily, with freezing disdain, 'My poor little creature, keep calm! If your love for your country flurries you so, I'm afraid you will do yourself harm.'

'With the best of intentions, I quite fail to see How you can help England to win it; But a bright inspiration has entered my head, My tail! I must plunge myself in it!'

You are doubtless aware that the guns out in France Must be fed with innumerable shells; My friend, I will offer to lay out my "bit"— 'Tis a little, but everything tells.'

Said the Snail, speaking quicker than ever before, 'Hurrah! for you've bagged my own notion, We'll both set to work, and we'll see that we add To the shells that cross over the ocean!'

Said the Snail to the Hen, and the Hen to the Snail,— 'Indeed we've a bright inspiration: Together we'll work, until shortly there'll be An end to this sad conflagration!' E. M. W.

BIG TREES.

'THERE!' sighed Rupert proudly. 'That's jolly well planted, isn't it, Uncle? And the day will come when it will be a big, big tree.'

Uncle Wisdom looked down at the single stalk about four inches long with one baby leaf on it, and said, 'It is quite possible, Rupert, that it will grow for a time, but it can never be a big tree without knocking the house down. You have planted it much too close to the parlour window.'

'Oh, dear! oh, dear! I never thought of that,' frowned Rupert. 'Come up again! Come up again!'

A few minutes later he and Uncle Wisdom had replanted the little tree where it would have a better chance, and Rupert fell to admiring it again. 'Fancy, Uncle!' said he. 'Years and years hence it may be large enough for me to climb into its branches. Today it is only about four inches high; then it will be—'; but not being able to think of words to express his thoughts, Rupert waved both hands above his head, and added—'Like that.' As Uncle Wisdom remained silent, he went on, 'How large would it have to grow to be the largest tree in the world?'

'A great deal larger than we shall ever see it,' replied Uncle Wisdom. 'The tallest trees in the world grow in California, British Columbia, and New Zealand. They often climb to a height of more than two hundred feet, and some time ago there arrived in England the trunk of one that had grown in British Columbia. Even when cut down and trimmed of its topmost branches it measured no less than two hundred and fifteen feet. This colonial giant will shortly be raised as a flagstaff in Kew Gardens, and when the Union Jack floats proudly from its summit no one will be able to deny that the recruit from British Columbia is "doing its bit." These trees are often very large at the base; so large that there is more than one in America through which a hole has been made at the level of the ground sufficiently wide and tall to let a coach drawn by four horses and loaded with passengers drive easily through.'

'My word!' exclaimed Rupert. 'Jack's beanstalk would never have done that, I know'

'But there have been trees with still larger trunks,' went on Uncle Wisdom, 'though they may not have held their heads so near to the sky. In a famous courtyard at Constantinople there is to be seen (or was) an immense plane-tree, the trunk of which cannot be spanned by eight men holding each other by the fingertips. There is a hollow in the trunk which has often been occupied by some poor family, who would otherwise have been without a home.'

'Hurry up, little tree!' cried Rupert, looking down at his baby. 'You are not big enough yet for a butterfly to shelter under.'

'In France,' went on Uncle Wisdom, 'we are told of a still finer house built inside the sheltering bark. At Montravail, near Saintes, there grew, some forty years ago, a monster oak. At the level of the ground it measured about twenty-seven feet in thickness. Its centre had decayed, though the branches and the outside were as healthy as ever. In the decayed part a room had been hollowed out, twelve feet square and nine feet high. It was surrounded by a comfortable seat carved in the solid wood of the tree, and the apartment was prettily decorated with moss and ferns. The

entrance was a handsome door with glazed panels, while extra light was admitted by a small window cut through the bark.

Uncle Wisdom had just finished speaking when Gwen appeared.

'Oh, I say, Gwen,' shouted Rupert, 'bring some water, quick! Uncle Wisdom has told me about the big trees, and I am going to take care of mine till it has grown into a house!' JOHN LEA.

CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.
(Concluded from page 275.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

EVERYTHING happened after that in a whirling confusion, so that later the children found they could scarcely separate one event from another. They were too dazed, indeed, with fear to think clearly; to realise that the tigress had swung round with a snarl to face a new danger that threatened her from the rear. They were altogether too bewildered to understand the meaning of the shots which rang out one after another, and they clung yet closer together as those shots were followed by a growling, gurgling roar. Some one was being killed they thought. But who that some one was they could not guess, since Chinna and Mrs. Chinna, Shih Ram, and their three selves were still safe in the cave.

But now Chinna was running towards the cave-mouth, and had disappeared through it. And now a man's figure, which was not Chinna's, filled the opening. And a voice was calling to them, a voice the children knew—a voice which kept repeating over and over again, 'Oh, my children, my dearest children, have I found you at last?'

And slowly, Nancy and Brian and Frederick grasped the fact that it was their father who was speaking; that, somehow or other, he had succeeded in tracing them; that he had rescued them at the very moment when rescue seemed least possible. And then there followed such a confused babble of joyful greeting, of excited explanations, of voices mixed in inextricable confusion, that it was a long time before Mr. Galbraith could understand what had happened to the children, or they how he had found them. But, little by little, the facts grew clear.

From the first, Mr. Galbraith told them, hope had never been abandoned, for the bearer, standing in the garden high above the river-bed, had caught sight of three white faces as the wreckage of the bridge sped past. And day and night search had been made until there had come a rumour that a strange pale spirit had been seen at a distant village, for the tale of Chinna's attendant had spread from mouth to mouth through the entire country-side.

'It was only a few hours ago we heard the rumour,' Mr. Galbraith explained, 'and ever since I have been riding in the direction of the village. When night came I could not wait, I still pushed on. And then I heard a distant shouting, and I caught sight of the flames, and of the tigress outlined against them.'

'And then you found us!' the children cried happily.

'And then I found you!' Mr. Galbraith echoed thankfully.

And meanwhile, Chinna and Mrs. Chinna watched, shy and silent, from the cave entrance. And presently Chinna crept up to the dead tigress, and looked at the hole in her side and then at the rifle which Mr. Galbraith had carried and which lay now on the cave floor. And Chinna touched the rifle with the tips of his fingers, and the old, irrepressible smile flooded his face suddenly; and he called to Mrs. Chinna: 'O, woman. This is a great man. A greater hunter even than I. Come and let us render him homage. Here is a fit master for us to follow. One worthy of such a servant.'

And Chinna and Mrs. Chinna promptly prostrated themselves on the ground before Mr. Galbraith and rubbed their foreheads in the dust. Nor would they stand up until he had assured them that, henceforth, they should be taken into his service. And then Chinna scrambled to his feet, and pulled Mrs. Chinna up also, and bade her prepare food for all the party while he set to work to skin the tigress. And Nancy helped Mrs. Chinna, and Brian, Chinna, pleased that they could thus display their new accomplishments. And Frederick continued to tell of their adventures in the forest, and a very queer tale he made of it, mixing up facts and fancy as a cook mixes a pudding. It would have been difficult to find happier people. Even Shih Ram shared in the general rejoicing since he had been promised a reward which exceeded his highest expectations. So satisfied was he that he volunteered to fetch a cart from the nearest village in which the children and Mrs. Chinna could travel for the rest of the way.

And thus it was that, towards sunset, they came in sight of the railway and the bridge, and Chinna and Mrs. Chinna had their first glimpse of a railway engine. They stared at it, opened-mouthed and round-eyed, firmly convinced that they were gazing at a most formidable demon. Mrs. Chinna, indeed, slipped with a squeal from the cart to take refuge behind her lord and master.

'Something better than rice and wine must we offer,' said Chinna. 'This is the strangest creature that I have ever seen.'

And, in a moment, the little axe was poised above the head of the goat, and only just in time did Mr. Galbraith seize Chinna's arm and avert the blow. And then the little couple had to be coaxed up to the engine, and it was explained to them that this was a thing of iron and steel only, and that it had no life of its own, but moved by the power of the steam.

'Then the steam *is* the life,' said Chinna, and would not be persuaded otherwise. 'And this master whom I have chosen is greater than I thought,' he said to Mrs. Chinna, 'since he is not only ruler of the striped ones, but of these strange demons also, whose food is fire, and whose breath *is* smoke.'

And Chinna and Mrs. Chinna marched beaming behind the cart to the bungalow, and watched, with yet wider smiles if possible, the meeting between Mrs. Galbraith and the children. It was later in the day, when the two were happily engaged in building themselves a small hut in a secluded corner of the garden, that Chinna paused to expound to Mrs. Chinna more fully all that he had learnt in the last few hours.

'Woman,' said Chinna, 'thus it seems to me. Truly some power very great must have protected the children



"The little axe was poised above the head of the goat."

in their wanderings. How else could they have escaped from the perils of the flood, and all the other dangers that beset them?

"How else, indeed?" said Mrs. Chinna.

"Without doubt this power is worshipped by our master," Chinna went on; "and I think it is a power both good and kind that does not forsake those who put their trust in it. A power that remembers the little and

weak, not only the great and strong. A power that is just, and does not punish for the pleasure of the punishing. Come," said Chinna suddenly, and threw down the armful of thatch he had just lifted, and turned towards the bungalow, and beckoned to Mrs. Chinna to follow him. "We will go learn how we may worship as our master worships."

And thus it came to pass that Mr. Galbraith, looking

up from the work which kept him chained that day to his office table, saw standing before him, salaaming deeply, the small squat figures of Chinna and his wife.

'Master,' said Chinna, 'teach us of thy Master, for we also would serve him faithfully. And—'

'Master, teach us,' Mrs. Chinna echoed.

THE END.

THE BOYS OF ENGLAND.

WHAT can we do for England ?
We boys who are but ten—
Of course we know what we would do,
If we were grown-up men.
For then if we were soldiers
Like heroes we would fight ;
Or if the shipyards wanted us,
We'd work with all our might.

What can we do for England ?
I wish some one would say—
It seems as if we didn't count,
Except for school or play.
Jim's father's serving at the Front,
And mine is on the sea ;
And Dick's big brother's in the Yard,
As busy as can be.

What can we do for England ?
Jimmy, Dick, and I—
'Tis fine to see the regiments
Go tramping gaily by.
In step we keep, and wave our flags,
And join the soldiers' song.
We shout and cheer with 'three times three !'
To help our men along.

What can we do for England ?
My father said to me,
The day he went to join his ship,
For 'somewhere' on the sea—
'Bob, my boy, do all you can,
For mother and the rest ;
And whether it be work or play,
Give always of your best.

What can we do for England ?
We boys who are but ten—
Perhaps what Father said will do
Till we are grown-up men.
Because we all have mothers,
And so you see 'tis plain,
Our work it is to care for them,
Till our dads come home again.

That we can do for England !
And neither sulk nor shirk,
If we are called away from play,
To take our share of work.
Our best we'll always offer,
We boys who are but ten—
And England will be glad of us,
When we are grown-up men.

AMY WHIPPLE.

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 279.)

CHAPTER XI.

THE sound of guns ! Roger and Val stared at each other in awestruck silence, for here was the grim reality of war at last. All the beauty and sunshine seemed to have been struck out of the summer day at one blow, as Jules said those ominous words, and Roger Mervyn felt that he had reached a turning-point in his life, and had suddenly become a man, confronted with a man's difficulties and responsibilities.

He sat motionless for a minute, listening to the far-away mutter that was now so full of a new and terrible significance, and then he got up from the grass, and drew himself to his full height, squaring his boyish shoulders as if preparing for the burden that was to be laid upon him. 'Come, Val,' he said. 'Hurry up. We mustn't waste any more time. Ask Jules if he can manage to walk to the house. I'll give him an arm, and you can carry the basket.'

Jules struggled bravely to his feet in answer to Val's question, but he was still very weak and footsore, and the trio made but slow progress through the wood and across the garden. When at last they reached the house, it was to find Suzanne waiting for them on the steps, with her round, good-humoured face looking strangely worn and haggard. She hurried to meet the children, hardly noticing Jules in her agitation, and they discovered that she had already heard the news of the German advance, and was full of anxiety for her charge, Mademoiselle Val, whom she had expected home more than half an hour ago.

It was old George Bernard from the neighbouring farm who had brought the bad news from St. Denis. He had gone into the town that afternoon to make some purchases, and had found the whole place in a state of wild consternation and confusion. The enemy was at hand, no one could say what would happen, already the sound of the guns could be heard, and the Belgian refugees who had been flocking into the town all day brought terrible stories of bombardments and of burning villages.

The inhabitants of St. Denis were now fleeing by hundreds with the other fugitives, so the old farmer said, and there were no trains and no vehicles to be had. His son was away at the Front, but he himself intended to lose no time in taking his daughter-in-law and the little ones to some place of safety. Marie was already making preparations, and they would leave at dawn, as soon as he had had time to mend the wheel of the donkey-cart, on which the household gear and treasures would have to be carried.

Poor old Suzanne had listened to Bernard's fearsome tales with a beating heart, and her anxiety had increased when Roger and Val could not be found in the house or garden; but now that they were safe at home again, together with her favourite little Jules, she quickly recovered her self-possession, and was ready with practical help and advice. She questioned Jules while she bathed and dressed his wounded hand, Val listening eagerly, and from time to time giving her brother an English version of what was being said.

When the wound had been bound up again in a clean

white handkerchief, and Jules was comfortably established in a large armchair, with a bowl of strong soup at his side, Roger and Suzanne, with Val as interpreter, held a council of war, and plans for the coming journey were discussed and considered.

'You will go with us, Suzanne, we can't leave you here,' Val insisted, but the old woman only smiled and shook her head resolutely.

'No, no, Mademoiselle Val, I shall stay here, and look after the house as Madame bade me. "I leave everything to you, Suzanne," that is what she said when she went away, and you wouldn't have me desert my post. Besides, I am old and rheumatic, it tires me to walk far, and I am not afraid of Germans. They will march in as they did before, and after time they will march out again. I shall fasten the shutters, and put up the big bar across the front door. The villains shall not come in, never fear.'

'I'll stay here, too, and protect Suzanne.' It was Jules' shrill voice that now made itself heard, and getting up stiffly from his arm-chair, he limped across the room, and patted the cook's broad solid shoulder. 'Roger and Mademoiselle Val, they must go, of course—did not Roger come out all the way from England to fetch his sister? But for Suzanne and me it is different. Besides, we will put up a flag with a red cross; soldiers do not attack a house where there is a wounded man, and it will be all right. Suzanne takes care of the house, and I take care of Suzanne—and she will make omelettes and ragouts, and those little tarts with jam in them, every day.'

The last words of this long speech were accompanied by a winning smile, and old Suzanne smiled too as she put one arm round her little protector. 'Yes, Jules is right,' she said. 'He and I will stay here. He is wounded, and I am old, so we cannot travel with the rest, but you and your brother, Mademoiselle, why should not you go with George Bernard and his folk? Marie is a good, kind woman, she will take care of you, and if the ankle is weak and tired, there will be the donkey-cart, you can ride on it with the furniture and the babies.'

This seemed to be a good plan, and certainly it was the best thing to do under the circumstances, for Roger's ignorance of French was a tremendous disadvantage to him, and he had dreaded the prospect of the long journey alone with Val. His experiences in the station at Boulogne, after John Boughton left him, and the scene of confusion on the quay, had given the boy a foretaste of what travelling in war-time might be. With George Bernard, however, as a guide, and his daughter-in-law to look after Val, things would be very different, and the boy's face brightened as he listened to his sister's translation of Suzanne's proposal.

'Oh, yes, that will be splendid!' he exclaimed; and then it was arranged that Roger and Val should go to bed early, so as to have a few hours' sleep before it was necessary for them to start off on their journey.

'I will wake you soon after midnight,' Suzanne said, 'and go with you myself to the farm. Bernard told me they could not get off before three o'clock. Come, now, Mademoiselle, your supper has been ready for an hour and more. You must make haste, for I want you both to be in bed by nine o'clock.'

It seemed very strange and adventurous to be awakened at midnight in the warm, summer darkness,

and Val could hardly believe that she had been asleep at all, when she opened her eyes to find Suzanne standing beside her bed, with a candle in one hand, a can of hot water in the other, and a dark shawl over her head in preparation for the walk to the farm.

The little girl sat up in bed and stretched her arms sleepily, but Suzanne would not let her loiter, for she realised, as Val herself could not do, the full seriousness of the situation. 'Come, Mademoiselle, you must be quick,' she said; 'Monsieur Roger is already nearly dressed. Put on your thick boots, dear little one, it may be that you will have to walk far to-day, and the warm coat. Now I must go and get some hot coffee ready for you to have before we start.'

Suzanne bustled out of the room, and in a very little while Val crept down the dark staircase to the kitchen, where she found Roger with his knapsack strapped ready on his back and a cup of steaming coffee in his hand. Suzanne was busily packing a light basket with bread, cheese, slices of ham, and a bottle of milk, for, as she said, there was no knowing when they would get another good meal.

Neither Roger nor Val will ever forget that hurried breakfast in the dimly-lit school kitchen, with Suzanne wiping away tears as she prepared for the journey, and Toto, lively as ever, although it was the middle of the night, scampering hither and thither, wagging his tail, licking their hands and begging for scraps of food with all his usual noisy cheerfulness.

Jules was sound asleep upstairs, tired out after all his terrible experiences, and Suzanne would not let him be roused, even to say good-bye.

At one o'clock it was time to go, and then Suzanne lit an old lantern, wrapped the shawl more closely round her head and shoulders, and led the way out of the house.

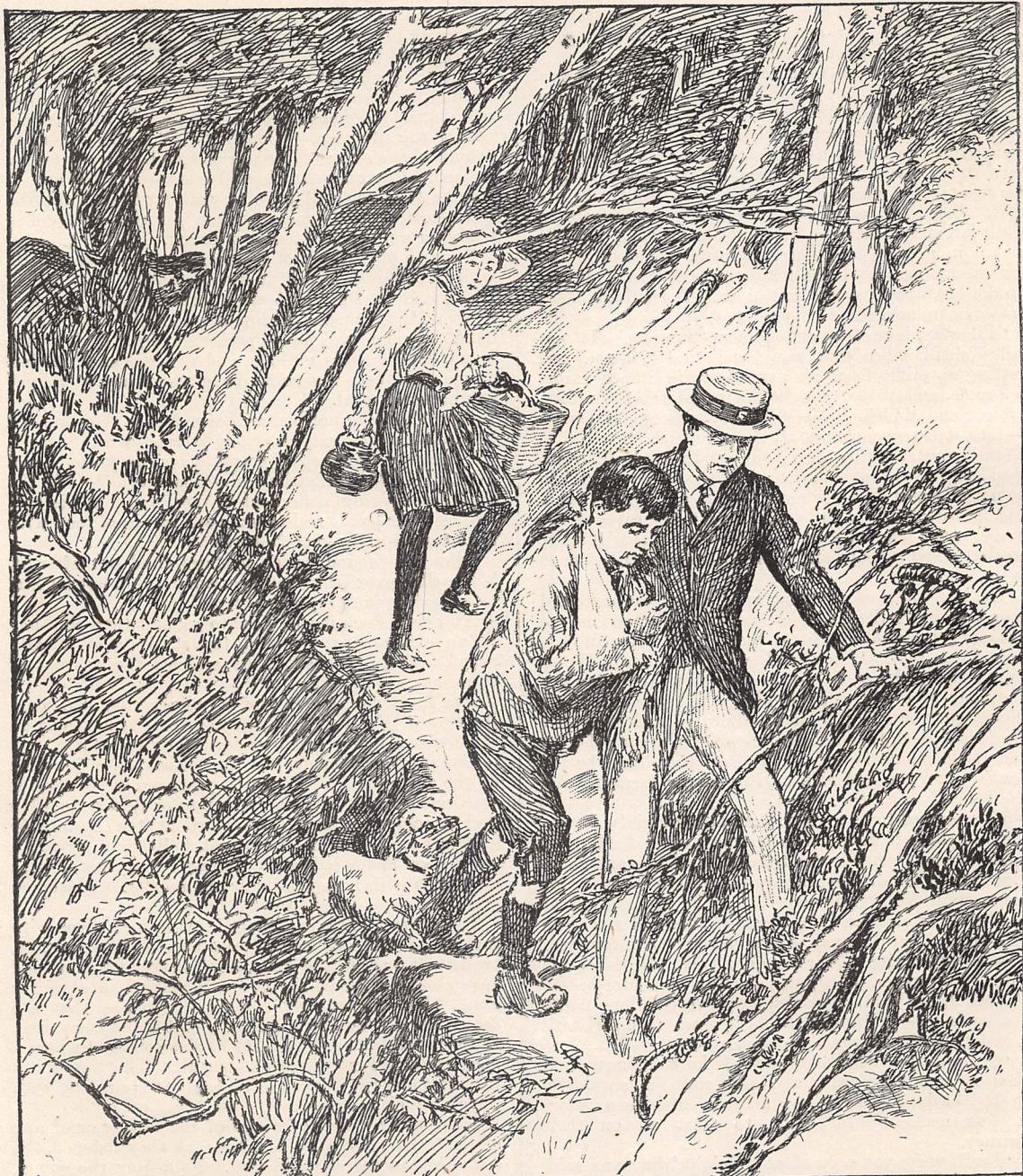
The farm was about half a mile away, and both Roger and Val had been there often during the past three weeks, but everything looked different now, and the wood showed black and mysterious on either side of the narrow road. When they arrived at the farm it was evident that the preparations for departure were nearly complete, for a cart stood at the open door of the house, and in the bright light that streamed from door and window, it could be seen that it was piled high with household gear and bundles of all shapes and sizes.

There was a great feather-bed tied into its place with rope, many old-fashioned boxes, a child's wooden cradle, bright copper pots and pans, some baskets of fruit and vegetables, an armchair, and a blackbird in a wicker cage. Val thought of Suzanne's promise that she should herself ride on the donkey-cart if she were tired, and she could not help smiling as she wondered where a place could be found for her among all the heterogeneous treasures and rubbish that the family were taking with them on their flight.

There was no sign to be seen of the farmer or of any of his family, but after a minute, as they listened, the sound of low voices was heard. Following the sound, they made their way through a gate that led out of the paved yard into an orchard beyond.

'Hullo, what's up?' Roger said the words under his breath with a little gasp, and Val clung tightly to Suzanne's arm. They both stared wide-eyed at the strange scene before them.

(Continued on page 290.)



“The two made but slow progress through the wood.”



CHATTERBOX.

NO THOROUGHFARE.



“‘ Oh, monsieur, look at Mademoiselle Val! ’”

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 287.)

IT seemed at first sight as if a funeral were taking place there under the laden apple-trees, for old George stood knee-deep in a narrow trench, busily shovelling out spadeful after spadeful of earth, and beside him on the dewy grass was lying a small iron-bound wooden chest. Marie, ready dressed for the journey in cloak and hood, was standing close by with the baby in her arms and with tears streaming down her white face. The other children, two boys and a girl, were huddled together in an awestruck, bewildered little group. Everything could be seen clearly in the light of a lantern which had been hung on a gnarled apple-bough above old George's head.

Thud, thud, thud: the heavy fall of the clods of earth made a dreary, monotonous sound, and they seemed to echo the muffled thunder of the German guns, which could still be heard away in the distance.

'Suzanne,' Val whispered, 'what are they doing? Is anything the matter?' But before Suzanne could answer, old George threw out his last spadeful of earth and straightened his shoulders.

Marie looked up at the same moment, and, seeing the new-comers, came forward with a rather tremulous smile of recognition. 'Ah, Suzanne,' she said, 'have you come to bid us farewell? Or is it that you go with us, after all? To think that we should have to leave our home; but these are sad times.'

'Sad times, indeed.' Old George Bernard echoed the words as he clambered stiffly out of the hole in which he was standing. 'And we are having a burial, as you see, before we go; hiding away our valuables where the Germans will not find them.'

And then he knelt down on the wet grass, unlocked the iron-clamped box with an old-fashioned key, and flung back its lid.

Marie took down the lantern from the tree above. 'It is all our little treasures, you see,' she said, sadly. 'We could not take them with us, for the box is heavy, and doubtless, too, we shall have to travel in rough company. There may be dishonest folk among these Belgians who come to take refuge in France. So we bury the things here. Some day, maybe, we shall return.'

She swung the lantern low over the box, and as Suzanne, Roger, and Val peered into it, they saw canvas bags and the bright gleam of silver. All the heirlooms and valuables of the family were there: a silver candlestick, some thin worn spoons, a gold watch that was almost as big as a turnip, two or three medals, a massive locket, and the linked chain that had belonged to Marie's grandmother, and that she had worn so proudly on saints' days and festivals.

'Of course we shall return, and that soon,' old George spoke almost harshly, 'and meanwhile the things will be safe enough here.' And then he closed the box, relocked it, and lowered it into the hole. As he began to shovel in the earth, Marie turned away with a sob, the baby clutched tightly in her arms. Suzanne and the children followed her to the house, leaving the man to finish his task alone.

Val felt as if she could have sobbed too, and even Roger was conscious of a strange lump in his throat

when they stood in the dismantled living-room of the farm, with around them all the litter and rubbish of the hurried preparations for flight. On the table was a coffee-pot and some cups and plates that there had not been time to wash. The floor was untidy with straw and scraps of paper, and the embers were already growing cold and grey on the wide hearth.

Marie stirred the dying fire into a glow, and then, having made the guest sit down, listened while Suzanne explained their errand. She agreed willingly to the proposal that Val and Roger should accompany them on the journey. 'Ah, yes, the little English lady should go with them, and her brother too. It was right, quite right that they should leave St. Denis at once, but—' and then she paused and, with pucker'd brows, glanced rather dubiously at the boy and girl who were standing with her own children.

Roger was wearing his English tweeds, which Suzanne had cleaned and mended, and his straw hat with the ribbon of his school, and Val had her knitted rose-coloured coat over her blue serge frock, and a wide-brimmed panama. It could not be denied that they looked an incongruous pair among the group of little-peasants. Marie thought for a moment, and then began to speak to Suzanne in a low voice, one brown hand emphasising the meaning of her words. 'Monsieur and mademoiselle should go with them, of course; but their clothes—had Suzanne thought of that? People would wonder and ask questions, there might be difficulties. But she had things upstairs, garments that had belonged to her sister's children, and that were put away until Robert and Paul and Pierre were big enough to wear them. Perhaps they would never need them now, who could tell, and if the young gentleman and lady would wear them—'

Val's quick ears caught the drift of this speech, and she gave a little exclamation of delight and excitement. 'Oh, yes, yes; that will be splendid! Roger, she says that we must be disguised—that it will be safer if we look like a French boy and girl. Oh, what a lovely, lovely plan!'

'Why? I don't see what's the matter with our things.' Roger was not altogether pleased with the new plan, but he agreed to it after a little more explanation. Certainly he and Val did not want to be conspicuous among the crowd of peasant fugitives, and, as Marie said, it would be easy to take their own things with them and change back again when they reached a large town, where there would be trains running, and the first rush and confusion of the flight would be at an end.

Marie lit a couple of candles, and they went upstairs to an attic, where the out-grown clothes were stored in a large wooden chest. Bundle after bundle of the things were taken out, and it was evident that, although well worn, they were all scrupulously clean and neatly mended.

'These are the largest—they belonged to my nephew, Jerome, and will fit monsieur,' Marie said; and then Roger went off, feeling rather foolish, with a pile of garments that included corduroy trousers, a loose black smock, and a peaked cap.

'And now for me,' cried Val, rummaging in the chest; but then difficulties arose, for the only girl's clothes were much too small, and all her efforts to struggle into them were in vain. Scissors were produced, and tucks and gathers undone; but it was quite useless, and Val was obliged to face the

horrible prospect of having to wear her own clothes on the journey, while Roger enjoyed the romance and distinction of a disguise. It was suggested that one of Marie's gowns might be utilised, and the two women went off into another room, leaving the little girl alone with the chest of clothes and the pair of scissors.

And then suddenly a brilliant idea flashed into Val's head, an idea which almost took her breath away with its daring, for she had remembered a conversation which she had had with Roger a few days ago, when he had been describing his adventures with Jules, and she had said how she wished she had been with them in the long tramp through the forest.

'My dear girl, you could never have done it.' There had been a touch of scorn in Roger's voice as he spoke. 'It must be an awful bother to be a girl. Just think how your skirts and your hair would have been getting in the way and catching on the bushes all the time.'

Hair and skirts! Val searched in the box once more, and this time it did not take her long to find what she wanted. Then she took up the scissors and gathered all her long, curly hair into one hand.

A few minutes later, Roger, after sundry shouts from below, hurried upstairs to say that George and the donkey-cart were ready.

He found Suzanne and Marie staring with horrified amazement at a boyish little figure that was standing in the middle of the room with arms akimbo, and with a sunburnt straw hat pulled well down over an untidy shock of yellow hair.

'Oh, monsieur, look at her!—look at Mademoiselle Val!' wailed Suzanne; and then Val thrust her hands deep into her trousers pockets and smiled merrily into her brother's astonished face. You must say "Monsieur Val" now, please,' she cried. 'And oh, Roger, do say that you think it's a good plan. Now I shall be able to climb hills and get through the bushes just as well as you or Jules.'

CHAPTER XII.

It was nearly four o'clock when the heavily laden donkey-cart lumbered away from the door of the farm, for there were so many things to be done at the last moment, so many directions to give to Suzanne, and so many little household odds and ends that, after all, could not be left behind.

The actual departure was not quite so sad as it might have been, for Val's escapade had the effect of cheering every one up. The Bernard children shouted with delight when the boyish little figure appeared among them, old George's grim face relaxed into a smile, and even poor Marie, who was broken-hearted at the thought of leaving her home, could hardly help laughing through her tears when she saw 'Monsieur Val' perched on the front of the donkey-cart with a bundle of hay at her back, the black cat in her arms, and a wicker crate full of tightly packed yellow hens under her feet.

'Adieu, au revoir, bon voyage.' Suzanne stood at the gate to see them go, and Val waved her hat; but, although the farewells rang out cheerily enough, when once they were really off, the spirits of the fugitives sank again, and their voices died away into silence.

It was very still and gloomy, there in the forest, and a sudden chill had crept into the air with the coming of dawn. Everything looked strange and ghost-like in the dim, grey light.

Old George walked ahead by the donkey, a gaunt,

melancholy figure, with his shoulders bowed, and his hands thrust deep into his pockets. Roger trudged at his side, and the little boys ran behind, each carrying a bundle, which contained some special treasure of his own. Four-year-old Babette sat beside Val on the cart, and last of all came Marie, weeping bitterly, under the shelter of the heavy cloak, which was pulled forward over her head, and covered the baby in her arms.

From far away beyond the wooded hills could still be heard the dull mutter of the German guns, and that sound, distant as it was, seemed to hurry the footsteps of the travellers, and urge them forward, as if they were being hunted through the forest by some huge, growling beast.

After a time, however, perhaps because the light breeze veered to the south, the muffled thunder died away, and then suddenly the sun rose, and the dark mysterious woodland became a dew-spangled fairy-land. Every one breathed more freely, birds began to sing in the bushes, and before long the laughter and merry voices of the children were heard once more.

Val soon got tired of her place on the jolting car, and then she walked with her brother and George Bernard, translating the questions of the one and the answers of the other, so that Roger soon knew all about the plans for the journey.

They were to go west, or rather south-west, for in George's opinion the danger of invasion would come from the east, as it had done forty-four years ago, and by keeping to the narrow lanes and byways which he knew well, it would be possible for to-day, at least, to avoid high roads, which by all accounts were crowded with fugitives, and almost impassable.

'To-morrow it will be different,' he said. 'The first rush may be over then, and we shall be near a railway. You, monsieur, and your sister will be able to go on by train, and as for the rest of us, I have a sister who lives at Rheims, and we can stay with her till the war is over.'

Roger agreed willingly in these arrangements, and before long, at about seven o'clock, a halt was made, and Marie heated coffee, and prepared a meal under the trees. (Continued on page 302.)

THE VENTURE SOME CHICKS.

A SPECKLED Hen her brood would call—
Such yellow, downy things;
Thirteen there were (she'd hatched them all),
With tiny legs and wings.

The mother's heart was full of pride
To see her young ones grow;
And where she went, close at her side
They followed in a row.

One day she took them near the lake,
When, to her great dismay,
Into its depths their way they take,
And gaily swim away!

She shrieked and squawked and rushed about
In agony of mind:
'They'll all be lost, without a doubt;
How can they succour find?'
'Come back, my chicks; you'll all be drowned!
Oh, dearie, dearie me!'

Such madness was there ever found,
Such imbecility?

Yet all her cries and tears were vain;
They'd vanished from her sight;
Her mother-heart was full of pain;
No more the sun shone bright.

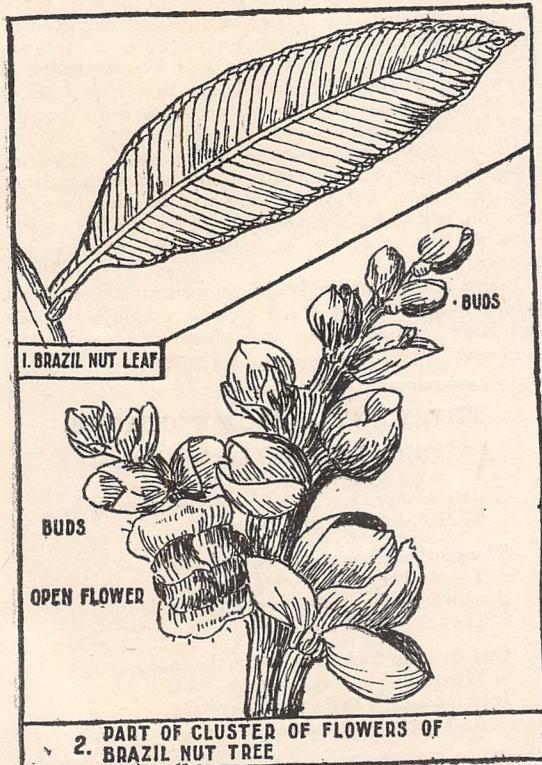
Yet safely soon they all returned,
Amid her joyful 'clucks';
The little chicks o'er whom she yearned
Were thirteen little ducks.

F. LE N. BOWER.

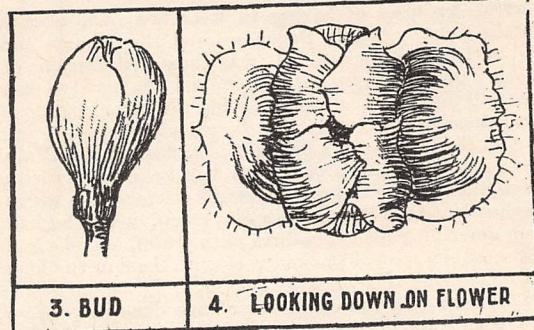
FRUITS FROM ACROSS THE SEAS.

III.—THE BRAZIL NUT.

SOME years ago I had a very strange experience when seeking information about the Brazil Nut. I was commissioned to design a school picture on the Brazil nut. It was to depict all the details of the growth of the nut, and also to contain a drawing of a Brazil nut *tree*. Well, I visited libraries and museums, and other places, where I fairly easily got together a mass of information and sketches, but nowhere could I find a picture of a *tree*! I obtained an interview with the Brazilian Consul, and I visited all kinds of people

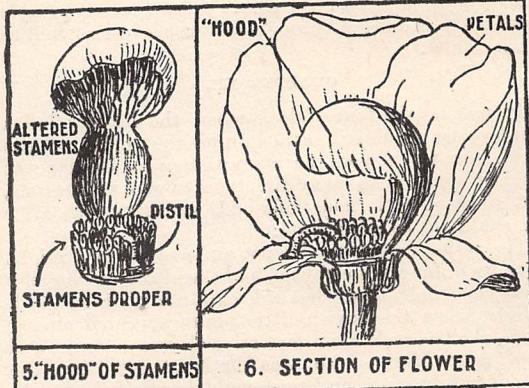


who might be able to give me the information as to where I could get hold of a picture. The amusing part about all the interviews was that, as soon as I asked for information about a Brazil nut tree, the people interviewed always did, and said, the same thing! They placed their hands as though clasping some large ball-



like object and said, 'Well, you know, the nuts are contained in a large sort of cannon ball.' Here I would stop them and say, 'Oh yes! I know all that part about the *nuts*, but what is the *tree* like?' This always 'stumped' them, and I really thought it would stump me too!

But at last, after long searching, I found what I wanted at the Economic Museum at Kew Gardens (where most things about trees and plants can be discovered). I found a photograph of a tree, and read that it is a forest tree of very hot countries, viz., Guiana, Venezuela, and Brazil. There are large forests of them on the banks of the Amazon, Rio Negro, and Orinoco. They are very high trees, and they only branch at the top. They are from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet high. How can I convey to you a good idea of that height? An ordinary room is about ten to twelve feet high, so if you can picture a house which has about fifteen floors, you will get an idea of the great height

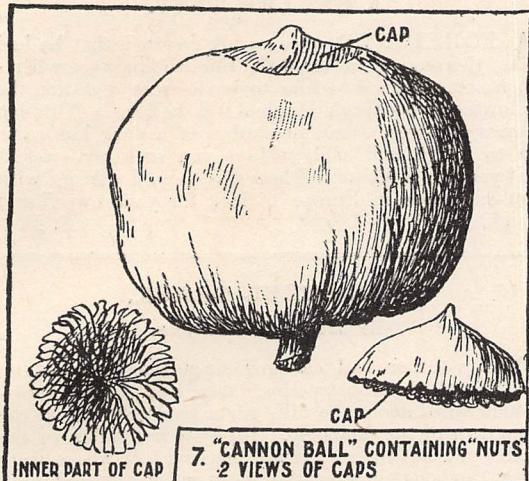


of a Brazil nut tree. Then, the branching only starts at about forty or fifty feet from the top, and so you see it must be a queer-looking tree! The photograph which I saw was of a tree or two which had been left standing in a part of a forest which had been cut down, for, as you know, most trees when grown in thick groups, do not branch much near the ground, for they are all struggling to reach the light, and of course foliage likes light. I am inclined to think if a Brazil nut tree was grown out in the open, it would develop more branches lower down; but, as I said before, the only picture I could find was as I describe.

I went to Kew Gardens because I had been told that they had a tree *growing* there. When I got there and

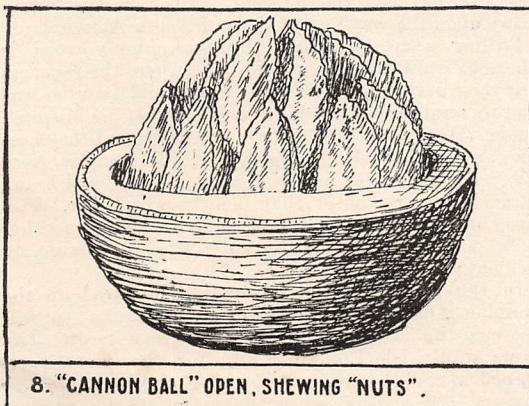
inquired, I was told that was quite correct, and I was taken to a very hot house, where I was shown a plant about *twelve inches high* with, I think, *four leaves*! Picture my disappointment! But my guide told me that they were very proud of this plant, because it was the only seedling they had ever been able to rear. It seems that the nuts require great heat to make them germinate, a heat peculiar to the ground where the forests are.

I could not find anything much about the early history of the tree, but samples were brought to France



in the early part of the nineteenth century. The man who then discovered it, not knowing any name for it, called it after a friend, and thus it got its proper name (botanical name, I mean), *Bertholletia excelsa*, which means Berthollet's tall tree; so you see the discoverer was struck by its height! It belongs to the natural order Myrtaceæ.

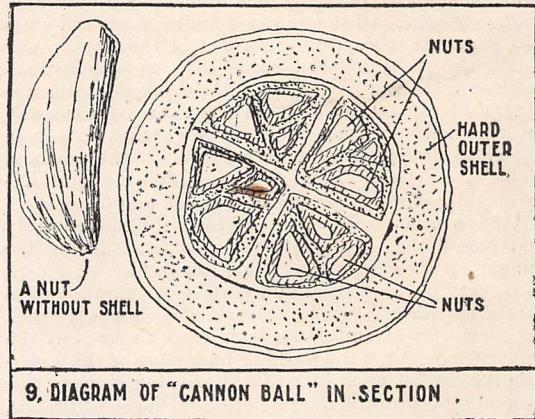
Now for details. I do not intend to give you a picture of the tree, because to draw it to the scale that I should have to use to get it into a page here would simply make it look ridiculous! The leaves are large, as we know leaves of forest trees; they are about two feet long and six inches wide, that is, nearly as wide as this page, and more than twice as long. They are of a



beautiful clear shiny green, like an evergreen in texture, but lighter in colour. A sweet (Spanish) chestnut leaf is the leaf most like it that I know; but the Brazil nut's edge is uncut. It has very strong mid-veins and a number of other veins almost at right angles, finishing in a netted edge (fig. 1).

The flowers grow in large pyramidal clusters something like the clusters on the Horse Chestnut, only more fleshy. They are cream-coloured, and rather peculiar in structure. Fig. 2 is a sketch of part of a cluster. There are two sepals which tear apart when the flower is ready to open (fig. 3), and expose six petals (fig. 4). When in flower, it appears as though one petal is still folded over the middle, but this is really a hood-like structure formed by the alteration of a number of stamens. The filaments, or stalks, have joined and formed a common stalk, and the anthers have joined and formed the hood. At fig. 5 I give a sketch of this structure and the stamens proper, over which the hood stands like an umbrella. Fig. 6 is of a section of a flower showing the very young fruit, with its style and stigma hanging out of the flower.

Now, when the flower fades, it all disappears except that little ball in the middle, and that swells and swells till you get a hard, woody sort of a cannon-ball arrangement, as shown in fig. 7. This is generally about six inches across, and very hard. It contains the Brazil



nuts as you and I know them; about fifteen or twenty of them all neatly packed in as shown in fig. 8. It is said (I have never tried it) that when once the nuts are removed from the outer shell, you are unable to replace them. There is a Japanese puzzle sort of an idea about it!

In fig. 7, I show you two views of that funny little cap or lid, which fits on the top of the shell. I call your attention particularly to this, because you often find one or two of these among nuts which you buy, and now you will know what they are.

There are four main divisions in the outer shell, and each contains several nuts. Fig. 3 shows you a diagram of a whole 'cannon ball' cut through, and you see the true nuts inside.

So high are the trees, that the nuts cannot be gathered in the usual way; so they are allowed to fall, and woe betide any one who happens to be around when they come down! I have read that the natives who go to collect these cannon balls wear a sort of wooden shield.

to protect their heads and shoulders from oddments from above!

The 'cannon balls' are taken down the rivers to the towns, there split open with hatchets, dried in the sun, packed into sacks, and shipped all over the world.

The nuts contain much oil, which, in some parts, is extracted and used for burning. You can prove the presence of oil by burning a nut, and observing what a fine flame you get.

E. M. BARLOW.

WASHING-DAY.

IN a Highland village that I know very well, the cottage mothers have decided upon an interesting plan, by which washing-day is robbed of some of its troubles. Down by the burn, all through the summer months, stands a mangle, a wash-tub, and all preparations for a fire; and on certain days of the week the sounds of talk and laughter, and loud splashing and dashing are added to the noise that the burn makes as it rushes over the stones. Few of these folk have 'water laid on' at home; and so, as the water will not come to the washing, it has seemed to them wise to take the washing to the water!

But this clever idea is not really a new idea at all; in a great many of the continental villages it is quite a common sight to see the cottage women washing clothes in the streams; and in our own country, years and years ago, garments were usually washed in the river. Also—and this is a dreadful idea—they were sometimes washed in the wells from which the drinking water was obtained! In 1467, indeed, in the town of Leicester, an order had to be made to hinder this; 'that no woman do wash clothes or other corruption in the common wells'—so it ran. In another town, too, a fine of six-and-eightpence was threatened for such an offence.

I have seen girls in the Highlands, light-heartedly and bare-footed, 'tramping the blankets' during the annual spring-clean; that again is a fashion that used to be very popular years and years ago. Clothes were placed in the wash-tub, and several women would 'tuck up' their dresses and dance upon them to beat out the impurities. When the washing took place at the waterside the clothes were beaten with wood or stones; this custom still prevails in some of the villages of France, and proves very destructive to the clothes, I believe.

But in the olden days, the family washing-day came seldom. To begin with, as far back as the Tudor and Stuart periods, 'articles which required washing were few and far between.' It was much more usual to employ a dyer than a washer-woman, for clothes were made of materials that would not stand a wash. For instance, garments of rich silk material or velvet were worn by the rich people, without under-clothes, and the lower classes wore coarse woollen dresses, also without under-garments.

There were no such things as linen night-dresses in those days, and only very few of the highest nobles had such a luxury as a linen shirt. Anne Boleyn possessed a night-gown of black satin, lavishly trimmed; one of Queen Elizabeth's night-dresses was made of black velvet; while there is a record of an order given by the Good Queen Bess for 'three-score and six of the best sable-skins to furnish us a night-gown!' Night-caps, too, which were commonly used, were made of velvet or silk, and never saw the washing-tubs at all!

However, the 'ruffs' of Queen Elizabeth's day—which figure always in the pictures of that great queen—needed the laundress's care; they were starched very carefully, and had also very often to be kept in shape by a wire frame. All the same, in spite of the 'ruff' fashion, the washer-women of the Tudor period had very little indeed to do compared with the busy laundresses of to-day.

ETHEL TALBOT.

A SEVERE TEST.

A FOREIGNER once rashly asserted that he had thoroughly mastered the English language, whereupon some one asked him to write from dictation the following: 'As Hugh Hughes was hewing a Yule-log from a yew-tree, a man in clothes of a dark hue came up to Hugh and said, "Have you seen my ewes?" "If you will wait until I hew this yew, I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes," said Hugh.'

E. D.

THE STEEL TRACK.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

THE weather had changed since the boys got on board the construction train, and heavy snow-clouds rolled about the hills when Dawson stood at the open door of the calaboose. No snow had fallen in the valley yet, but the rocks two thousand feet above were white, and the pines by the noisy river glittered with hoar-frost. The cars rocked and banged, for in the mountains of British Columbia the track is sometimes roughly laid, and a heavy snorting rolled down the incline from the front of the train.

Sulphurous fumes filled the calaboose, where men sat round the walls, and a stove rattled in the middle of the floor. The men were going to 'salve,' or make the best of a locomotive and some freight cars that had left the rails after a snow-slide had broken the line. Dawson and Jake Winthrop had no particular business in the calaboose, but they wanted to see the wreck, and a fireman whom they knew had let them get on the train. It was not often they got a holiday, and Dawson found the trip a pleasant change after chopping trees and helping to cut up the fallen trunks. The trunks were large, for perhaps the heaviest timber in the world grows upon the wet Pacific slope of North America.

Pulling a cross-cut saw through gummy wood is laborious work, but it must be done where the ranchers hew their oatfields out of giant forest, and Dawson was glad to straighten his aching back and rest his blistered hands. He was an inch or two broader round the chest than when he left England, and his muscles were firm. On the whole, he liked ranching, but had found it much less romantic than he thought. Mr. Winthrop generally saw that Jake and he had something useful to do, and adventures only came, as it were, by accident.

In the meantime, the locomotive laboured up the climbing track, and ranks of trees began to roll between the line and the angry green river. The rivers of British Columbia are, for the most part, stained a muddy pea-green by the clay beneath the glaciers. By-and-by, when the pines at the edge of

a foaming rapid looked strangely small, a cluster of wooden buildings and a big water-tank appeared beside the track. The engine slowly rolled past an iron-roofed hut, backed the train across the switches, and stopped for the station hands to couple on some cars. Then the fireman walked down the line.

'The accident's two or three miles farther up, but I hear we're not going back to-night,' he said to Dawson. 'If you want to get home, you'll have to catch the Vancouver train, but it seems they've had deep snow in the back country, and she's late. That will give you time to go on with us.' He paused, and shouted to a station hand, 'When do you expect the West-bound?'

'In about two hours,' said the other, and Jake Winthrop looked at his new watch.

'Guess we shall see all we want to see. The cold's pretty fierce up here,' he remarked, and polished the watch-glass with his handkerchief before he added, 'She's a daisy. When I try her by a station clock, she's dead on railroad time.'

'When you don't forget to wind her,' Dawson said dryly, for they had not long since allowed Mr. Winthrop's sloop to ground through mistaking the time of high-water when Jake's watch had stopped.

Now Dawson had mentioned it, Jake was not sure if he had wound up the watch. He was very sleepy when he went to bed, but he did not mean to let his comrade banter him, and resolved to try the winding-knob later. In a few moments the locomotive-bell began to toll, there was a clash of couplings, and the train went on again.

The valley got narrower. Great rocks overhung the track, and the roar of the angry river drowned the din of the wheels; but the snorting of the locomotive came back hoarsely, and a long plume of smoke eddied about the cars. They stopped by-and-by at a spot where a gang of men were busy throwing gravel into a gap between the rails. A mass of snow and frost-split rock had slipped down and smashed the track. The wreck of two or three box-cars was scattered about, and a locomotive lay, wheels uppermost, five hundred feet below.

Dawson buttoned his skin coat and put on his mittens as he looked about. To the east a row of rugged peaks shone for a few moments, fiery yellow, against the dark storm-cloud; then the light faded and mountains glimmered a faint, cold blue. A bitter wind blew through the gorge and snow began to fall.

'Let's look at the locomotive,' Jake said, and they scrambled down the steep slope.

When they stopped near the river, the men at work, with hydraulic jacks and coils of wire-rope, looked strangely small and the wrecked engine looked remarkably big. American locomotives are much larger than English, and Dawson hardly thought it possible to get the huge machine back to the line. The men, however, obviously meant to try, and as it was too cold to loaf about, the boys began to help. In the meantime the snow got thicker, and one could not see far, when Jake looked at his watch. He frowned impatiently, for he saw that it had stopped.

'If you hadn't got after me about it, I'd have wound her up,' he said. 'Anyhow, we had better pull out for the station. It would be awkward if we missed the train.'

Dawson nodded silently. It was wiser not to banter

Jake just then, and since there was only one passenger train a day he did not want to be late. They were breathless when they reached the track, but they set off down the valley as fast as they could walk, although the sleepers were spaced unevenly and the ballast was large and rough. Besides, the snow was getting deep, and in places they sank in the drifts.

At length Jake stopped. 'Hullo!' he said. 'What is that?'

At first Dawson heard nothing but the turmoil of the river among the rocks; then a dull throb came down the gorge. 'It sounds like a train,' he said, and they began to run.

The station was invisible; one could not see a hundred yards in the driving snow, but the throb got louder behind them. After a time Jake seized Dawson, and as he pushed him off the line, a huge black object, half veiled in smoke, came out of the tossing flakes. It leaped past them while they stood panting, and a blast of wind nearly dragged them off their feet; lights flashed in the steaming smoke, and a deafening clamour echoed among the rocks as the long train went by. Then the mist of snow that had whirled about the boys blew away, the flakes came down at an even slant, and the uproar died away.

'Come on!' Jake shouted. 'We may make it yet, if the engineer stops to fill his tank.'

Dawson could not remember how long he ran, but while he stumbled among the ties it got dark, and he was breathless when a few dim lights shone close ahead. A minute or two later they reached the station, but the train had gone, and there was nobody about.

'This is certainly awkward,' said Jake. 'I don't see how we are going to get home before to-morrow night, but we will look for the agent.'

The station-agent had no comfort to offer them. 'You're not very smart if you can't catch a train that's two hours late,' he remarked. 'Now you have got to wait for the next, to-morrow.'

'What about the Express freight?' Jake asked. 'Can't you let us go out on her if we buy a ticket?'

'I can't,' said the agent; 'it's not allowed. Better try the hotel, though I don't know if they can take you in.'

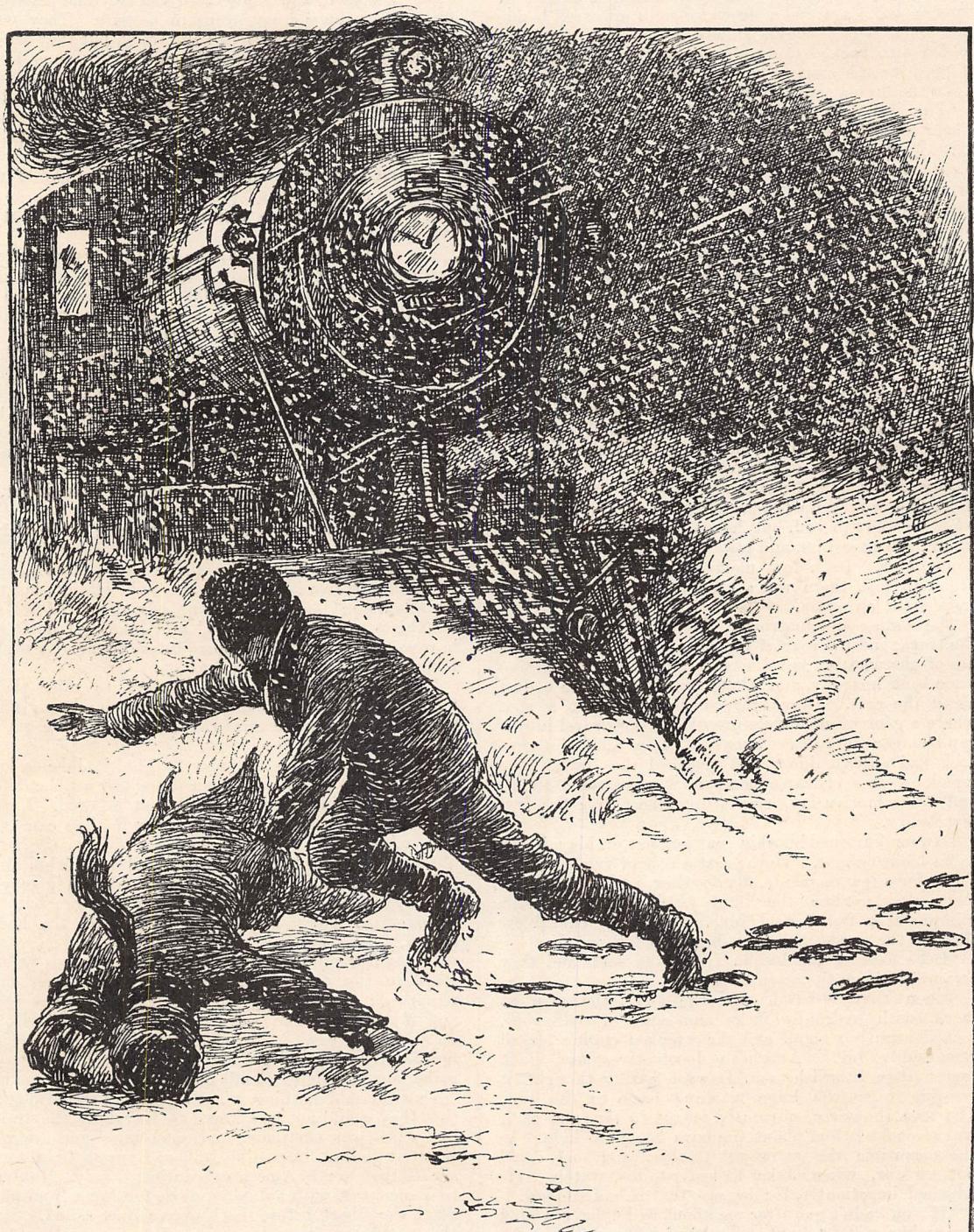
The boys crossed the lines to a small wooden building.

But the landlord looked doubtful. 'I can give you supper, and might fix you up on the floor; but the construction gang is stopping here, and the house is full.'

For a few minutes they warmed themselves at the stove in the untidy general room. And then Jake remarked: 'It's pretty cold for sleeping on the floor, and if we don't get back to-night, our folks will be scared. They don't know where we are, and it's snowing fierce. If we could get on the express freight, we'd make home all right. Let's go and see if she's coming.'

Dawson said nothing. The agent had stated plainly that they would not be allowed to travel by the train; but Jake was obstinate, and sometimes got his way when it looked impossible. The Express freight ran across the North American continent, from Montreal to Vancouver, with valuable goods for Japan, and must reach the wharf before the Empress liner sailed. Still, she would stop for water at a station near the Winthrop ranch, because American locomotives, hauling enormous loads, empty their boilers fast.

(Continued on page 298.)



“‘‘ Jake seized Lawson, and pushed him off the track.’’



"He fell into the cab."

THE STEEL TRACK.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

(Continued from page 295.)

IT was bitterly cold, and the tossing flakes hid the hotel when the boys crossed the lines; but presently a bell began to toll, and a dazzling beam pierced the snow. Dawson knew it came from a powerful American head-lamp, and jumped back as the shadowy locomotive rolled past.

'It's Tom's machine,' Jake remarked. 'She's stopping. We'll go along and see if he can help.'

When they reached the engine, they found their friend, the fireman, standing on the line with an oil-can in his hand.

'Are you going down the track after all?' Jake asked hopefully.

'Well,' said the fireman, 'we didn't expect to, but the snow's getting deep, and orders have come for us to pilot the Express freight until she's safe on the level run to the sea. She's coming along with a big load, and has got to make her time.'

'Then you could take us down in a corner of the cab. You'll have to stop for water at the flag-station tank.'

The fireman shook his head. 'I could not. Nobody's allowed on the Express freight; she's the Company's pet train, and if the bosses saw you in my cab, I'd certainly get "fired." If you want to hear talk that would make you jump, you ask the engineer.'

They argued with him, and by-and-by he began to hesitate. He was a good-humoured man, and they sometimes gave him a basket of fruit when his train stopped near the ranch.

'I can't let you get on board, but if you jump up after she starts, I guess the engineer wouldn't put you off,' he said. 'I'll tell you what to do, if you have grit enough. We shall pull out as soon as they couple us up to the express, but she won't start easy on the short up-grade, and she'll cross the switches about as fast as you can walk. Well, if you grab the rail on the back of the tender, you can jump up on the draw-bar frame, but you've got to make the cab before we reach the top. That's important: the Express freight stops for nothing after they let her go.'

Then the engineer looked out of the cab-window, and the boys drew back against the big driving-wheels.

When they walked past the back of the locomotive, Dawson studied the frame behind the tender. 'I suppose we could get up,' he said. 'It would be awkward if we slipped.'

'Very awkward,' Jake agreed. 'You don't want to slip.'

They went back to the hotel, and Dawson spent a trying half-hour by the stove. It was hard to keep his courage up to the right point, and he noticed that Jake did not talk much. On the whole, it was a relief when he heard a whistle and the growing throb of wheels. When they hurried out, a moving, fan-shaped beam quivered in the snow, brakes screamed, and a long row of half-seen cars rolled slowly past. The cars stopped, indistinct figures began to move about, and the boys, keeping back from the line, reached a clump of junipers near the tank. They waited, shivering in the bitter wind, and Dawson wondered when the train would start. He knew he would steal back to the hotel if it did not start soon, because his pluck was melting fast.

At length somebody shouted, and a lantern flashed. A bell tolled; there was a harsh clanging and grinding,

and he was dazzled by the blaze of the head-lamp as the front locomotive began to move. It looked enormous as, rocking and snorting, it came out of the snow. Then he pulled himself together, and seized a greasy rail high up on the tender. His hand slipped, but he found a hold for his foot, and scrambled up to a narrow ledge, where Jake joined him. They could not stop there without being seen by the man at the switches, and crawling round to the back of the tender, they tried to get their breath. Dawson's heart beat painfully, for although he had, so far, managed better than he thought, the worst was yet to come.

It would be impossible to hold on when the train got up speed. If they were not shaken off, they would soon get numb and fall between the engines. Dawson had heard that one could lie between the rails while a train passed over one, but he did not want to try. They must crawl forward to the cab-door along the slippery ledge as soon as the switches were passed, and it was obvious that they must get there while the train was climbing the short incline. It would be too late afterwards.

A man's shadowy figure came out of the snow, a lantern flashed, and the rocking of the engine got sharper. The man and his lantern vanished, and Jake touched Dawson. 'Get on a move!' he shouted. 'We have got to do it now.'

Dawson set his lips, and clinging to the hand-rail, crawled round the corner. Then he hesitated for a moment, and nearly fell off. Canadian locomotives, when burning soft coal, throw off clouds of black smoke, and the boy was smothered by sulphurous vapour. The smoke was thickened by driving snow, and showers of hot cinders beat upon his lowered head. He durst not look up, and he could not see, but he durst not stop; if he did not reach the cab in the next few minutes, he would be shaken off. He moved along blindly for a yard or two, and then something caught his long coat, and nearly pulled him off the ledge. He could not see what it was, but gasped with relief when he found that he was free, and afterwards learned that Jake, following close, had trodden on his coat.

The tender seemed very much longer than he had thought. He began to fear he could not reach the cab, and tried to see if there was any way of climbing up on top; but a smooth, high wall of iron plates ran up above his head. Besides, the snow and cinders beat his face, and he could not open his eyes properly. He went on, foot by foot, while the train gathered speed and the wind got stronger. There was no time to lose, but he could not go fast. His hands slipped on the rail, he was getting numbed, and he got a shock when the foot he advanced cautiously slipped down as if the ledge had broken off. Then, as he lifted his head, a light shone into his face, and he knew he had reached the cab. The door was shut, but he beat upon it while he swung to and fro, for, with one hand occupied, he could not hold on against the wind.

For some moments it looked as if nobody had heard him: his foot slipped off the ledge and he swung outwards, over the line. Then, as the engine rocked, he swung back and struck the door, which opened, and he fell into the cab. Jake plunged after him, and the engineer, turning with an exclamation, looked hard at both. Dawson lay gasping on the floor, and Jake sat on a block of coal, his strained wet face blackened by soot.

(Concluded on page 310.)

THE STORY OF SOME ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

By CONSTANCE M. FOOT.

V.—SOME ORDERS OF MERIT.

CROWNS, wreaths, ornaments for necks and arms, were the personal decorations employed by the ancients for the reward of military and athletic achievements—while, later on, the personal decorations (other than those of the Orders of Knighthood) in recognition of warlike services consisted of a collar, chain, or clasp, or of even a sword of honour.

The striking of medals to commemorate important events is also known to be a very ancient practice, while the wearing of them for decorative purposes was quite common in England in the reign of Henry VIII. These early medals were worn suspended round the neck by a chain or ribbon, or might even form an ornament for the hat, but the custom of bestowing them as an honour or reward to those who had rendered service to the State in time of war is of much later date. There are some who think that the first thus bestowed were the 'Armada' medals of Queen Elizabeth, while others consider that those issued specially for the Battle of Dunbar (1650) are the earliest of which we have any reliable record of their having been distributed in the army to officers and men alike, but it is not at all certain that either of these were really what, nowadays, we know as 'Campaign' medals, and it is generally thought that the first properly so called was the Waterloo medal issued in 1817.

Again, although Britain had a navy long before a standing army was even thought of, the custom of granting rewards to the navy by medals only dates a few reigns earlier to that in which they were given to the army. In the reign of William and Mary we find the sea service marked out for special reward, and an Act passed for this purpose in 1692 was carried into effect the same year, for we read that 'Queen Mary, upon receiving news of the victory of La Hogue, sent thirty thousand pounds to Portsmouth to be distributed amongst the men, and ordered medals to be struck as tokens of honour for the officers.' Naval medals were also bestowed in the reign of Queen Anne.

George II. certainly had a medal struck in 1746 in honour of the Battle of Culloden, but though during the long reign of his successor (George III.) the country was nearly always at war, and the navy had never before been brought into such a high state of efficiency, yet, for the first thirty years of his reign, no naval medals were awarded, the first being that given for Lord Howe's glorious victory at Ushant in 1794, when it was decided to create a naval medal and bestow it upon the admirals and captains of that time as well as upon those who might distinguish themselves in the future.

But it is to Queen Victoria that we are indebted for the larger number of medals struck to commemorate warlike events as well as deeds of exceptional gallantry in both services, and it is to her that, among many others, we owe that most glorious and highly coveted Order,

THE VICTORIA CROSS,

named after her, and instituted by Royal Warrant on June 29th, 1856, at the end of the Crimean War. The idea, we are told, originated with the late Prince Consort, and he is said to have designed the medal.

It was at first conferred only on sailors of the British Navy and soldiers of the British Army, but the Order has since been greatly extended, until now every grade and rank, and all branches of His Majesty's Forces, both British and Colonial, are eligible; even the native soldiers of the Indian Army (who had previously been ineligible) having been included in 1911.

Nothing but 'the merit of conspicuous bravery' gives a claim to this decoration, and this must be shown by 'some signal act of valour and devotion to their country performed in the presence of the enemy.' Non-military persons who have served as volunteers against an enemy are also eligible.

In the case of recipients not of commissioned rank the decoration carries with it a pension of ten pounds a year, and five pounds extra for each clasp, the latter being awarded for every additional act of exceptional bravery.

Possibly you imagine that this highly valued cross is made of gold and studded with precious stones—but nothing of the kind, it is very simple and plain in appearance, being a Maltese-shaped cross of bronze. It is purposely made of this material in order that its actual value should be as small as possible. In the centre is the royal crown surmounted by a lion, while on a scroll beneath are inscribed the simple words—which yet mean so much—'For Valour.' It hangs from a bar decorated with laurel, supported by the initial 'V,' the name, corps and rank of the recipient being placed on the back of the bar. The ribbon of the Order is dark blue for the Navy and crimson for the Army.

One of the first to win the Victoria Cross in the Crimean War was Major-General Sir Luke O'Connor, V.C., K.C.B., who died in the early part of 1915 at the age of eighty-three.

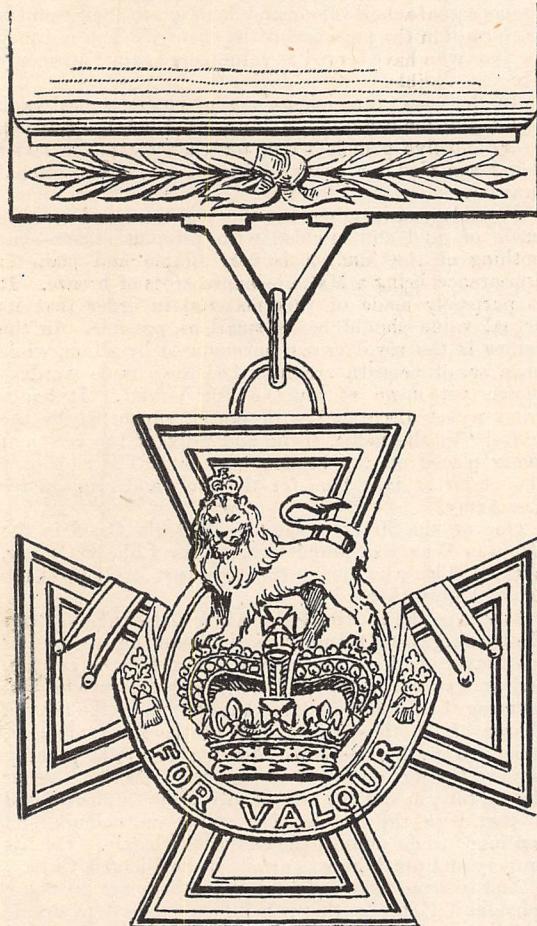
It was at the Battle of the Alma that Sir Luke, then Centre-Sergeant O'Connor, was chosen on account of his bravery to form one of the escort for the colours, and it was when the gallant young officer who was carrying the colour fell dead that O'Connor (the next in charge of it), though wounded at the same moment, struggled to his feet, and holding it aloft, proudly claimed the fort on behalf of the 'Royal Welsh.' After the capture, in spite of being badly wounded, he refused to part with the honour of carrying the colours, and continued to do so until the end of the battle. For his bravery and pluck he was awarded the Victoria Cross.

And to come to the present War, there are so many splendid V.C. heroes that it is difficult indeed to decide which to mention, for all classes have been represented in winning this most coveted of honours. The first officer to do so was Captain Francis Grenfell of the 9th Lancers, who, on August 24th, 1914, won the distinction for 'gallantry in action against unbroken infantry at Andregnies, Belgium, and for gallant conduct in assisting to save the guns of the 119th Battery, R.F.A., near Doubon the same day.' Twice after that the gallant Captain returned home badly wounded, finally meeting his death in the field in the May of 1915.

In the air, too, the V.C. has been won. It was in June, 1915, that Flight Sub-Lieutenant Warneford, of the Royal Naval Air Service, was awarded the Victoria Cross for destroying, single-handed, a German Zeppelin. With the anti-aircraft guns going off around him, he remained poised in the air in the neighbourhood of Ghent. In the early dawn he swooped down on the

enemy machine, destroying it by bomb fire. Being furiously bombarded he was obliged to descend in the enemy's country! But he made good his escape, bringing himself and his machine safely back to the base. It was an act of great daring, and it is sad to think that its hero was afterwards accidentally killed whilst flying.

Perhaps one of the most wonderful naval exploits in the present War was that which gained, for Lieutenant Norman Holbrook, the V.C. in December, 1914. It was



The Victoria Cross.

while in command of Submarine B 11 that he entered the Dardanelles and, in spite of the difficult current, dived his vessel under five rows of mines and torpedoed the Turkish battleship *Messudiyeh*, which was guarding the minefield. On one occasion he was actually under water for nine hours at a stretch, but nevertheless he succeeded in bringing the submarine safely back, though attacked by gunfire and torpedo-boats.

Space does not permit of mentioning more of the many gallant deeds which have won the V.C. in this great War, but, as we have said, all classes are represented—Territorials, midshipmen, seamen, drummers, bandsmen, even a brave piper, have alike earned the

honour. Nor must we forget the members of the Australian and New Zealand forces who have also won it by their splendid bravery and great bomb-throwing feats in Gallipoli. Speaking of Gallipoli reminds us, too, of Seaman George M. Sampson, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, the first seaman to win the Victoria Cross in the history of the decoration. He gained it for working all day under heavy fire, though seriously wounded, during the landing.

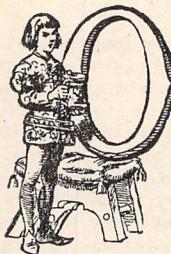
There are yet two others whose names cannot possibly be left out. One is the first Indian soldier ever to receive the V.C., Jemadar Mir Dast, who was awarded it for conspicuous bravery at Ypres; and the other, Captain Arthur Martin Leake, who has won this greatest of distinctions twice over, being, so far, the first and only man to whom a clasp (which represents the second Victoria Cross) has ever been granted since the Order was founded. He won the first cross in the Boer War for great and noble bravery, and the clasp was gained in November, 1914, for rescuing, under constant fire, numbers of wounded men lying close to the enemy's trenches.

All will surely agree, after reading but these few instances, that great as is the decoration, great and glorious indeed are the deeds that have won it.

(Concluded on page 314.)

MEHDUM-KULY.

A Legend of the East.



On a certain day, the minstrels sat in the shadow of Mehdum-Kuly's tents, and the heart of Mehdum-Kuly, the Chief, rejoiced at the sound of their songs.

The sturdy warriors of the Tuka tribe were reclining around their Chief.

They did not approve of him. His father had been what they called a 'Ram'—that is, a great warrior. Mehdum-Kuly did not 'take after' his father. Far from it. Little cared he for the battle-cry; he preferred the songs of the minstrels to the horrid sounds of war, and, being young, he took pleasure in all kinds of innocent games and recreations.

Hence the black looks of the warriors. They could not understand their young Chief, who in their opinion was a sad coward. They said to one another that the glory of their tribe had gone down into the grave with his father.

Taking advantage of a pause in the sing-song, an old, wrinkled, white-haired warrior stood up and spoke his mind to Mehdum-Kuly.

'Son of our Ram-warrior Chief!' said the warrior, 'listen, I pray you, to the speech of the aged, and give heed to the counsel of the wise. Many brave men there are in the camp of the Tukas—men of muscle and nerve—who fear neither the glancing arrow nor the glittering spear. You, O, Meydum-Kuly, are the Chief of our gallant tribe, yet where is your armour, where is your record of doughty deeds? You have none as yet, and for this reason the Persians jeer at us. Awake, then, Mehdum-Kuly! No longer give us cause for shame, no longer let men say that our Chief is a woman.'



“ Dragging him backwards only just in time.”

one who fears death, and loves not the strife of men.
Show yourself worthy of your noble father!”

Mehdum-Kuly rose from his couch to answer the old warrior.

‘ Every man,’ he said, ‘ has his allotted task in this world. Must the bow be always bent, the arrow for ever on the wing? Must not even our hardy Tukas sometimes repose in order to keep up their strength?’

My father was a man of war; I am a man of peace. Within my tents I would have men think and reason, and I love to hear our minstrels sing of the beauties of Nature, of the charms of our maidens. Are not these things better than slaughter?

But in vain did Mehdum-Kuly seek to convince his men that 'Peace hath her victories no less than war.'

His speech angered the warriors. 'He is a shirker,' they muttered one to another. 'His words are nothing but running water, which gurgles over the pebbles and is gone.'

Even the young Chief's mother—who was called 'The Tigress of the Tukas'—reproached him.

All the company departed, leaving Mehdum-Kuly alone. Bitter was his grief because men thought him a coward. No longer, he said to himself, should they do so. He would take his gallant steed, Argamack, from his stall, and his arms from his tent; then he would ride forth to prove his courage. Should he fail to do so, he would return and submit himself to 'the stroke of the sharp sword,' which, according to the custom of his tribe, was the penalty of cowardice.

When the Chief announced his intention to his people they applauded loudly.

* * * * *

With some difficulty (for he was not of a quarrelsome disposition), Mehdum-Kuly at last succeeded in finding some one to fight with. The man's name was Adyn. He was a brave fellow, but Mehdum-Kuly proved to be the stronger of the two. The Tuka Chief vanquished Adyn, bound him, and thought to lead him as a captive to the camp.

Wearied with the struggle, the victor flung himself down on a river-bank and fell into a deep sleep.

The river was swollen by recent heavy rains, and while the Chief slept the water came swirling over the bank, nearly touching the young warrior. Had it done so, he would have been swept into the raging flood. The prisoner, who lay further back, on safer ground, saw his captor's peril, and, bound though he was, came to the rescue. He rolled himself over and over until he reached Mehdum-Kuly, who he then seized with his teeth, dragging him backwards only just in time. The next instant the bank broke up and tumbled into the stream. But for Adyn, Mehdum-Kuly would certainly have been drowned.

And after this, what could Mehdum-Kuly do but give Adyn his liberty? He loosed his bonds, set him on his own Argamack (for Adyn's horse had been killed in the combat), and, parting from him with many blessings, sent him to his home.

(Concluded on page 307.)

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

BY A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 291.)

IT was a lovely day by that time, lovely as so many of those August days of 1914 were; and to the children at any rate the whole business seemed more like some merry holiday picnic than a tragedy. After breakfast a start was made again, and then they went on, hour after hour, along narrow sandy roads where the trees met overhead, through rocky valleys, and across open

patches of heath, where the air was fragrant with the scent of wild thyme, and noisy with the chirping of grasshoppers and the drowsy hum of bees.

In the afternoon Roger and Val were walking together behind the rest of the party, and suddenly the boy stopped and pointed to a cone-shaped hill which could be seen in the distance above the trees.

'Look, Val! Do you see that hill? I believe that it's the place where I heard the buzzing noise I told you about, and where Jules climbed the hollow tree. Yes, I'm quite sure of it. You can see the tree now at the top.'

Val shaded her eyes, and there sure enough she could see the hill and the bare branches of the dead tree on its summit.

'I wish we were nearer,' continued Roger. 'It would be some joke to go up there again and have a look round—not that I want to see that man, the one with the scarred face; do you remember?'

'Yes, I remember,' and then something else flashed into Val's mind—the man with the scar, and the woman with him who, from Roger's description, had seemed as if she might be like Fräulein Heinz. The little girl thrust her hand into her pocket, and drew out a white envelope. 'Roger, I wish you'd take care of this for me,' she said. 'You are more used to trouser pockets than I am, and I mustn't lose it.'

'What is it?' Roger took the envelope, and turned it over in his hand. It was large and square, fastened with a red seal, and addressed in a spidery handwriting to 'Mr. J. Smith, 7 Soho Road, London, N.W.'

'It's only a letter that Fräulein asked me to post for her in London. She had to go off in a fearful hurry, you know, her mother was ill or something, and she had been going to stay in England for the summer holidays. Poor old thing, she was upset about it. And she wrote this letter to her friends in London, explaining why she couldn't come, and all about it.'

'I see; but why on earth didn't she post the letter herself?'

'I don't know; perhaps she thought it would be quicker if I took it. Anyhow, she was awfully anxious that it should go safely. She pinned it into the front of my frock with a big safety pin, and I forgot all about it until I was changing my things at the farm last night. Then I wanted the safety pin—whatever had these trousers before must have had a huge waist—and I had to take a bit in. But I promised Fräulein I'd take care of the letter, so here it is.'

'All right.' Roger laughed, and stuffed the envelope carelessly into his own pocket. 'It does seem queer that you were quite friendly with a German only three weeks ago. What sort of a person was this Fräulein of yours?'

'Oh, not half bad.' Val had never been fond of Fräulein Heinz, but she did not want to be unkind now. 'She was a bit too sentimental, but rather a nice old thing, and she used to tell us no end of stories about Germany and winter sports, and her brother, who was a student at Heidelberg, and fought twelve duels. She was most frightfully proud of him, I can tell you. Oh, yes, Fräulein was all right, even if she was a German.'

'Well, I suppose some of them are decent enough.' Roger was not much interested in the subject, and then they had to hurry along the road to overtake the donkey-cart, which was just disappearing round a corner.

That first day of the flight was a very happy one to

Val and Roger, for everything went well, and, with the bright sun overhead, and the peaceful forest all around, it seemed almost impossible to believe in war and danger. No other fugitives were encountered, and the only excitement came once when they crossed a high road, and caught a glimpse of red and blue uniformed men in the distance.

Soldiers! Roger would like to have waited on the chance of seeing more regiments pass, but George Bernard shook his head, and hurried them into another tree-bordered byway.

It had been hoped that a large village would have been reached by nightfall, but the pace of the travellers had to be set by the children and the slow-moving donkey, and when twilight came they were still some miles from their destination. There was nothing for it but to spend the night in the woods, so dry sticks were collected, a fire lit, and a tent contrived out of an old shawl and a bent sapling.

Marie got out an iron pot from among the piled baggage on the cart, and heated a delicious stew, and, when the meal was finished, she sat by the fire singing the baby to sleep, while George smoked his pipe, and the red light flickered on the trees and the rocks, and the sleepy, sunburnt faces of the children.

'I suppose we shall catch a train somewhere tomorrow, and get back to England the next day,' said Roger, with a note of regret in his voice; and Val, too, could not help feeling sorry that their adventures were so soon coming to an end.

The next morning an early start was made, and now they went southward, and before long reached an important highway. They came upon it suddenly as they turned a corner, and then George pulled the donkey to a standstill with an exclamation of astonishment. They all stopped too, and stared with wide, dismayed eyes at the strange scene before them.

The road was crowded with fugitives, old men, women, and little children, who struggled wearily along through the dust, and with a seemingly endless procession of carts and waggons piled high with furniture, bedding, and goods and chattels of every sort and description. There were animals, too—little herds of cows and goats being driven by their owners, and many of the people pushed heavily-laden trucks, wheel-barrows, or even babies' perambulators.

Here came an old man, staggering under a huge bundle, then a cripple limped past, leaning on a crutch, and then came women with dirty, frightened children holding their hands or clinging to their skirts.

There were sick people on many of the carts, sitting among the piled baggage, and every one was covered with dust, and looked miserable, exhausted, and utterly hopeless. It was as if all the peasants of northern France, and of Belgium too, perhaps, had been driven from their homes, and were being chased southward by a relentless enemy.

Old George's face grew very grim as he watched the pitiful procession; but it was useless to delay. This was their route, and they would have to travel by it; so he lifted Val on to the cart, bade the others keep together, and then guided the donkey down into the crowded road.

And then began a day that was like a long, terrible nightmare, a hideous confusion of pushing throngs of people, choking white dust, dazzling heat, thirst, and footsore weariness. Sometimes motor-cars whirled

along the road with loud hootings and the roar of engines, or cyclists dashed through the crowd, and again and again soldiers marched past on their way northward, and the fugitives had to push closely together, and drive their vehicles into the hedges to make way for horses and guns.

At a village which was reached at mid-day George Bernard managed to procure some food; but they hardly dared halt even for a few minutes to eat it, lest they should lose their place in the closely packed line of vehicles.

During the morning Val rode on the donkey-cart; but later she made Marie take her place; and then room had to be made for little Babette, and for the youngest boy, who had fallen on the slippery cobblestones of the village street, and grazed his knee badly.

'I shall be quite all right,' Val insisted, and for some time she plodded along sturdily enough at Roger's side; but, as the afternoon wore away, her ankle, which was still weak, grew more and more painful, until, at last, she limped to the edge of the road and threw herself down on the trampled, dusty grass.

'Roger, I'm most awfully sorry.' She looked up at her brother with a quivering little smile. 'I simply must have a rest. My foot is hurting—rather badly; but it will be better soon, and then we can easily catch up the others.'

'Oh, all right.' Roger sat down too; but although he tried to speak cheerfully, his eyes were anxious as he glanced at Val, for her face was very pale, and her forehead was puckered into a frown of pain. It was quite clear that she ought not to walk any further; but what was to be done? The donkey-cart was already out of sight, and every waggon that passed seemed to be overcrowded with passengers and baggage. As he gazed at the weary faces and bowed, trudging figures of the fugitives, trailing past in what looked like a never-ending stream, the boy felt strangely forlorn and helpless, for he realised that all these miserable people were too heavily oppressed with the weight of their own troubles to have any time, or sympathy, to spare for the misfortunes of others.

The road was running through a wood just then, and not far from where the boy and girl were seated a narrow path slanted into the thicket. It looked deliciously cool and shady under the trees, and a sudden idea came into Roger's mind.

'Val,' he said, 'why shouldn't we get into the wood and rest? That path there seems to go the same way as the road, and we could walk ever so much more quickly if we were out of this crowd.'

'Oh, yes, do let's.' Val was delighted with the plan, and after sitting under a big beech-tree for a little while, she declared that she was quite ready to make a fresh start. They turned into a narrow track, and the dust and hurry and confusion of the crowded road were left behind.

'We can get back again directly when we want to,' Roger said. 'This path is as straight as a die'; but, although the path was straight, the road turned sharply to one side soon after they left it, and then every step took them further and further into the wood. When, at last, they decided it was time to rejoin the Bernards, not a trace of the highway was to be seen. On every side there seemed to be nothing but huge trees, tangled brambles, and thick forests of bracken fern.

(Continued on page 306.)



"The road was crowded with fugitives."



“He showed his white teeth in an angry snarl.”

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 303.)

ROGER came back to his sister, after a short exploring expedition, with a very anxious face; but the little girl only laughed at his fears.

'Lost, are we? Oh, dear, how frightfully exciting! But it's much better to be lost in a nice clean wood than in that awful dusty crowd that we've had all day. Come on, Roger, I can walk ever so much further, and it won't be dark for ages yet. If we keep to this path we're certain to come out somewhere before long. Very likely it's only a short cut, and we shall get to a village and find the Bernards waiting for us. Poor things, how worried they will be. Old George will be grumpier than ever.'

Certainly Val was a cheerful travelling companion, and her high spirits were infectious. Roger laughed too, and then they plodded on again, and before very long the path led them to the outskirts of the wood, and into open country. There was no sign of a high road, however, and no village; but the narrow track gradually widened into a lane, and just as dusk was falling they came to a lonely cottage standing in a little garden that was planted with vegetables and fruit-trees.

'Hullo, this is a bit of luck!' Roger cried. 'The people are sure to give us something to eat, and they can tell us the way to go. Come on, Val, you will have to do the talking,' and then he pushed open the little wooden gate and, going up to the door, knocked again and again.

There was no answer. The whole place seemed strangely silent, and the windows were darkened. The boy tried the door, expecting to find it fastened, but instead it opened easily, and, followed by Val, he stepped across the threshold of the empty house.

It was quite clear then what had happened, for all around were the signs of a sudden alarm and a hasty flight. The table was laid for a meal: there was unfinished food on the plates, and coffee in the thick china cups. The chairs had been pushed back—one lay overturned on the floor—and there was a bundle of clothes tied together in a red and blue checked shawl. Near the hearth was a baby's cradle, and in it a cheap, broken toy.

'They must have gone away at dinner-time.' Val spoke in a low, awestruck whisper. 'Something must have frightened them; and there were children—do you see the little plates, Roger, with "Annette" on one, and "Pierre" on the other? I wonder whether they were with those people we passed on the road?'

Roger shivered. There was something uncanny about this silent, empty house, and the danger which had driven its inhabitants away seemed very near at hand. But it would not do to be nervous, so he took the electric torch from his pocket and turned it this way and that, making the dim interior of the room flash into sudden brightness.

'See if you can find any matches, Val,' he said, 'and then we'll light a fire and get some supper. It will be pitch dark directly, and we certainly can't go any further to-night.'

Val eyed the bread and butter and cheese on the

table hungrily. 'Will it be stealing if we eat these things? I'm simply starving,' she said. 'And they won't keep, at least the milk won't, and the bread will be pretty stale by the time the poor people come home.'

'Of course we can take whatever we want,' Roger answered, 'and we'll leave money to pay. Here's a box of matches, so that's all right, and a candle. I wonder where they kept the firewood?'

The cottage was a tiny place, just two rooms, a bedroom and the kitchen, and a dark garret overhead; but everything seemed to be scrupulously clean, and there was more bread, eggs, and a piece of cold bacon in a cupboard. Roger and Val had a splendid supper, and then they heated a great pan of water over the fire, so as to be able to wash away the dust and grime of their long day's journey. Finally, Roger made Val lie down on the bed in the inner room, and he settled himself by the fire, determined that he would keep watch in case any danger should threaten during the night.

'I'm not in the least sleepy,' he said to himself, when he had piled fresh logs on the hearth and arranged a pillow behind his head, and then he closed his eyes and knew nothing more until he felt Val's hand on his arm, and heard her voice calling him again and again. 'Roger! Roger! Wake up! There's something outside the door, and it's trying to get in!'

The boy started to his feet. It was nearly dark in the room, for the fire had died down to a few dim embers. He could just see Val's white face looking up at him from between the thick folds of a blanket which she had wrapped round her shoulders.

'Listen!' she said, and then he held his breath, and in the silence the sound of paws scratching at the door and a low whine could be heard distinctly.

'I believe it's wolves.' Val's voice quivered, and in spite of his fifteen years, Roger felt a shudder run through him from head to foot. 'There are wolves here, in the forest: Suzanne often told us about them. Oh, Roger, what shall we do?'

'It can't get in, the door's fastened.' Roger tried to speak bravely, although a long-drawn howl and renewed scratching seemed to belie his words; and then the sounds ceased suddenly, and they heard the patter of some animal's feet going round the house.

The next moment a door at the back of the kitchen, which they had hardly noticed, was pushed open, and a great beast, grey and shadowy in the dim light, sprang forward into the room.

A scream of terror broke from Val's lips, and she clung to Roger's arm with both hands. They could hear the panting breath of the animal, and see the gleam of its teeth and eyes. And then, suddenly, the half-burnt log on the fire fell to pieces and a bright tongue of flame leaped up. Everything could be seen clearly for a moment, and there in front of them was, not a wolf, but a large shaggy dog, with a short tail and a round, hairy head. He stared at the boy and girl as if bewildered, and showed his white teeth in an angry snarl.

A dog, only a dog, after all! Roger laughed as he fumbled on the table for matches and candle, and Val snatched up a piece of bread and held it out invitingly. She loved dogs, and was not in the least afraid of this one, although he looked a formidable animal enough, as he stood there in his old home, bristling and glaring at the intruders.

'Poor fellow ; dear old boy,' the little girl went on, stretching out her hand and gently stroking the matted forehead. 'Roger, he must have belonged to the people who lived here, and now he's found his way home. Yes, look, now he's found his own dinner under the table.'

Roger had lit the candle by this time, and together he and Val watched the new-comer as he first sniffed suspiciously round the room, and then, as if reassured, wagged his stumpy tail and began to eat some scraps and bones which were set ready on a tin plate. When his meal was finished and Val went back to bed, he followed her and stretched himself out on a ragged mat in a corner, where, evidently, he was accustomed to sleep.

Roger, for his part, was quite wide awake now, and having piled some more wood on the fire, he sat for a long time staring into the dancing flames, for, somehow, although the wolf adventure had come to nothing, he felt restless and troubled, as if some unknown danger were very near at hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

'I WONDER which is the north.'

It was the middle of the next day, and Roger and Val had come to a place where four paths met. They had been walking since early morning, slowly, and with many rests, for Val's foot was swollen and more painful than ever.

Roger had made up his mind before they set out, that when they met more refugees with carts or waggons, he would do his best to get some one to give the little girl a lift, but so far no refugees had been encountered. All the roads seemed to be strangely empty and deserted.

There were, however, three travellers now in their own little party instead of two, for the big rough-haired dog was following closely at their heels.

At first, when they left the cottage, he had resolutely refused to accompany them, and had stretched himself on the worn flag-stone outside the closed door as if determined to stay there and starve, if need be, until his rightful owners returned.

Val had done her best to entice him away with blandishments and offers of food ; but nothing had been of any avail, and finally she had given up her efforts in despair, and had left him looking very sulky and forlorn, with a plate of bread at his side, and his bright fierce eyes peering through the mat of shaggy hair that fell over his forehead.

'You'd better leave him alone. He won't come, it's not a bit of good.' Roger had said at last, shouldering his knapsack, and Val, after a last pat and whispered goodbye, had followed her brother regretfully out of the little garden and down the lane. The surprise of the boy and girl may be imagined therefore when, about ten minutes later, they heard pattering steps, and looking back caught sight of a shambling figure lumbering along in their rear. Since then the dog had never left them for a moment, and Val had christened him Bob, because, as she said, he didn't look as if he could have any other name.

Bob had proved very useful during the day, for he was big and strong, and made no objection when Roger fastened the knapsack, which contained a good supply of food brought from the cottage, round his neck.

(Continued on page 318.)

WHAT HE COULDN'T LEARN.

HAVE you heard how Teddy Wing,
Whilst perch'd upon his garden swing,
Spent all the summer studying?

Even astride his rocking-horse,
Young Teddy rocked through a whole course
Of 'Lessons on Electric Force.'

Astronomy was Ted's delight,
And anchored to his home-made kite
He'd photograph the planets bright.

Besides all this, the little fellow
Would black his face, and stamp and bellow
Quite through the long part of 'Othello.'

Yet one thing grieved his parents sore,
That, though so full of bookish lore,
Ted could *not* learn to shut a door.

G. BAIRD.

M E H D U M - K U L Y.

(Concluded from page 302.)

SLOWLY and sadly Mehdum-Kuly returned on foot to the Tuka camp. He had vowed either to prove his valour or to surrender himself to the stroke of the sharp sword. He had no proof of his bravery, nothing whatever to show, and he felt sure that his people would not believe his story.

He reached the camp at sunset. All fell out as he had anticipated. His friends, the minstrels, the tender-hearted maidens of his tribe, and even some of the rude warriors, wept much. They could not help admiring one who so nobly kept his word at the cost of his life. But a vow was a vow, and they dared not plead for him. He must die on the morrow.

* * * * *

The sharp sword gleamed in the sunshine. The Tuka Chief lay bound in the midst of his people. The man who was to deal the stroke came forward.

'Stay !' cried a voice in the distance. All eyes, hitherto fixed on the victim, turned now in the direction of the sound. A horseman was galloping towards the camp.

This was Adyn, who, as in honour bound, had brought the ransom which his captor had not demanded.

Arrived at the Tuka camp, Adyn leapt from the horse he was riding (no other than Argamack), and ran quickly to Mehdum-Kuly, cut his bonds, and wept over him.

Then Adyn explained matters. He told how the young Chief had vanquished him in fair fight ; how he, Adyn, the bound captive, had rescued the other from the flood, and how thus the former foes became friends.

'And did I,' continued Adyn, 'snatch Mehdum-Kuly from one death only that he might suffer a more shameful one ? I am his brother and his slave. And see ! I bring him a large ransom.'

The sight of the gold convinced those rough warriors of the truth of Adyn's story as perhaps nothing else could have convinced them, and they gave vent to their feelings in a great shout of joy. They knew now that

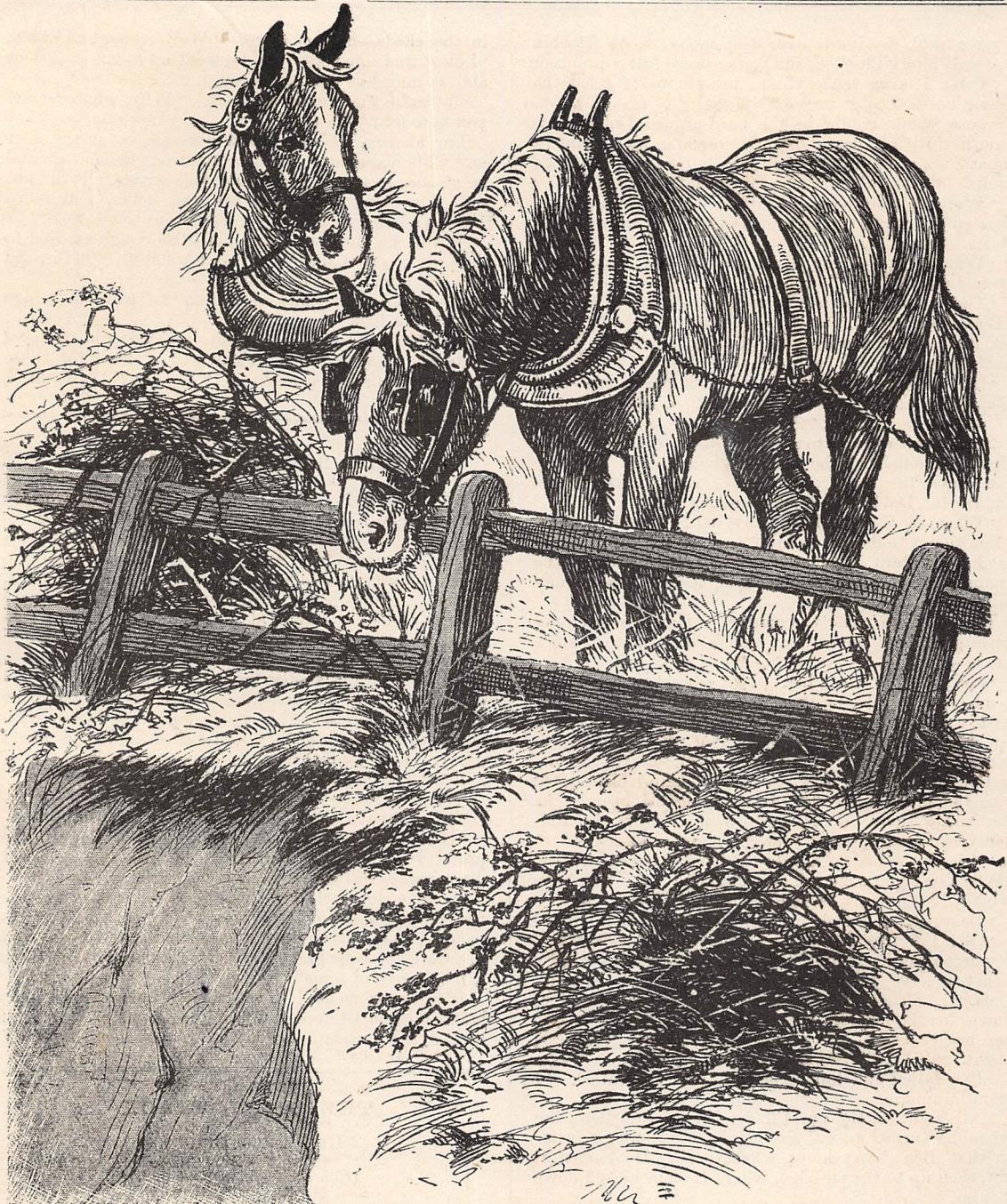


"He ran quickly to Mehdum-Kuly, and cut his bonds."

they had a truly brave man for their leader. They realised, too, if somewhat dimly, that in keeping his word and returning to be slain, he had shown a courage superior to their own.

From that day forward the young Chief had no further trouble with his wild warriors.

Mehdum-Kuly and Adyn remained brothers and fast friends until the end of their lives. E. D.



"Dobbin looked down into the pit."

OLD DOBBIN.

A True Story.

"YOU know, Dobbin," said the young horse, "you aren't a bit ambitious."

"No; why should I be?" asked Dobbin, contentedly munching his breakfast.

"Well," the young horse tossed his head and beat a tattoo against the stable-door with his heels, "any horse with any spirit would be. Look at me!"

Dobbin obediently turned his head and looked at him. And he was well worth looking at—a sleek-coated, long-maned horse, with enough spirit, as his

master said, to jump over the moon. As Dobbin watched him mild-eyed, the young horse fairly pranced.

'Can't I even rouse you to imitate me?' cried the young horse.

'Now what would be the use,' argued Dobbin, his mouth full of hay, 'of my prancing about like a lunatic when I'm in a plough or a horse-hoe? Don't be foolish.'

'Well, I think you ought to be superannuated,' snorted the young horse, and Dobbin rocked with the shock of the long word.

'Whatever —' he began, when the stable door opened and in came the master.

'That young horse had better go out to-day,' he said. 'Better harness him up with old Dobbin to steady him a bit. Think you can manage the two, Ben?' he added to the boy. 'I can't spare a man to-day.'

'Oh! I'll manage if I have old Dobbin, sir,' answered Ben. 'He and I gets on all right. Come up, then! Who-a-a!'

So the two were harnessed up together, and off they went to the field by the chalk-pit, where they went up and down the long furrows; the young horse restive and fretful, Dobbin plodding on placidly.

'What is the good of worrying?' urged Dobbin. 'You've got to do it, you know.'

'I don't want to! I don't want to!' snorted the young horse; but, as Dobbin said, it didn't make any difference—he had to.

Presently up came the master. 'Have you seen my little girl, Ben?' he called. 'She's been missing since the morning.'

'No, sir, I ain't seen her.' Ben paused to scratch his head thoughtfully, and the master went away again with a worried face. 'Get up, Dobbin—get up, young 'un!' cried Ben, and up and down they went again nearer and nearer to the great chalk-pit, in the middle of the field. When they got near, Dobbin looked down into the pit; he knew there were big blackberries on the bushes there. What he saw made him stop suddenly, with ears pricked forward.

'What's the matter?' said the young horse, crossly. 'Why don't you come on and get done with this silly job?'

'Be quiet,' said Dobbin. 'What's that in the pit?'

'Oh! I'm frightened!' cried the young horse, and began to prance about, till Ben came round with a 'Shet up, ye foolish thing! What yer looking at, Dobbin?' Then he, too, looked and went scrambling down, for the master's little girl lay on the grass below, her basket beside her and the blackberries scattered about.

'I've falled and hurted myself, boy,' she called. 'I want Mummie.'

'All right, little 'un, I'll fetch her,' said Ben; but when he turned to go, she cried out, 'Don't go away,' so that Ben didn't know what to do. He looked at her, then up to the pit-edge, where Dobbin looked down at him.

'I'll fetch help,' he said; and Ben, who knew him well, understood.

'Get on with it then, old chap,' he said, and unfastened the harness.

Away went Dobbin down the field, trotting quite fast for him, down the long road and into the farm-yard. There was no one about. What should he do? He went to his stable door, that was shut; he looked

in the sheds—no one there. 'Well,' thought Dobbin, 'I must find some one.' So he went up to the back door and whinnied as loud as he could.

Out came the cook in a fluster. 'Why, whatever are you here for?' she cried.

For answer, Dobbin poked his nose in at the door and whinnied again. That brought out the master, and he at once saw that something was wrong. It did not take him long to mount his own horse, and, with Dobbin's halter in his hand, off he went to the field.

Wasn't he pleased to find his little daughter, and to discover too that she was hardly hurt at all. 'How did you find her?' he asked Ben.

'Dobbin saw her,' answered Ben, 'an' wouldn't budge till I had a look.'

'Dobbin!' cried his master. 'Good old fellow! Quiet he may be, but he's worth a dozen of those prancing, snorting youngsters!' **MAY HEWARD.**

THE SCRAP OF PAPER.

GEORGE HERBERT says that 'All worldly joys go less to the one joy of doing kindnesses.'

It is the *doing* that is the joy. *True* kindness looks for no other reward. And often, when we would like to show our gratitude to one who has done us a kindness, it is not in our power to do so. But occasionally we hear or read of a tiny seed of kindness yielding a rich harvest to the sower.

One day, in the now distant times when people travelled by coach, a soldier called at the shop of a hairdresser who was busy with his customers and asked for help. The man said that he had not the money with which to pay his coach-fare, and that unless he could get it immediately, he should overstay his leave of absence, and in consequence be severely punished.

The hairdresser believed his story, was very sympathetic, and gave him a guinea.

'How can I ever repay you, sir?' exclaimed the grateful soldier. He took from his pocket a scrap of dirty paper, on which was some writing. 'I have nothing in the world but this,' he said. 'It is a recipe for making blacking—the best blacking that ever was seen. I have sold many bottles of it to the officers, and in return for your great kindness I earnestly hope that it may prove of some use to you.'

It was of some use! That grimy bit of paper brought half a million of money to the lucky hairdresser, and became the foundation of a very famous business.

THE STEEL TRACK.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

(Concluded from page 298.)

WHERE in thunder have you come from?' the engineer asked.

'We got on board as you crossed the switches,' Jake answered breathlessly.

'Then you'd get off right now if this was a common freight train,' said the engineer. 'But nothing stops the Express while she has water in the tank. Why did you want to get on board, anyway?'

When Jake told him, he knitted his brows. 'Well, as you're not railroaders, I allow you have some sand.* Didn't want the old folks to be anxious? That's a pretty good reason. But how'd you know the best place for you to get up?'

He looked at the fireman, who began to break some coal.

And Jake replied: 'We knew we had to find a place where we wouldn't be seen. It was plain that you wouldn't let her go until you'd run over the switches, and they'd given you *clear track*.'

The engineer nodded, although he did not look quite satisfied. 'As I ain't put you off, you have got to stop; but I see no reason you shouldn't be useful. Suppose you take the hammer and smash those big lumps of coal.'

They set to work, while the floor shook and heaved under their feet. It was nearly impossible to stand still, and both were glad when the coal was broken, and they could sit down out of the way and look about. Except for the lamp beside the steam and water gauges, the cab was nearly dark, until the fireman pulled up the lever that opened the furnace door. Then there was a roar, and the draught licked up the dust and small bits of coal. Red flame licked about the hole, and Dawson blinked as he looked down into a dazzling sea of fire.

The door slammed back, and the engineer's dark form was outlined against the faint reflection of the lamp. He had his hand on the throttle, and his eyes were fixed on the rattling glass in front. Dawson thought this was from force of habit, because it seemed impossible to see anything but the misty beam of the head-light quivering in the snow.

Then he noted a change in the rhythmic snorting and roll of wheels. The beats were quicker, and there were no more separate notes; the throb and clang of the two great locomotives had swelled into a deep, pulsating roar. They had reached the summit of the short incline and were running furiously down-hill.

In a sense, it did not matter much if the engineer could see or not. It was somebody else's business to keep the line clear, and his to bring the cars to Vancouver wharf on time. He must take the risks this implied, and Dawson knew there were risks that engineers in England did not run. Frost-split rocks rolled down the hillsides and smashed the rails; the angry river the track followed sometimes washed out its bank, snow-sheds caved in, and now and then an avalanche swept away the track. The train-hands faced these dangers in blinding snow and driving rain, and Dawson felt a thrill as he watched the engineer who stood, highly-strung but quietly vigilant, grasping the throttle. He was doing a man's work, and one felt proud that men had made the huge machine that hurled the bangin' cars down the mountain-side through the snow-laden gale.

By-and-by the roar suddenly swelled into a deafening noise. The cab was filled with choking fumes, and the snow no longer beat upon the glass. There was an intense vibration, and Dawson could not keep still; his feet slipped and he shuffled about the floor.

'She's running through the big snow-shed,' Tom, the fireman, remarked. 'Watch out while I feed her this lump of coal.'

The furnace door swung open, and a long yellow flame

flickered across the cab as he flung in the heavy block. Then there was a clang, the cab got dark again, and the air was thick with smoke. The track was roofed over with massive beams that followed the slant of the hill-side, so that the avalanches, which brought down rocks and broken trees, could roll across without rubbing out the line. The noise the train made in the wooden tunnel was tremendous, but it presently sank and the air cleared. They were in the open again, and going, Dawson thought, faster still.

After a few minutes, the engineer looked at his watch and signed to the fireman. 'We're near the loop; hope they've got the up freight side-tracked. Tell our partner to watch out.'

A short blast of the whistle pierced the din, and when it was answered by the engine behind, Dawson got on a locker with his face close to the glass. There was a station not far ahead, where the other train ought to have been run into a siding, if she had kept her time. At first he could see nothing but whirling snow, but presently a faint twinkle appeared down the line. The two whistles shrieked and confused echoes rolled among the rocks. Dawson knew the spot—the track wound steeply down the gorge, and he thought no breaks could pull up the heavy train; besides, the orders were that nothing was to stop the Express freight.

The twinkle grew into a dazzling blaze; he saw a low building with a tall tank behind it, and then men with lanterns in the snow. He could not see the other train because it was behind the light, but he felt a keen relief when one of the lanterns moved up and down. Next moment, the man who held it vanished, the dazzling beam went out, and with a deafening clamour they plunged into the dark. Dawson imagined the row of cars a few yards away was throwing back the roll of wheels, because the noise broke off suddenly and the steady, pulsating throb began again. They had passed the station and were racing on down the gorge.

After this, nothing particular happened, and some time later the engineer looked at his watch and then turned to the boys. 'We shall pull up in about ten minutes, and you had better get down on the off side, and keep that side until you're clear of the agent's shack. You don't want him to see you leave the train.'

'Certainly not,' Jake agreed. 'Well, we have got to thank you and Tom for bringing us down, and we have some pretty good winter apples at the ranch, besides some prunes that they can't beat in California. If you would like a bag—'

'Shucks!' said the engineer. 'I didn't bring you down—you want to remember that you stole this ride. Tom and I don't take fruit for breaking the Company's rules.' Then he smiled and added: 'Anyhow, if you do bring those prunes and apples, leave the bag with the tank-man, not the station-agent.'

The whistles screamed, the speed slackened, and two bells began to toll. Lights twinkled, a low building came out of the snow, and when the engines stopped the boys jumped down on the opposite side from the water-tank. Nobody saw them leave the track at the other end of the long train, and a few minutes later they came to a narrow opening in the forest.

'It's snowing pretty fierce, but if we feel for the waggon-ruts, we can't get off the road,' Jake remarked. 'After all, I reckon we have had a bully day up the track.'



“The furnace door swung open, and he flung in the heavy block.”



"His master came to him and gripped him by the collar."

LITTLE PIERRE.

From the French.

PIERRE was twelve years old. He was an orphan who had lost his parents when he was very young, so that he could not remember them. At the farm where he was employed he saw Maître François and his wife 'spoiling' their son, a sly, untruthful, good-for-nothing fellow, while for him—poor little Pierre—they had not so much as a kind word. He had to rise very early in the morning, and to work hard all day long. He had scarcely anything to eat. His bed was a truss of straw. Many a night he lay awake and cried. Then Médor, the farm-dog, would come and lie down beside him, and the boy would hug the kind animal. They were companions in misfortune. Neither had a happy life, but they loved and comforted one another.

One evening, when Pierre came in from the fields, he heard the sound of excited voices—those of the farmer and his son—within the house. As soon as he appeared at the door, his master came to him and gripped him by the collar.

'What have you done with the money you stole?' demanded Maître François, harshly.

'I?' exclaimed Pierre indignantly; 'I am not a thief! I have taken nothing of yours.'

'You have taken a new gold piece, you young scoundrel!' blustered the farmer. 'What have you done with it?'

'Indeed,' protested Pierre, 'I have taken nothing!'

The farmer, pale with rage, shook the child roughly.

'My son saw you do it,' he said.

'Yes, I saw him,' muttered the farmer's son.

'Oh!' cried Pierre, turning towards the other boy, 'how can you say such a thing? You know very well that it is untrue!'

'So you deny it, do you?' said the farmer. 'You dare to call my son a liar? Be off with you! Go wherever you like. You shall not live here any longer. Be off at once, and never show your face at this farm again!'

Pierre was glad enough to be released from the man's savage grip. He ran away as fast as possible. He knew who the real thief was—the farmer's wicked son. He had taken the money, and when the theft was discovered had accused the innocent little farm-boy. But Pierre knew that it would be of no use to tell the farmer this—he would never believe it.

Pierre ran into the wood. At first he felt glad to get away from the cruel people at the farm. But as darkness came on he felt very lonely and wretched. Of course he was hungry, and, although it was summer-time, the night was rather chilly.

Pierre sat down on the ground, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed. Perhaps, he thought, he was going to die of starvation. Well, then, at any rate, he would suffer no more. And he might find his mother and father in heaven, and they would love him. Nobody had ever loved him except Médor.

At that very instant, Pierre felt a damp warm touch on his hand—it was the affectionate touch of Médor's tongue! The faithful creature had followed his friend.

Pierre felt better at once.

'Oh, Médor! Médor!' he cried, 'you love me! Thank you for coming! Oh, dear, *dear* Médor!'

He flung his arm over the dog. They cuddled up close together, and kept each other warm. By-and-by, both fell asleep.

(Concluded on page 327.)

A YEAR IN A GARDEN.

VIII.—AUGUST.

IT was the first day of the summer holidays, and to the children the lure of the garden was strong. They were sitting on an old bench, watching the dragon-flies that haunted the garden. One, a gorgeous creature in yellow and speckled white and brown, settled for a few moments on the rose trellis, slowly swinging its long body to and fro in the light breeze while they examined it.

A queer, small, singing noise caught Babe's quick ear. Instantly she stooped down in the direction from where she fancied it came; there were several freshly-bored holes in the back of the bench, and from one of these it seemed to her that the singing noise came. As they looked, a small, thin, solitary wasp emerged from the hole, and then they noticed, at the entrance, slightly to one side, the huddled-up body of a spider. The wasp was laying eggs in the tunnel she had made, and had placed the spider, stung but not yet quite dead, for food for the young larvae as they came out of the eggs. The bench was so old that the piece of wood was easily broken off; this the children placed in a box, covering the whole with a piece of glass, so that they would be able to watch the wasp's operations more safely. They removed the piece of rotten wood very gently, but the wasp buzzed out again as soon as they had got the glass on the box. She was very angry to find the glass that imprisoned her; she flew around, searching for a way out, and when she had found one she flew away and never came back. Presently the spider began to move its legs feebly. Billy took him out of his cramped position and laid him on a flat corner of the box, and two hours later he had so far recovered that he was able to crawl away.

A summer storm of wind and rain the next day drove a dragon-fly into the tool-shed for shelter. When the children found it the beautiful colours were faded, the exquisite wings were outstretched but still, and the insect was dead. Billy made a little box with a glass lid for it, and said it should be the beginning of a natural history museum.

To the caterpillars' houses they added a spiders' house this month. The nest Billy found in the hedge; he found two, and opened one to show Babe the little yellow silken cradle and the tiny yellow eggs; the other nest they placed at the bottom of the box and fastened gauze over the top. Babe was not much interested in this latest addition to their collection of garden families, for the outer case was a rather disagreeable-looking bundle of small dead flies spun up into a strong web.

THE STORY OF SOME ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

V.—ORDERS OF MERIT.

(Concluded from page 300.)

ANOTHER Order that we owe to Queen Victoria is

THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.

Her Majesty felt that the then existing means of rewarding the distinguished services of naval and military officers who had been honourably mentioned in dispatches were very limited, and so for such acts as might

yet not be quite deserving of the V.C. she instituted and created, in 1886, this new Order of distinction. It is given only to Naval and Military officers—to quote the Royal Warrant instituting it—‘for individual instances of meritorious or distinguished service in war,’ the same Warrant further declaring that only those shall be eligible who have been ‘mentioned in dispatches for meritorious or distinguished services in the field or before the enemy.’ But although resembling the V.C. in many particulars, it is in no sense a sort of second class to it. The two Orders are similar in that they are both shared by Navy as well as Army, and both also are generally referred to by their initials, these being placed after the name of the recipient.

Like the V.C., too, the decoration of the D.S.O. takes the form of a Maltese cross. It is of gold and enamelled white, having on one side, upon a crimson centre, a golden imperial crown surrounded by a wreath of laurel, and on the other the royal cypher V.R.I. also on red, and equally surrounded by a laurel wreath. The decoration is worn hanging by a blue-edged red ribbon on the left breast.

The instances are numberless of gallant deeds which have earned the D.S.O.; but there is one man who is neither sailor nor soldier who perhaps it may surprise you to learn should have gained such a decoration—this is one of the many chaplains who have shown themselves to be real soldiers. The Rev. Percy Guinness, having heard that men were wounded and left behind in a cave, insisted on going alone to comfort and help them, by first binding up their wounds and then praying with them. Nor did this gallant man breathe one word of how, in order to reach them, he had ridden under such heavy shell fire that the very road over which he had to pass was actually ploughed up by the shells!

The companion medal, as one may call it, of the D.S.O., is the D.C.M., or

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL,

awarded for ‘distinguished conduct in the field.’ It was instituted in 1862, in place of that formerly known as ‘for meritorious service,’ which had been issued as the reward for ‘gallant conduct’ in the Crimean War. It then carried with it, according to the rank of the recipient, a money gratuity; but in its later form it was decided that the medal be given to non-commissioned officers and men without the gratuity. In 1881 a Royal Warrant provided that for any further act of gallantry a bar might be added to the medal; so you see, like the V.C., a double award can be earned.

The medal bears on one side the royal arms of the United Kingdom, being further decorated with cannon, arms, cannon-balls, and helmets; while on the reverse side is written, ‘For distinguished conduct in the field.’ It is worn on a crimson ribbon with a blue stripe down the centre.

This decoration has been as freely earned in the Great War as its counterpart, the D.S.O., and among those who have gained it are many members of Dominions Forces. It is a grand list, and is not entirely composed by any means of men who have always been brought up as soldiers, as will be seen from the only two instances we can spare space to mention. One of these was a man in the service of the Kensington Borough Council, who worked as a street-sweeper. He volunteered shortly after the War broke out, and has not only been twice mentioned in dispatches, but has been awarded

two medals, one being the D.C.M. The other case is that of a London Post Office hero who, up to that time, was the first Central Telegraph Office man to win the D.C.M.—and this is how Private Hastings gained the distinction. There was a small arch over which the enemy intended to force their way; our men were scarce, and enough could not be spared to hold it; so the Colonel sent for Hastings, whom he knew to be a ‘crack shot,’ and asked if he would volunteer to hold that bridge with the help of one other man.

‘I will do my best, sir,’ replied Hastings, modestly.

‘You will do the shooting,’ continued the Colonel, ‘and your companion can report to me every few minutes.’

The regiment then moved off, leaving the two young men alone. They proceeded to dig a shallow trench, and after putting up some barbed wire at the end of the bridge, lay down to await events.

With straining eyes and ears they gazed into the darkness and listened for every sound, trembling meanwhile with excitement and cold. At last the enemy came, and Hastings proved to them that he was indeed a ‘crack shot,’ for when at dawn they retired with their wounded, they left, as we are graphically told, ‘twenty-three silent witnesses of the courageous tenacity of a London telegraphist.’ When King George visited France later, he personally decorated, among many officers and men, Private Hastings, pinning on his breast the D.C.M.

There are men too—a good many of them—who have won the double D.C.M., which, as we have already said, takes the form of a clasp attached to the medal. Those who have actually earned this honour twice over during the Great War, have won it sometimes for conspicuous gallantry only, sometimes for having proved full of resource in a difficult position as well as being brave.

The corresponding medal of the sister service is a new one, created soon after the outbreak of the Great War:

THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL

is its name, and it was instituted by the King in October, 1914, for reward to chief petty officers, petty officers, men and boys of all branches of the Royal Navy, for non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Marines, and to all other persons holding corresponding positions in His Majesty’s Service afloat for ‘distinguished conduct in war.’

The ribbon consists of three stripes of equal width, the outside ones being blue and the centre, red.

Yet another naval medal is an old friend under a new name. It is now called

THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS,

but was formerly known as the ‘Conspicuous Service Cross,’ founded in 1901 by King Edward to reward ‘Distinguished service before the enemy.’ Its grant is conferred on all men below the rank of Lieutenant-Commander who are ineligible for other existing Orders. Under its new name it has already rewarded some very gallant deeds; we find, for instance, that it has on many occasions been given in recognition of bravery and devotion to duty in mine-sweeping and mine-laying operations. The decoration itself consists of a silver cross, one side of which is plain, while in the centre of the other is the Imperial and Royal cypher E.R.I. surmounted by an imperial crown.

The ribbon has three stripes of equal width—blue in the centre and white on either side.

In addition to these is the

CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY MEDAL,

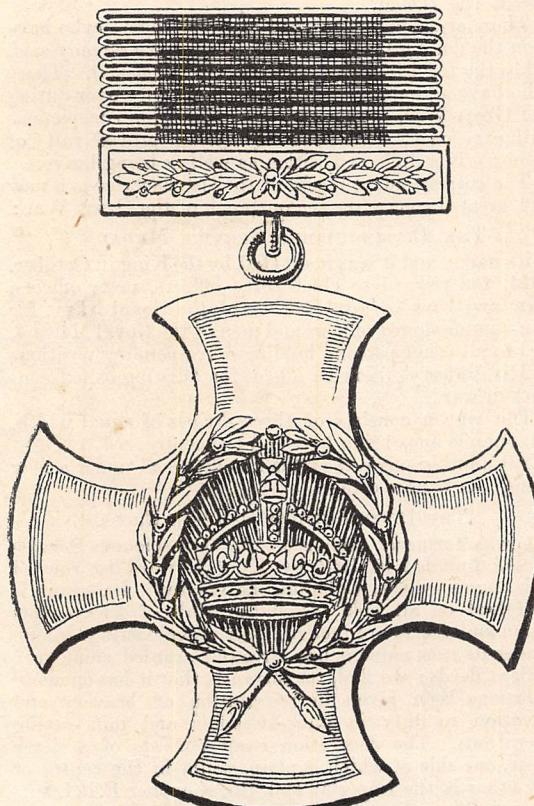
which we often notice being awarded. This is also a naval decoration, and was instituted in 1874 by Queen Victoria for the 'reward of such petty officers, seamen, and marines as might at any time and in any place distinguish themselves by acts of bravery in action with the enemy.' The medal is round and of silver, bearing on one side the diademed head of Queen Victoria and the inscription 'Victoria Regina,' while on the other is a wreath of laurel encircling the words 'For Conspicuous Gallantry,' the whole being surmounted by a crown.

We now turn to quite a different kind of Order—a newer one, but at the same time one of the most highly prized—this is

THE ORDER OF MERIT,

which is partly military, partly naval, and partly civil. It was instituted by King Edward VII. in June, 1902, for the decoration of such British subjects as 'may have rendered exceptionally meritorious service in our Navy and our Army, or who may have rendered exceptionally meritorious service towards the advancement of Art, Literature, and Science.'

This Order carries neither title nor precedence, but its members are privileged to place the two letters O.M.



The Badge of the Distinguished Service Order.



The Badge of the Order of Merit.

after their name. The membership is limited to twenty-four, a number it has never yet reached.

The Badge of the Order is a red and blue enamelled cross of eight points, with the words 'For Merit' inscribed on a blue centre surrounded by a laurel wreath. The reverse side bears the royal imperial cypher in gold, the whole being surmounted by an imperial crown. It is worn on a Garter blue and crimson ribbon.

Earl Roberts was one of the first to receive the honour, it being conferred on him in August, 1902. Another distinguished and early member was the 'Lady of the Lamp'—the late Miss Florence Nightingale—to whom the Order was presented by King Edward VII. in 1907, and then for the first time conferred upon a woman.

We find other familiar names such as Field-Marshal Lord French, Lord Fisher, Sir William Crookes, Sir Edward Elgar, and one of the most recent recipients of the honour, the late Henry James, the well-known American novelist, who, in 1915, became a naturalised British subject, partly because of his long residence in England, and partly on account of his love and sympathy for her 'decent and dauntless people,' which made him desire to throw in his lot with her in this time of trouble, and to become a liege subject of his Majesty King George.

CONSTANCE M. FOOT.



“He was on the very edge of a deep ravine.”

SAVED BY HIS HORSE.

NOT long ago, one of the newspapers quoted a letter home from a soldier on the Salonika Front, relating a wonderful instance of sagacity on the part of a horse. The soldier, an artillery-man, was sent out one dark and rainy night on mounted patrol. He got lost in the mountains, and came to a deep ravine, but did not know it until his horse snorted and came to a sudden halt. He coaxed her on and tried to advance, but she would go no further. He flashed his electric torch on the ground in front of him to see what was the obstacle which the mare refused to pass, and found he was on the very edge of a deep ravine, with a sheer drop of three hundred feet or more. The sensible horse had saved his life.

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 307.)

THE boy had determined that morning that they would travel due south, on the chance of catching up with the Bernards once more, but this proved to be much more easily said than done. The sun, which he had hoped would be a guide, always seemed to be directly overhead, his map was packed in a bundle that was far away on the donkey-cart, and there seemed to be no sign-posts or mile-stones to give an idea of direction or distance.

Now, at the cross-roads, he felt at his wits' end, and looked this way and that with a frown of anxiety.

Val, who had seated herself on a grassy bank, eyed her brother's troubled face with amusement. 'I believe we ought to be able to tell by the moss on the trees,' she volunteered. 'There's moss on the north side, and not on the south—or else it's the other way about. I can't remember, but anyway, even if we did know, it wouldn't be much use here, for these trees seem to have moss all round.'

She leaned back, gazing up at the green towering trunks with a laugh; but Roger did not join in her merriment, for somehow the silence and loneliness of the country through which they were passing made him feel vaguely restless and uneasy. He wished heartily that he and Val had not parted from the Bernards, and for the sake of human companionship would gladly have welcomed even the dusty, miserable fugitives of yesterday. 'We'd better get on now, Val, if you're rested,' he said, and then the little girl struggled to her feet, and clinging to her brother's arm, began to limp along the sandy track which they had chosen. Before long it led them to the heathery summit of a small hill. Val sat down again with Bob at her side, and Roger stood on the highest point, looking round eagerly with one hand shading his eyes against the dazzling rays of the mid-day sun.

Below there was a valley with a broad white high road running through it, and this sloped to a hamlet that was situated about half a mile away among some trees. It was only quite a small place, not big enough to be called a village, but a pointed church spire could be seen and a cluster of cottages with whitewashed

walls and red-tiled roofs. Roger's face brightened as he gazed downward, for at least there would be some one to tell them the best way to go, and it might be possible to hire some sort of a cart, so that poor, lame little Val would not have to walk any further. 'Look, Val, we must get down there,' he said. 'And I know which is North now. Can't you see the weather-cock on the church spire?'

'No, I can't see it.' Val stared with narrowed eyes at the distant building, and then, dazzled with the sun-glare, turned her head in the opposite direction. Suddenly she caught her brother's arm, and leaned forward eagerly. 'Look, Roger, look, look!' she cried. 'Soldiers! There, coming along the road! Oh, do let's get down the hill and see them pass.'

It was not very far to the road, especially as they took a short cut across a field and through a little copse, and they reached the highway just as the first of the marching men, in a white swirl of dust, tramped past. Roger seized Bob's collar, and the three stood knee-deep in the thickly powdered grass and bracken, watching as regiment after regiment, and battery after battery, filed by.

To Val it was all only a brave, wonderful show, these lines of sun-burnt men, with their red trousers, blue coats, and gleaming bayonets; but Roger, who was three years older, and whose keen eyes had been able to see the weather-cock on the church spire, realised, with a pang of dismay at his heart, what it all meant.

For the soldiers were marching towards the south, not towards the north; they were retreating, not advancing, retiring before the enemy instead of going forward to victory.

Even if the direction taken by the troops had not told him the truth, the boy would have known that something was wrong, for the haggard faces and dejected aspect of the men spoke of disaster—of something more than the necessary fatigue and hardship of a campaign. Even the horses seemed to hang their heads hopelessly, and there were no garlands or green branches now to decorate the grim cannons as they rattled past. On some of the gun-carriages wounded soldiers were sitting, with stained bandages round their heads or limbs, and many of the guns themselves showed the marks of bullets.

It was an army in retreat—perhaps one of the most terrible sights that it is possible to witness. Roger felt a lump rising in his throat as he watched the long lines of broken, exhausted men, and tears welled up into Val's blue eyes, although as yet she did not know what it all meant.

Not far from where the boy and girl were standing, the road turned sharply, bringing the village into full view, and as they approached it the soldiers seemed to rouse themselves in a measure from their stupefied weariness. A command was given, the pace quickened, their backs straightened, and then away in front some one began to sing :

'Allons, enfants de la patrie;
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.'

The words of the *Marseillaise* rang out loud and clear on the sultry, dust-laden air, and the tune seemed to run backward through the ranks as one hoarse voice after another took up the strain.

Roger recognised the song with a thrill of excite-

ment, and turned quickly to his sister. 'What is it? What does it mean?' he cried. 'That thing they are singing. I've heard it before. Tell me what it is in English.'

'I don't know all of it, only bits,' Val replied, 'but the beginning is something about 'The Day of Glory has come.' Listen! they are singing that now again, 'Le jour de gloire est arrivé.'

When the soldiers had all passed by, and the choking clouds of dust had settled again, Roger and Val set off once more; but when they reached the hamlet they found to their amazement that it was deserted. The troops had marched straight through, and now the short cobble street was empty, no sound of voices was to be heard, and every door and window was barred and shuttered.

A strange melancholy seemed to brood over everything, and instinctively the boy and girl lowered their voices, and stepped softly as they made their way between the lifeless, silent houses, and past the closed inn, where dust lay thick on the green bush above the bolted door.

The church stood a little apart, and near it was a trim, whitewashed cottage, where perhaps the village priest still remained at his post; but for the rest it was clear that the people had fled away southward, to escape from an enemy who might even now be near at hand.

Roger had known, ever since Jules arrived at St. Denis with his bad news, that the Germans were invading France; but he had known too that the French armies were still fighting, and acting as a barricade between the fugitives and the foe. Now that barricade had been withdrawn, and he felt, as he and Val stood in the desolate, abandoned village, that they were left behind and alone in an empty and hostile world.

The Germans might be close at hand, following on the heels of the retreating French, or they might still be far away. He had no means of telling what had happened, but again and again he found himself glancing hurriedly over his shoulder towards that north at which the golden arrow-head of the weather-cock on the church spire still pointed.

One time, looking back, he saw—or thought that he saw—the figure of a horseman standing on the summit of the hill from which he and Val had seen the approaching troops. It was a horseman with a strangely shaped helmet on his head, and a long spear that pricked up, dark and slender, against the sky. The boy rubbed his eyes so as to be able to see more clearly, but the vision had vanished when he looked again, and Val, who had turned swiftly at his exclamation of surprise, saw nothing.

'What was it, Roger?' she asked, but her brother shook his head and answered vaguely. He had thought that he saw something up on the hill, but it must have been a mistake—there was no one there really; and having left the village, they turned into a narrow, tree-shaded road, and the hill, with whatever had or had not been on it, was out of sight.

After that they walked on slowly for a little time, and then sat down beside a silvery rippling stream for a rest and lunch.

Val was very quiet during the meal, for she felt that something was wrong—terribly wrong, although she did not understand what it could be. At last she turned to Roger with an anxious face, and an eager question on her lips: 'Look here, Roger, I want you to tell me

what it all means. Is there anything the matter? Anything that I don't know?'

The boy hesitated for a moment before he answered. 'It means—well, I'm afraid it means that the French army—or part of it—has been defeated,' he said. 'But we knew that before—Jules told us—and they've had to retreat.'

'Yes, I see.'

'But they will stop soon, and then there will be another battle. The Germans are certain to be beaten in the end—every one knows that.'

'Oh, of course they will be beaten; you should have heard what Suzanne's grandson said, Roger, but—but—I suppose the Germans will come this way. They may not be far off now.'

She glanced backward, with the swift, uneasy gesture of a fugitive, and quickened her limping steps.

'Oh, don't you worry, old girl.' Roger laughed, and tried to speak cheerfully and carelessly. 'The Germans won't hurt us if they do come. Why should they? We're not soldiers. And anyway we are sure to get to a town or something long before they catch up.'

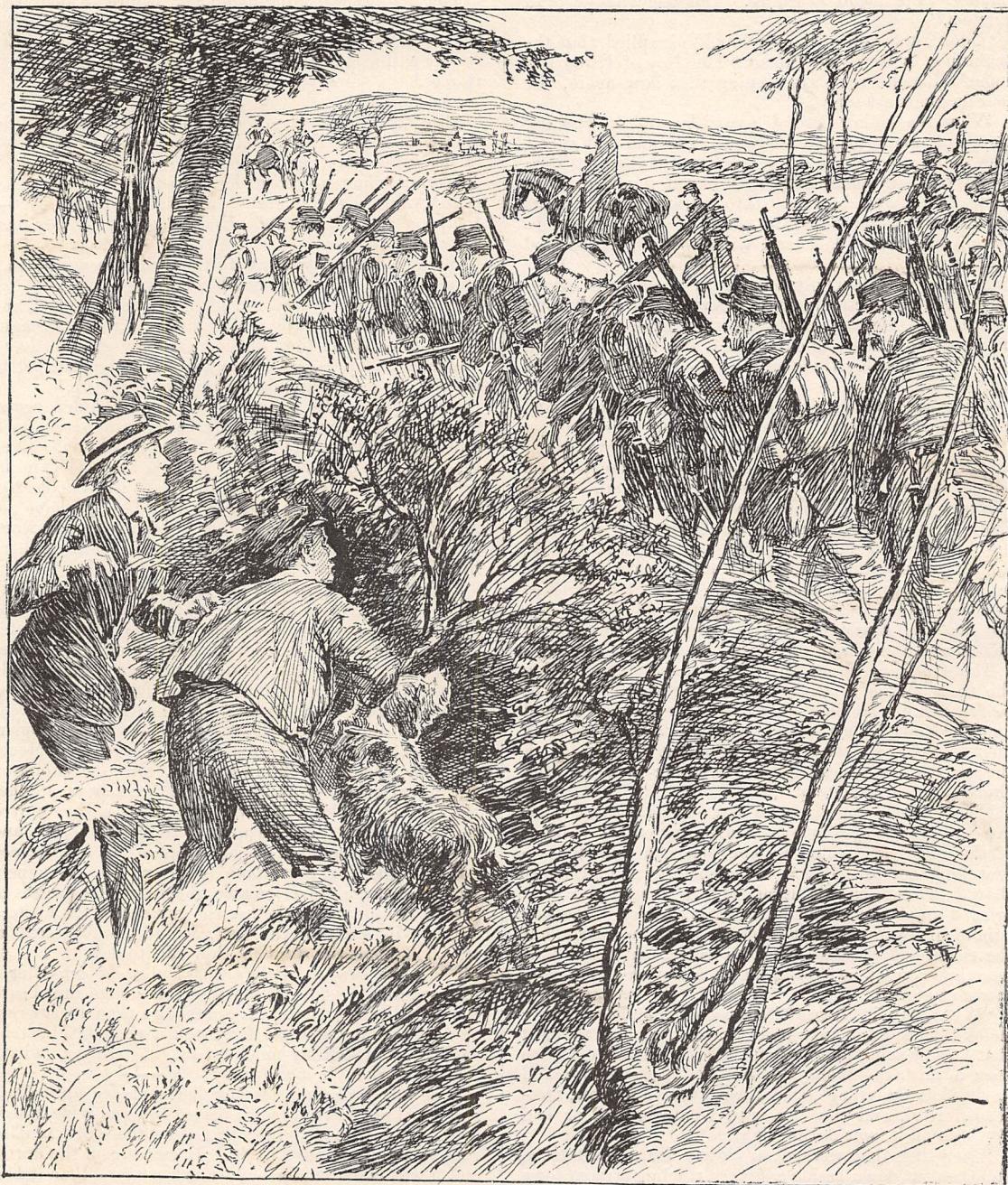
'Yes.' Val was looking over her shoulder again. 'Roger, just fancy if we should be anywhere and see a real battle. Wouldn't it be frightfully exciting. Even Father hasn't ever seen one. I asked him once, and he said "no." Perhaps it's rather lucky about my foot after all. If it hadn't been lame, we should never have got lost last night, and we should have been tramping along by the silly old donkey-cart now, instead of being here by ourselves.'

Roger did not answer, for he could not share Val's light-hearted irresponsibility. 'Take care of Val.' His father's words seemed once again to be ringing in his ears, and he would have given everything he possessed for a sight of the lumbering donkey-cart, and of old George Bernard's grim, deeply lined face. He was beginning to feel as if he and his little sister had been plodding alone through woods and along poplar-bordered roads for ever, and as if St. Denis-sur-Meuse must be thousands of miles away. As for Monkton Ashe and school—surely it must have been another Roger Mervyn altogether who once upon a time played tennis on the Rectory lawn, won the half-mile race, and worked at Latin and mathematics at his ink-stained desk in the big class-room. He wondered vaguely whether he would ever be able to take up the threads of his old life again, or whether the games and the lessons, and the interests of the past, would always seem as trivial and unimportant as they did to-day.

'Suzanne saw a battle once,' Val went on, after a long pause. 'At least, she saw the smoke and heard the noise of the shots. It was more than forty years ago, so perhaps she has forgotten a good bit, but she never would tell us much about it. Roger, what's that? Hark! Is it thunder? Or —'

The girl broke off, leaving her sentence unfinished, and stood up, listening with parted lips and wide, intent eyes. Roger nodded; for this time the dull, muffled roar was quite unmistakable. It came from the north, and it was much louder—and much nearer—than it had ever been before. He felt certain that, even if he had been hearing it now for the first time, he should have recognised the sound instantly for what it was. 'It's not thunder,' he said slowly. 'It's the guns again. Come, Val, hurry up.'

(Continued on page 322.)

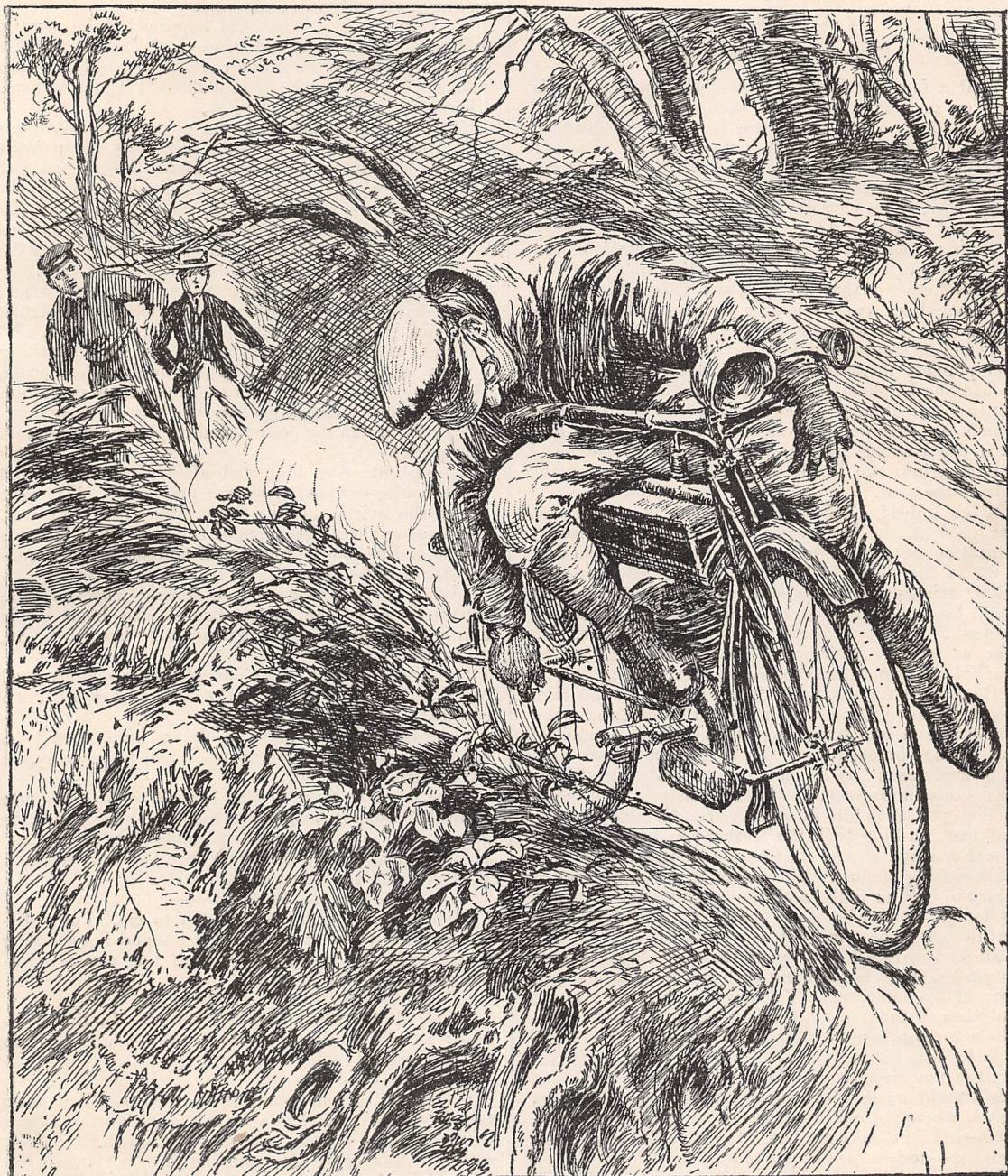


"The three stood in the bracken, watching as regiment after regiment filed by."



CHATTERBOX.

FIRE DRILL.



"The machine jerked sideways, swung over, and collapsed."

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

BY A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 319.)

FOR a few minutes the travellers trudged slowly on in silence, busy with their own thoughts, and then suddenly a new sound was heard in the distance. It was a motor of some sort coming towards them at a great pace, and they could hear distinctly the roar and throb of the engine. Roger dragged Val back against the bushes, and a motor cycle tore past them in a blinding whirl of yellow dust.

In front the narrow road stretched on, straight as a die for about five hundred yards, so that they could see the machine for that distance, and they both realised that something was the matter—seriously the matter—either with it or with its rider.

The cycle staggered wildly, swerved from side to side, and plunged forward in jerks, while the man seemed to be hanging helplessly over the handle-bars.

'Just look at him. What a queer thing! I wonder what's up. He will be over in another moment.' And then the machine jerked sideways, swung over, and collapsed into the low bushes and bracken fern at the side of the road.

'He's fallen! Roger, quick, run, run!' Val loosed her hold on the boy's arm, and without a moment's hesitation he raced down the road with the great dog, Bob, at his heels. A terrible dread filled Roger's mind, for, supposing the man were badly hurt, what could he or Val do to help him? He might even be dead! The boy's heart was beating quickly with sick fear, as well as with breathlessness, when at last he reached the spot where the accident had taken place.

He pushed forward into the undergrowth, and then found to his relief that the rider had fallen clear of the machine, and was lying face downward in a mass of soft, springy bracken fern. There did not indeed seem to be any reason why he should be seriously hurt, but he was quite unconscious. Roger managed with some difficulty to move him into a more comfortable position, and then, pushing back the leather cap, he saw tightly closed eyes and cheeks that were ashy pale beneath the thick coating of dust. There was, however, no sign of injury to head or limbs, and the boy felt quite at a loss as he knelt there among the bushes, wondering what on earth ought to be done next.

He had managed to drag off the man's heavy gauntlet gloves, and was fumbling with the fastenings at the neck of his tunic, when Val appeared upon the scene, and then, without a moment's hesitation, she took the whole management of affairs into her own surprisingly capable little hands.

'He's not dead, Roger. Look, you can see now that he's breathing; but we must get some water. That stream where we had lunch is not far away. You run back—and here, take my hat. It will hold more than your cap—and be careful not to spill any.'

Roger obeyed, glad to have something to do in this new emergency which had so suddenly arisen, and when he returned a few minutes later with the water, he found that Val had raised the man's head, and was fanning him with a broad frond of bracken. She now soaked her handkerchief, and began gently to bathe his forehead and lips. Before many moments had passed, he opened his eyes, wrenched himself up to one

elbow, and looked round with a face that was drawn and haggard with pain and anxiety.

'Where am I? What has happened?' he gasped, and, to Roger's delight and amazement, English was the language in which the words were spoken. 'Here, help me up. My motor bike! Is it there? I must get on. There's not a moment to be lost.'

With a tremendous effort he managed to raise himself from the ground, only to fall back again with a sharp exclamation, and as he moved the boy and girl saw that beneath one arm the leather coat was deeply stained with blood. This, then, was the cause of the accident. The man had been wounded, mortally perhaps, away there in the north, where the guns were thundering, and he had ridden on and on until he literally dropped from his machine with exhaustion. They stared at each other with wide, horror-struck eyes, and then turned once more to their patient, who had not lost consciousness again, but was breathing quickly, as if struggling to keep a hold on his senses, and to overcome a paroxysm of pain, which made him set his teeth and clench his hands tightly together.

'My flask. In my pocket, find it, please,' he faltered. 'Be quick!'

Roger bent over him, and after a minute's search a flat, leather-covered flask was discovered. The man drank the spirit, and its effect was almost magical. His eyes brightened, a trace of colour flushed into his cheeks, and he glanced round, as if noticing his surroundings for the first time.

'Who are you?' he asked, staring with no little bewilderment at the boyish figures who knelt beside him in their rough peasant garments. 'English? No, it's impossible, but—'

'Oh, we're English right enough,' Roger interrupted him eagerly. 'But tell us what's the matter, what we can do.'

'English! What are you doing here, then? A couple of children! It's madness, and I can't stay. I have to get on.'

Once more he tried to drag himself to his feet, once more he dropped back helplessly. 'It's no good,' he gasped. 'I can't manage it, and—but look here.' He turned his white desperate face suddenly towards Roger. 'Can you ride a motor cycle?'

'Yes—no—that is—I mean, I—'

'You can? Good. Now, listen to me. I'm a dispatch rider—you know what that is—and I'm carrying a message. It's important—I can't tell you how important for us—for England.'

'England! But I don't understand.'

'Yes; didn't you know England was in this business? And the message has to be taken on. I can't do it. You must.'

'I? But—'

'It has to be done somehow at all costs. You must take my machine and ride for all you're worth till you come to some soldiers, French or English, it doesn't matter. Ask for the Commanding Officer. Here is the dispatch.' He groped in an inner pocket of his tunic and pulled out a leather case. 'Take it, that's right. Now what about the machine? Is it smashed at all? Go and see.'

Roger took the packet, hardly realising what he was doing, and then went to where the motor cycle was lying among the fern. It was the same make as the machine on which he had learnt to ride at Monkton.

Ashe, and as he raised it and examined it closely to make sure that no damage had been done, he realised that he remembered the instructions which had been given him. He could ride the motor cycle after a fashion—he felt sure of that; but his heart beat quickly at the thought of the tremendous responsibility that was being laid upon him.

He wheeled the bicycle out into the road, and leaned it against a tree: then he returned to his companions. 'But what will you do?' he asked. 'You and Val?'

The injured man shrugged his shoulders. 'I shall stay here,' he said. 'There's not much else I can do at present. The Germans got a shot at me about an hour ago, and it's been a pretty stiff job gettting along ever since. When you've given the message, explain how you left me here. There will be a car about most likely, and it won't take long to come back and fetch us.'

'And Val?'

'Val? Oh, your brother, I suppose?' He glanced at the little boyish figure who was standing near by with one hand on Bob's shaggy neck, and a narrow ray of sunshine gleaming through the trees, and touching a fair, uncovered head.

'My sister; you will take care of her?'

'Your sister!' A sudden smile twatched the corners of the man's mouth. 'Well, I'm afraid I'm not much good as a protector just now, but she will be safe enough here, and you will be back before long. There can't be any Germans within twenty miles, unless it should be a few stray Uhlans.'

'Uhlans! What are they?'

'Oh, German cavalry—lancers, but we shall be all right, never fear. Now, hurry up. You have that packet safe? That's right. And the machine? Sure you know exactly what to do?'

Some quickly given directions followed, and then Roger wheeled the motor bicycle into the middle of the road and prepared to start. Val, with Bob at her side, watched him eagerly, and at the last moment he turned towards her with his most elder-brotherly air of authority.

'Now, Val, you must stay here till I come back. Promise me that. And you don't mind being left, do you? But anyway, it can't be helped. Good-bye; so long.'

And then he was gone, and Val was standing in the road, with Bob at her side, the roar of the engine still in her ears, and her eyes fixed on a whirling cloud of dust that was quickly disappearing in the distance.

(Continued on page 334.)

HOW SAMSON WENT TO THE WAR IN 1914.

THIS is the true history of our dear old Samson's experiences since the war against Germany began in August, 1914.

Samson was our horse. We had known him for five years. He was bright chestnut in colour, large and very strong and good-tempered. He lived in a comfortable stable, and William, our coachman, took great care of him, and groomed him till his coat shone like satin. Sometimes, when we were out driving, he would pretend to be afraid of motor bicycles and steam-rollers, and then he would tear away until he was breathless, or

came to a hill; but it was only fun on his part, because he felt so lively and happy. Better than anything else he liked to go to a Meet, and he would quiver all over with excitement, and follow the hounds as closely as the carriage would permit. Probably he wished that he could escape from the shafts altogether, and join the horses that were free to jump over the hedges and ditches and enjoy their race after poor Mr. Fox.

But Samson's work was to be in a very different direction. In August, 1914, England was started by finding herself at war with Germany, and she was not quite ready for such a big undertaking, so Lord Kitchener had hastily to enrol enormous numbers of men to fight, and horses to carry the soldiers and to drag the field artillery. Late one evening an officer came to our house and told us that Samson was wanted by the military authorities. We were very sorry to lose him, and yet exceedingly proud that he was able to help England in her hour of need. We said good-bye, and he was led away, and that was the end of our pleasant drives. Samson was taken to another town, and as there were not enough stables for all the horses to be billeted in, he and many others were tethered in a long line down a meadow. This was a trying experience to our spoilt pet, who sadly missed the comforts of his warm stable as the winter came on. When it rained or snowed he would shiver and groan under his coarse army covering, and think of his clean straw and warm horse-clothes and the care that William used to take of him; the horses standing on either side were often ill-tempered and would lay back their ears and try to bite and kick him. He hated being led in a long procession with the others through the mud to water at the canvas troughs, nor did he like his oats served in little nose-bags instead of his former manger. When he wanted to lie down his companions objected, for they felt equally wretched and cross at their unwonted treatment. Moreover, they disliked the mules who were quartered near them, and detested their long ears, and tassel-like tails, and the strange noises they made instead of a good honest neigh.

One day Samson had a very sore throat and felt too ill to eat his food, and then he was taken to the nearest horse-hospital, a wonderful place which consisted of a number of large sheds, open on one side to the light and air, surrounding a central paddock. Over each shed was written the name of the complaint for which the horses inside were being treated. A whole regiment of trained men, under the directions of skilled veterinary surgeons, took care of the sick animals until they became convalescent, when they were turned out to grass in a sunny sheltered field until they were quite well again. Samson soon got better, and went back to his work. He was gradually taught to take his share in dragging a heavy gun-carriage with a team of horses, in all weathers and over all kinds of roads; he became accustomed to the rattle of the wheels and the clatter of the harness, and also to the fact that he had to carry a soldier on his back while he dragged the gun. Day by day he improved and grew stronger and tougher, and won praise from the drivers because he was so willing, and he tried so hard to obey orders.

At last he heard that the King was to review the regiment before they left for the Front. The sun shone brightly on the morning of the review, and the cavalry horses tossed their heads gaily as they pranced along. The men had polished the harness and equipments till

they glittered like silver and gold. When they came to a large common they drew up, and presently King George and his Staff arrived. The regiments carried out the manœuvres so perfectly that the King warmly complimented them, for he felt more than satisfied at the gallant appearance of the Division.

Then came a series of very unpleasant experiences for the poor horses. They were taken to the railway station and put into large open horse-trucks, and tightly packed with their noses to the side of the truck. When the train started, the movement made them most uneasy, but soon they became accustomed to it. After some hours they drew up at a station, and the soldiers in charge of them quickly climbed up the sides of the truck and slipped their nose-bags on so that they might enjoy a good meal. At the end of a long journey they arrived at — Docks, and then embarked on the transport to carry them over to France.

Poor Samson! It was a truly dreadful sensation when the ship began to roll ; he felt miserably sick and wretched, and was thankful to escape from the vessel when they were landed. Once more they journeyed onward by train, each hour bringing them nearer to the scene of warfare. By-and-by they heard the distant sounds of guns and bursting shells, and then they were taken out of the train, and their real military service began. All the horses were picketed in the open, and they were fairly comfortable during the mild weather but for the millions of flies, which worried them incessantly, until the Blue Cross Society sent out bundles of eye-fringes from London—with many other acceptable comforts for our four-legged friends.

Samson found that his duty was to drag the field guns into position far behind the trenches. When the guns were unlimbered the horses galloped off to the nearest shelter, to wait until they should be once more needed to move the cannon to another position. All around them shells and shrapnel burst and fell ; the noise was terrific, and the air polluted with smoke. If a horse was wounded, it was taken away by the Army Veterinary Corps, and cared for in the Horses' Hospital.

* * * * *

From this point we cannot follow Samson's career in detail ; but we are glad that his own particular driver happens to be a man from our town who had known the horse in happier days before the terrible war began. This man regularly writes home to his family, and generally sends us a message to say that our good old horse is still 'doing his bit' for England as cheerfully and willingly as ever ; and we hope that he may live to return to the green meadows and comfortable stables of our beloved country.

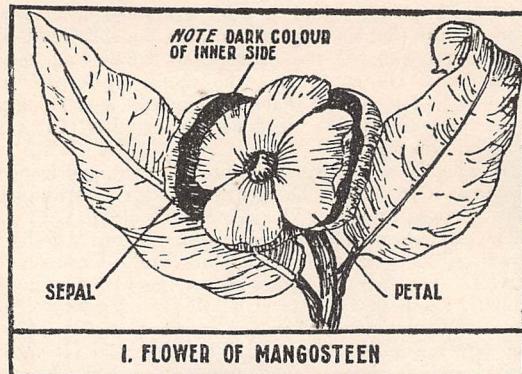
F. TUCKER.

FRUITS FROM ACROSS THE SEAS.

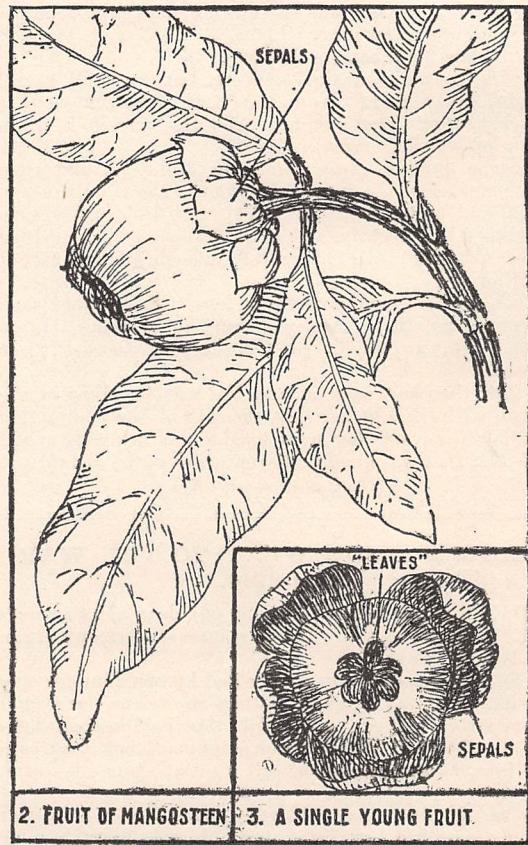
IV.—MANGOSTEEN AND MANGO.

NOW we come to the consideration of some overseas fruits which are not often seen here.

First of all there is the Mangosteen (*Garcinia mangostana*), a most delicious fruit, and in the tropics considered the most luscious. It belongs to the botanical order Clusiaceæ, which might almost be termed a tropical order, for all its members are of tropical origin. This particular member of the family was a native of Mada-

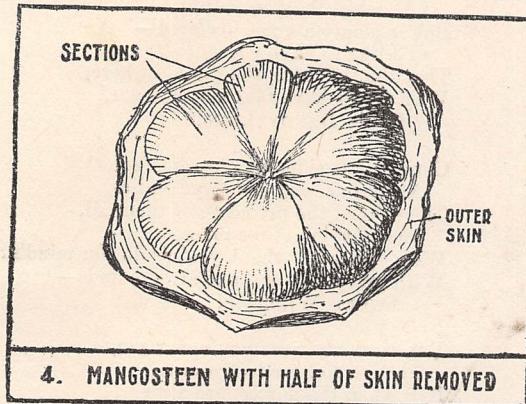


gascar. The trees are not very large ; the leaves are smooth, and of a dark clear green. The edges are entire (with no notches), and the surfaces are well veined. They grow opposite each other. The flowers, which are rather fleshy, are of a pale pink colour with dashes or spots of red upon them. The bulgy calyx is green on the outside and deep red within—a rather curious feature. Fig. 1 shows a flower. The calyx lasts on when the fruit develops, and so it is still surrounded by the bulgy sepals, as can be seen in fig. 2,



2. FRUIT OF MANGOSTEEN 3. A SINGLE YOUNG FRUIT.

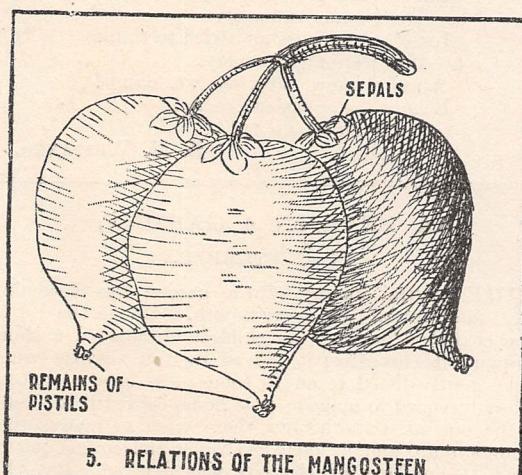
where I give you a sketch of a spray in fruit. It is a curious fruit in appearance ; on the top it has a number of 'leaves,' which indicate the number of sections to be found inside the fruit, sections which are something like the sections of an orange (fig. 3). In fig. 4, I show



you a fruit from which half of the outer skin has been removed ; you can now see it has seven sections.

A form of vinegar has been extracted from this fruit, and the rind has some medicinal properties. The fruit is of a sort of greenish yellow colour when young, with the star of deep red 'leaves' on the top. I have tasted this fruit more than once, and can testify that it is indeed delicious, even when it has been in cold storage for weeks ; and, of course, it must be much finer in flavour when fresh-gathered.

The mangosteen is said to be the only fruit which was never tasted by Queen Victoria. You, see, in her



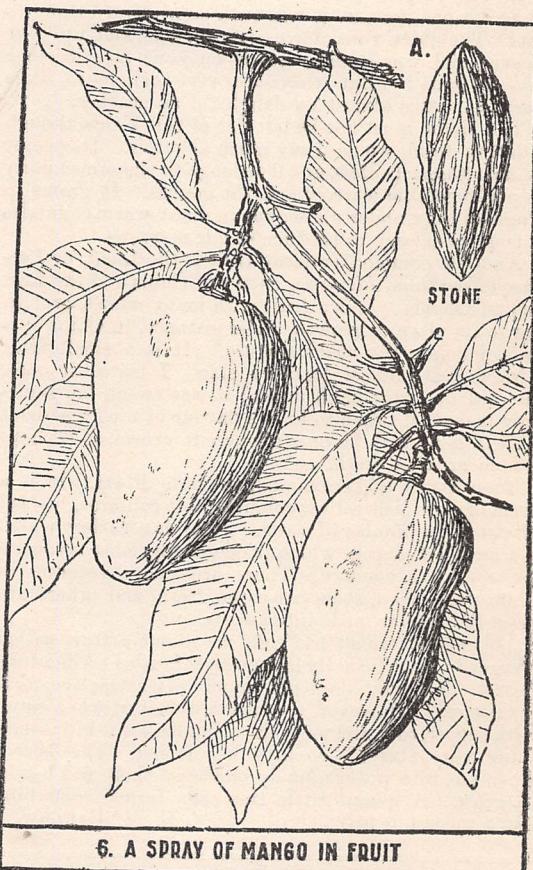
days the means of cold storage were nothing like so good as they are now, and this being a fruit which perished quickly, it could not then be got over here in good condition.

My sea-captain friend who has brought many interesting fruits to me at different times, including man-

gosteens, tells me that he knows our present King and Queen have tasted them, because when they were Prince and Princess of Wales, he once brought some home most carefully in cold storage and sent them to Marlborough House. He later received the thanks and appreciation of the Prince and Princess.

Many of the mangosteen's relations produce a yellow gum resin known as gamboge (a very useful colour in your paint-box, you will remember) ; the name comes from Cambodia, where the trade in the resin first flourished.

Another very delicious overseas fruit is the Mango



(*Mangifera indica*). It is quite tropical, as are nearly all its relations. It belongs to the natural order Anacardiaceæ, and is an evergreen tree rather like the oleander. It grows to a great height, nearly sixty feet, with wide-spreading branches rather like our oak. In summer it carries clusters of small white flowers, which are dotted or streaked with yellow. The majority of the flowers are not followed by fruits, for the simple reason that they are not perfect flowers—that is, the necessary portions, their pistils and stamens, are not always properly developed. Therefore there are only three or four fruits on a branch, though there may have been a great many flowers. This is very often

the case with fruits, but the proportion seems to be very marked in this fruit. These fruits have a curious sort of kidney shape unlike any other fruit (fig. 6). The outer skin is variously green, yellow to orange. This skin is rather tough, and when removed reveals a deep orange or even red pulp very full of juice. The fruit contains a strange 'stone' of considerable size, which is flat, and as much as two to three inches in length (fig. 6, A). The pulp clings to the stone, which is rough and furrowed, and this clinging habit causes it to be a very difficult fruit to eat 'gracefully.' My sea-captain friend used to say, in fun, that the best place to eat them was in *your bath!* I know I have often refused to accept one, because it was such an awkward thing to eat! The juice runs down your fingers and up your sleeves, and you seem to get it on your face in some strange way! But they are very delicious, some varieties being almost as delightful as peaches.

The Melon must not be left out of this series, though I do not think we need say much about it. Its proper name is *Cucumis Melo*, and it belongs to the same family as our vegetable marrow and the gourds. It grows in England only under glass; but in many warm countries it is quite as easy to produce as our marrows.

Another common tropical fruit is the Lichi, or Lee-chee (*Nephelium Litchi*), a native of China and the East Indian Islands. It is a fruit with many names, according to its place of growth. For instance, in China it is known commonly as 'Lumquat.' It is a small fruit with a thick, almost leathery, skin. I tasted it once, but did not care for it much; it was sweet, but somehow it seemed to me to have a flavour of nicotine about it! It is a great favourite where it grows, so perhaps it is nicer when fresh.

Then there is Persimmon, or Date Plum. It is a plum of a reddish yellow colour, and it contains, instead of a stone, a number of seeds. There is a variety which is a native of Japan, which is one of the most favourite fruits of the country. There are many varieties in China and Japan, some are eaten fresh, and others are dried like figs or made into sweets.

My captain friend has told me about a fruit called 'Avacado Pear,' usually known to sailors as 'Alligator's Pear.' This fruit does not sound very attractive, as it is tasteless! However, it is much esteemed when eaten with pepper, salt, and vinegar, which makes it into something very 'tasty'—so says my friend. The kernel when put into water quickly bursts its shell, and begins to grow. A quaint little tree soon forms, something like a cocoa-nut palm.

E. M. BARLOW.

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

AS round the garden path I went,
An awful sound I heard,
What could it be—for it was not
An animal or bird?
When growling at me fierce and strong,
I saw the flower I'd known so long—
SNAPDRAGON!

'If all the flowers have come to life,
Whatever shall I do?'
I turned to walk away, and saw
A little face of blue.

'Ah, you won't growl, I need not fear!
When suddenly a voice I hear—
'FORGET-ME-NOT!'

'It isn't half as nice,' I thought,
'As when they only grow,
But suddenly a voice declared—
'I'd like to have you know,
That I'm, by Jove, the grandest here,
We'd better have *that* matter clear,'
Twas DANDY LION!

Close by his side, his pleasant face
All beams, and nods, and smiles,
There stood the favourite of them all,
The pleasantest for miles,
With 'pleases,' 'thank you's,' 'do you mind's?'
With graceful bows, one always finds—
SWEET WILLIAM!

But catch the next you never can,
Though toil for half a day,
For when the flowers are alive,
This one has slipped away.
So 'sprint' until you puff and blow,
You'll never get him, don't you know—
THE SCARLET RUNNER!

A flush of rose in glinting sun,
I ran to see it near ;
'You luscious things—I never knew
That you could be so dear.'
They used to be all snowy white,
But now they'd got their colour right—
THE PINKS!

The Dragon growled, Sweet William smiled,
The Runner ran away.
I rubbed my eyes, and tried to think
If it were night or day.
Alas! I knew, the grass was damp!
Behold the agony of cramp!
I'D DREAMED IT!

E. M. WHITAKER.

A YEAR IN A GARDEN.

IX.—SEPTEMBER.

THE natural history of the garden was becoming more interesting every month. Under the lid of the coal-shed one day the children discovered a shiny brown-red chrysalis; it moved its tail slightly when they gently lifted it on to some moss in a matchbox. They intended to make a little home for it till it should come out as a moth; but there were so many other things to do, and it looked so quiet and so fast asleep, that the making of the box was delayed. But this chrysalis belonged to the cabbage-moths, which sometimes have two broods in a summer, and then a second appearance of moths occurs in September. And so there came a night when the moth inside the brown case awoke, broke open the thin walls of his prison, and escaped. The disappointment was great, but it taught a lesson to the children, who never again left pupæ in uncovered boxes.

There were a number of plain-looking green caterpillars feeding on the broccoli-leaves in the kitchen garden, and there were some very small ones on the cabbage-leaves that were green and yellow and black. Some of both kinds were placed in two boxes with glass lids, and provided with plenty of fresh cabbage-leaves. They all commenced eating vigorously, and seemed quite happy. Then, a week later, came a dreadful surprise. The largest green and yellow one had been so quiet that the children hoped it was going to turn into a chrysalis, and as they had never seen this process before they looked at it every day. But one midday, when Billy came home from school, Babe ran to meet him with tears in her eyes. She could not speak; she could only drag him to the shed where the caterpillars lived. She pointed to the box where the biggest one was quietly stretched on a cabbage-leaf. Billy looked inside; Babe's eyes were so full of tears she could not even look, and she hid her face in her hands. Billy made the horrifying discovery that from the poor caterpillar were coming numerous tiny wriggling yellow grubs.

'What is the matter?' they asked each other in dismay. It was such a dreadful thing that they seized the box and ran with it to their next-door neighbour, who had often come to their assistance with advice. She shook her head as she looked into the box, but she also laughed a little.

'It is a pity for the caterpillar,' she said, 'because, of course, it can never turn into a butterfly now; these green and yellow and black caterpillars all become cabbage butterflies, the large kind. But you must not mind too much. These little things are the grubs of an ichneumon fly which laid its eggs in the body of the caterpillar before you found it in the garden. See, some of them have already spun yellow silk cocoons round themselves.' She told them that gardeners consider ichneumon flies as their very good friends in getting rid of so many caterpillars that eat up their cabbage-plants.

As Billy went back to school that afternoon he felt he had learnt a great deal. He was saddened, but at the same time intensely interested. However, he partly forgot the tragic incident when the next morning he received a small parcel. A friend had sent by post, in a little tin box, a pair of light-coloured woolly caterpillars, with long light-brown hairs and white spiracles; on a note inside was written: 'Two Buff Ermine moth caterpillars; feed on plantain leaves or mint.'

LITTLE PIERRE.

(Concluded from page 314.)

PIERRE, worn out, did not wake until late on the following morning. Far away in the forest he heard the cheerful sound of a hunting-horn. Médor pricked his ears.

'The grand folks at the castle are going out to hunt the wild boar,' remarked Pierre to the dog.

The sounds of the chase came gradually nearer. They grew louder and louder until Pierre could see between the trees the huntsman's shoulder, and the gun in his hand. He saw too, greatly to his astonishment, that there were ladies as well as gentlemen in the party.

Forgetting his troubles for the moment, like the child he was, he ran, accompanied by Médor, to get a nearer view of this gay scene.

Just as Pierre came to a clearing in the wood, he heard a sudden noise, and a cry of 'Help! help!'

A horse had taken fright, and was tearing madly along. On his back was a young girl, white with terror. She could not possibly hold on much longer, and must soon fall and hurt herself, or perhaps be killed outright.

'Stop him, Médor!' cried Pierre to the dog, who at once responded.

He flew at the horse's legs, while Pierre ran bravely to the tossing head. The animal paused for a moment in his mad career, then dashed off in a different direction. That momentary check, however, was just enough to enable the frightened girl to leap to the ground unhurt. But her rescuer, our gallant little Pierre, had been thrown violently against a tree, and now lay unconscious on the moss at its foot. Médor was whining piteously.

* * * * *

When Pierre recovered his senses, he found himself lying in a deliciously soft bed, in a large and very beautiful room. Several persons whom he did not know were anxiously watching him.

'He has opened his eyes, Father,' said a sweet voice.

It was the voice of the young lady whom Pierre had saved from a dangerous fall.

A man, smiling at the child, came to the bedside.

'How do you feel now, my boy?' asked this gentleman.

'Well, I thank you,' replied Pierre, faintly. 'But where am I, sir?'

'In my house,' was the answer, 'and I am the Comte de Villiers. You have saved my daughter's life. Never, never can I repay you for such a service, but whatever I can do for you shall be done.'

'Oh, then, Monsieur le Comte,' said Pierre, clasping his hands in his great eagerness, 'if you will let me be your servant, and if—if you would—care for me just a little bit, I should be so happy!'

Then the boy (at the kind nobleman's request) told his sad story, which brought tears to the girl's eyes. Her father was very indignant when he heard of Pierre's ill-treatment.

'Poor child!' he said, when Pierre had ended his tale. 'But never mind now! Those evil days have gone, never to return. You and your good Médor shall live here always, and we will love you both. Have you not, as I said just now, saved my dear daughter from a terrible accident?'

And so Pierre found a home. The comte, a widower with only one child, adopted the boy as his son. He gave him an excellent education, and the once unhappy little farm-lad became a distinguished doctor, who devoted himself to the service of the poor. To those who asked him why he chose to work so hard when, thanks to the generosity of the wealthy comte, he might live at ease, the doctor always replied, 'I have suffered, I have been helped. Therefore it is only right and fair that I should do what I can to relieve the sufferings of others.'

As for Médor, he was as good (in his doggy way) as his master. Like nearly all the good people in fairy tales, he lived long and happily, loved and respected by all who knew him.

E. DYKE.



“Pierre ran bravely to the tossing head.”



“ ‘Plenty bad man come,’ he said, pointing to the sea.”

THE TRAP-BREAKERS.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

THE evening was dark, and a gusty wind shook the black pines that crept down to the beach. Now and then a few big drops fell, and the long swell of the Pacific rolled up the strait dividing Vancouver Island, in Canada, from the American State of Washington. Foam curled about the boulders, and the rumble of the surf was like the roar of a train; but there was some shelter behind the point, from which the big fish-trap ran out. The trap was made of massive posts, laced with nets that would lead the salmon into pockets. The fish could enter the pockets, but could not turn back.

Mr. Winthrop; Jake, his son; Gardner, who owned the trap; and Tom Dawson sat behind a rocky ledge. Blue wood-smoke drifted past them from the spot where a few other men were cooking supper. Winthrop's little sloop was anchored close up.

'It's going to be a pretty good night for the trap-breakers, and I'm glad you came along,' Gardner remarked. 'There's only a dozen of us, counting your boys, and I understand they have forty toughs and bad men in the wrecking gang.'

'I don't know why you expect them,' Mr. Winthrop replied. 'We met the patrol-boat, and Wheeler imagined the wreckers would break the Johnston trap, back at False Point. He said he'd got a hint.'

Gardner smiled. 'Sure he had! My notion is the wreckers put the hint about. While Wheeler watches False Point, they'll jump off and cut the Foster net, or make trouble for me. The Foster crowd's big enough to handle them; I don't know if I can.'

'What's the trouble about?' Dawson asked. 'I don't altogether understand why they want to smash the traps.'

'It's rather involved,' said Mr. Winthrop. 'When I bought the ranch, the salmon came up the creeks in such numbers that we used them for manure, but by degrees the canneries thinned them out. Then they began to catch them in the strait, and men who could buy a boat and drift-net earned good pay, until the canners built their traps on the coast. This made trouble, and now the drift-net men claim they're up against capitalists who are taking away their living and have no right to stop the salmon reaching the river-mouths. One feels some sympathy with them.'

'You don't own a trap!' Gardner rejoined. 'I've put all my money into nets and posts, and don't see why a crowd of toughs, who want to charge the canners what they like, should smash them up. Anyhow, there'll be some fight first!'

'Seems to me there's always trouble when we change our way of doing things,' Jake remarked.

'That is so,' said Mr. Winthrop. 'Somebody's bound to suffer. We begin by doing things separately, and it's an expensive plan. Then we combine to do them together, and by-and-by the big companies break up the small groups. A rich combine can do things cheap, and the man who'd sooner work alone must go.' He paused and smiled. 'Before long the Foster Company will take Gardner's trap.'

'Then they've got to pay my price,' Gardner replied. 'Wish I knew if the fellows meant to look me up to-

night or not. Let's see if any boats are hanging about the point.'

He went off with Mr. Winthrop, but the boys stopped behind the rock, and Jake said presently, 'Wheeler on the patrol-boat seemed pretty sure they were going to raid False Point, and Gardner will have trouble if they come here instead. I wish we'd met Ah Lee. He was buying salmon round Victoria not long since, and I guess he'd know.'

Dawson nodded. They had saved the Chinaman from drowning, and he had once or twice helped them when they badly needed help.

'Ah Lee knows everything,' he agreed. 'Still, we didn't meet him, and it's getting dark and beastly cold.'

They were silent for a time, while the wind wailed in the pine-tops and the surf roared on the beach. The fire had sunk, for the men had gone off to their posts, and there was nobody about. Dawson shivered, and watched the little sloop roll on the long swell. He was not exactly afraid, and Jake and he had insisted on landing, but he began to wish they had stopped by the stove in the cabin. Waiting and wondering when a gang of savage wreckers would attack one rather got on one's nerves. Mr. Winthrop did not come back, the wind had freshened, and it was nearly dark.

'Hallo!' Jake exclaimed. 'What was that?'

A stone rattled close by, and Dawson jumped. He half expected to see the wreckers, but an indistinct, lonely figure stood a few yards off. Then he laughed. 'Ah Lee! You have come again when we wanted you!'

The Chinaman looked very cool as he advanced. Ah Lee was never in a hurry. 'Plenty bad man come,' he said, pointing to the sea; 'smashee fish-tlap.'

'How many? Where are they?' Jake broke in.

'Five—six boat. See him by Long Beach. Patrol man not savvy; watchee False Point.'

The boys asked questions that Ah Lee answered with imperturbable calm. He had come in a Siwash sea-canoe, and the trap-breakers had let her pass, no doubt thinking there were Indians on board. Ah Lee imagined they meant to break the Gardner net, because the big Foster traps were strongly guarded.

'Somebody must go for Wheeler right now,' Jake remarked. 'Wish I knew where the old man and Gardner are.'

They ran along the beach, shouting, but the noise of the surf drowned their voices and nobody answered. When they were out of breath Ah Lee came up, and Jake asked if the boats were full. Ah Lee said they were, and Jake turned to Dawson. 'They're big boats; it means a crowd that will roll up Gardner's lot, but he's going to fight and will sure get hurt. Well, since we can't find him, our best plan is to go for Wheeler.'

Dawson thought hard. The wreckers were not far off, and time was valuable. It was not a long run to False Point, and the wind was fair, while the patrol-boat's powerful engines would soon bring her back. Dawson felt that they ought to ask Mr. Winthrop, but he was not about. 'I don't know if I want to stop or not,' he said. 'Anyhow, Wheeler would be of more use than us.'

Jake agreed, and giving Ah Lee a message, they ran down the beach.

(Continued on page 342.)

LAUGHTER.

A DEATH from laughter sounds a strange thing, but there are several stories told of people who have met their death in this way.

Zeuxis, the great painter, having painted a hag, we are told, went into such convulsions of laughter at the sight of his own work that he died. Bulwer Lytton tells us the story of Chalchas the soothsayer, in his *Tales of Miletus*. A ragged fellow once told him that he would never drink of the wine made from the grapes grown in his own vineyard. When the wine was made, Chalchas gave a great feast, and sent for the man to show him how false his prophecy had been. The thought of how he had proved the falsity of the prophecy struck him as so absurd that he laughed and laughed so continually that he died.

A similar story is the one told of Ancaeus, the helmsman of the ship *Argo*. When the wine was in course of time set before him, Ancaeus, sent for the slave that he might laugh at him as a false prophet. 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' said the slave, and at that moment the news was brought in that a wild boar had got into the vineyard and was destroying the vines. Ancaeus rushed out to kill it, and in the encounter was killed himself.

THE STORY OF SOME ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

By CONSTANCE M. FOOT.

VI.—FOUR NEW ORDERS, AND SOME TO WHICH WOMEN ARE ADMITTED.

ONE of the many consequences of the War is the creation of several new medals. We have already mentioned one (the Distinguished Service Medal), but there are yet four more, the chief of which is undoubtedly

THE MILITARY CROSS,

the new decoration for War service, which is to be worn immediately after all orders and before all other decorations and medals—except the Victoria Cross. It was instituted by King George V. on January 1st, 1915, for the distinguished and meritorious services in time of war of captains and commissioned officers of lower rank and warrant officers, either officers of the British Army or the Indian or Colonial military forces, and to be awarded only on a recommendation by the Secretary of State for War.

It consists of a silver cross with an Imperial crown on each arm, the centre bearing the letters 'G.R.I.', and is worn hanging from the left breast by a white ribbon with a purple stripe just under two inches in width. Like the Victoria Cross, it carries no title of any kind, but should any recipient prove unworthy, the medal will be taken away from him. The first list of officers rewarded with this great distinction is a long one, but we can only mention a few among the many brave names and deeds. Colonel Dimmer—one of the earliest to receive it, but now, alas, dead—was a soldier of whom his country may well be proud, for he not only rose from the ranks to be a field officer, but had already gained the Victoria Cross before winning this new distinction.

Another Military Cross hero is Second Lieutenant Lankester, who gained this decoration for great gallantry and cleverness in March, 1915. He was forward obser-

vation officer in the firing line, and worked incessantly, both day and night, to keep his telephone line open. His wires were often broken by the incessant firing, but, nothing daunted, this brave man continued to mend them. He was most useful to the artillery in conveying information and bringing back messages; except for his courageous help all communication would have been cut off.

A somewhat different kind of heroism led to the bestowal of three other Military Crosses. A Zeppelin was passing over a railway station at Revinay, in Brabant-le-Roi, where stood a train of seventy trucks containing explosives. The trucks were uncoupled and no engine was on the line.

'We must save those trucks!' shouted the station-master. 'I want two volunteers!' he added. At once two men offered themselves, and, aided by the station-master, proceeded to couple the trucks; then signalling for an engine, coupled that also. Meanwhile two porters had arrived on the scene; one of these sprang on to the train and whistled. The train moved off safely as the Zeppelin dropped bombs on the station!

The sister service has also a special medal for the Great War, known as the

NAVAL GENERAL SERVICE MEDAL.

This is given for smaller naval warlike operations whether these be in the nature of active service or of police guarding, and was instituted by the King in the autumn of 1915, because there seemed no other medal quite suitable for the purpose. The ribbon of the medal is white with crimson borders, and two crimson stripes, the clasp having suitable words on it.

The first award was made to the officers and men of H M. ships who were employed in the operations for the suppression of the arms traffic in the Arabian Sea or Persian Gulf between October 1909 and the early days of the war.

Nor are troops fighting in Africa forgotten, for in March 1916 an Army Order announced that His Majesty the King had been graciously pleased to approve of a new medal being struck to commemorate local military operations against native tribes in East, Central, and West Africa.

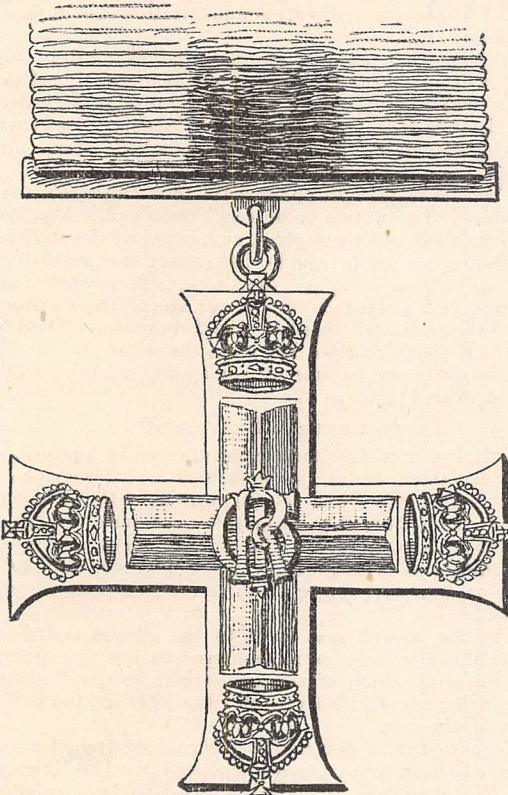
This latest of the new decorations is known as the

AFRICA GENERAL SERVICE MEDAL,

and is the same in design as a medal of the same name awarded by King Edward VII. in 1902. That had on one side the head and bust of its founder in the uniform of a field-marshal, and on the other Britannia, with a lion gazing over a desert towards a rising sun. The ribbon was yellow with black edges, and two narrow green stripes, and was struck to commemorate continuous fighting in that part of the world; but the interesting fact to remember is that within a year after the end of the Boer War a contingent of Boer mounted riflemen were fighting on our side in the Somaliland campaign, and received this medal and the clasp that goes with it.

The new medal bears on one side the head and bust of the King, but is, in all other respects, the same. In each case in which the medal is issued a clasp is affixed, noting the operation for which it is given. One was granted to the forces taking part in the operation against the dervishes at Shimber Berris in November 1914 and February 1915, and also against rebel

troops in Nyassaland in January and February 1915. Any officer or soldier already in possession of the previous medal only receives a clasp. One of these bears 'Shimber Berris 1914-15,' and the other 'Nyassaland 1915.'



The Military Cross.

Legend links the name of a woman with the origin of that most famous Order of the world—the Garter, but however this may be there is no doubt that in very early days women were admitted almost as freely as men to this Order. To-day we find only the names of the Queen Consort and the Queen Mother enrolled amongst the members, but formerly it often included those of the wives and daughters of knights and other women, these being styled 'Dames de la Fraternité de St. George' (Ladies of the Order of St. George), in proof of which entries are found at intervals in the Wardrobe Accounts between 1376 and 1495 of the delivery of robes and garters to them. Since those days women have been seldom admitted to Orders, and then only those specially set apart for them, Florence Nightingale being the exception when, as you have already heard, she was enrolled among the 'famous few' of the 'Order of Merit.'

But of the Orders specially set apart for women there were, until recently, but two, the earlier of which,

THE ROYAL ORDER OF VICTORIA AND ALBERT, was instituted in 1862 by Queen Victoria, and consisted of the Sovereign and forty-five ladies. This Order has

been enlarged more than once, the last time being in 1880, since when it has never grown any larger. It is divided into four classes, the first two of which are composed entirely of royal ladies, both British and Foreign.

The badge bears on one side the heads of the reigning sovereign and consort, surmounted by the Imperial Crown, and is worn suspended from a white watered ribbon.

The other and younger Order is that of

THE IMPERIAL ORDER OF THE CROWN OF INDIA.

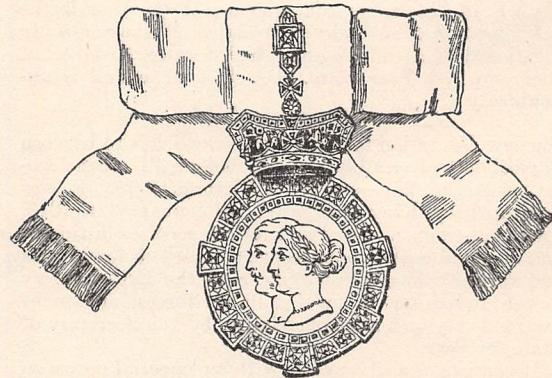
This Order, which is also due to Queen Victoria, was instituted on January 1st, 1878, and ordained to consist of (in addition to the Sovereign) such of the princesses of her Majesty's Royal and Imperial House as she might think fit to appoint; Indian ladies of high rank, and wives or female relatives of important personages holding office under the Indian Government. It was enlarged as recently as 1900.

The Badge is decorated with the royal monogram in diamonds, turquoises, and pearls, this being surrounded by a pearl border and surmounted by a jewelled and imperial crown; it is worn hanging from a light blue watered ribbon edged with white.

Women's opportunities of work in the service of their country had been, for many years, few and far between, and such as they were for the most part unrecognised officially, until in 1883 good Queen Victoria instituted

THE ROYAL RED CROSS,

a decoration to be awarded to ladies or nursing sisters in recognition of special services rendered by them in



The Royal Order of Victoria and Albert.

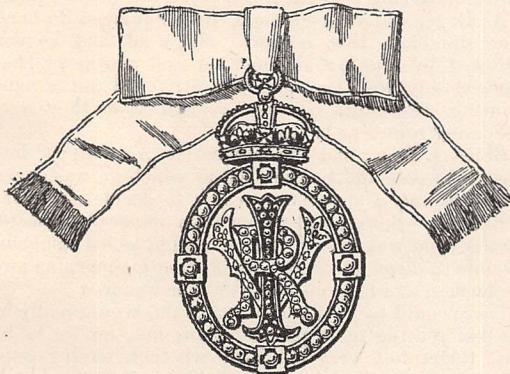
nursing the sick and wounded of the Army or Navy whether in the field or in military hospitals.

The Great War in which we are engaged made a demand for hundreds and hundreds of women to nurse the wounded at the Front, or in the hospitals at home, and so nobly and ably did these respond that their services brought about the need for changes in the rules of the Society, though its decoration remains much the same.

By command of the King, at the end of the year 1915 new rules were made, and the decoration was divided into two classes. The First Class consists of a cross, enamelled red, edged with gold, and bearing on the arms the words, 'Faith, Hope, Charity,' and the date of the

institution of the original decoration; in the centre is the Royal and Imperial effigy or likeness, while on the reverse side, in the corresponding place, is found the Imperial cypher and crown raised—‘in relief,’ as it is called.

The Second Class consists of a cross of the same form and size, but in frosted silver, and has a red enamelled Maltese cross placed upon it, the centre bearing the Royal and Imperial effigy in relief. On the arms on the reverse side are inscribed the words ‘Faith, Hope, and Charity,’ and the date; the centre (as in the First Class) being occupied by the Royal and Imperial cypher and crown. In both classes the cross is attached to a dark blue ribbon of an inch wide, edged with red. This is tied in a bow and worn on the left shoulder.



The Imperial Order of the Crown of India.

The new rules provide that the ‘decoration may be worn by members of our own royal family, and may be conferred upon queens or princesses of other countries who have specially exerted themselves in providing for the nursing of the sick and wounded of foreign armies and navies.’ Either class may be conferred upon any members of the Nursing Services without restriction as to rank, or upon other persons engaged in nursing duties who may be recommended by the Secretary of State for War or the First Lord of the Admiralty. Both classes of the decoration may farther be conferred upon any ladies recommended by the above who have voluntarily undertaken to establish, conduct, or help in hospitals for sick and wounded soldiers and sailors, or performed valuable services in connection with the Red Cross at home or abroad.

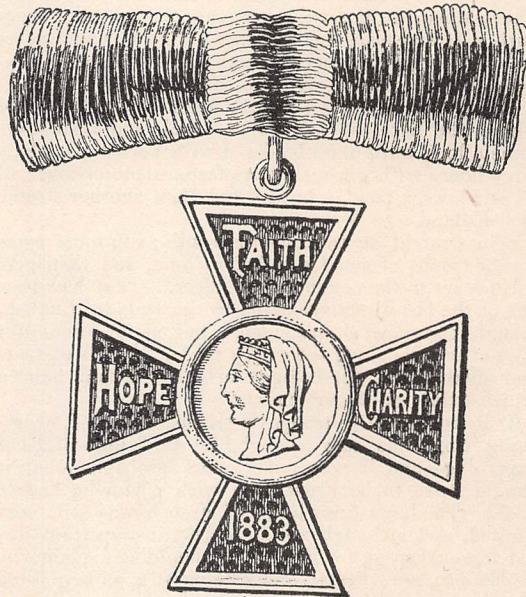
Recipients of the First Class are called ‘Members of the Royal Red Cross,’ and are entitled to place the letters R.R.C. after their names; while those of the Second Class are known as Associates, and may use the letters A.R.R.C.

Devoted women from all parts of the Empire have earned this decoration, and a highly honourable one it is too, being as well merited in its way as any of the other Orders, for every British soldier fighting at the Front knows that there is behind him the most wonderfully organized medical service the world has ever seen, and that all that medical skill and tender nursing can accomplish will be done to relieve his suffering. Since the old days of the Crimean War, when the ‘Lady of the Lamp’ led the way to more skilled nursing, hundreds and thousands of her sisters have followed in her footsteps—that great ‘Army of Mercy,’ as it has been called,

who wear the red cross, a sign that their errand is one of mercy and not of war.

It is impossible, as in the case of the other Orders and Decorations, to mention more than one or two instances of the thousands of brave deeds performed by members of the Red Cross; but there are some names which have perhaps specially stood out during the present War in connection with this work. For instance, one of the first parties of English nurses to go to the Front was that headed by the Duchess of Sutherland, who, with her nurses, took up residence in a convent at Namur. Upon the fall of the city the Duchess was arrested by the German authorities, and it was only through the intervention of the American Minister that she and her brave helpers were allowed to leave.

Then, again, very familiar in our papers has been the picture of the ‘Lady on the Black Horse’—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, whose name is loved and blessed by the Serbians for all that she has done for them. She was first heard of as nursing the wounded in the Balkan War of 1912, when in command of a detachment of the Women’s Sick and Wounded Corps, which she herself had founded. When the present War broke out, she



The Royal Red Cross Medal.

went to Brussels to take charge of the Red Cross Hospital there; but had the misfortune to arrive only a few hours before the Germans marched in, and was in consequence imprisoned for some time; only managing with great difficulty to get away home. She did not, however, long remain idle, for early in 1915 we hear of her out in Serbia acting as the head of a British hospital, where she did splendid work at a time when one-third of the Serbian doctors had died of typhus. This was not by any means all though, for she showed, perhaps, even more heroism when the Serbians had to leave their own country.

These are but a few, a very few, instances of heroism in this particular work, and no one plays a braver part than the Red Cross nurses, for they have no special

protection against injury except what the enemy accords them as an act of grace.

With this we bring to a close our short account of 'Some Orders and Decorations,' trusting that it will have helped our readers to realise afresh something of that true spirit of Chivalry and Knighthood which has ever prompted all brave and noble deeds, and which this Great War has proved to be as present in the knights of the twentieth century as it was in those of the Middle Ages.

CONSTANCE M. FOOT.

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

BY A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 323.)

CHAPTER XIV.

IT had been one thing to ride a motor bicycle in the park at Monkton Ashe, with the owner of the machine near at hand to give what help or advice was necessary, but Roger found that it was quite a different matter to act as a dispatch rider in an unknown country, through unknown perils and towards an unknown destination. Every stone in the road seemed an obstacle, and every bush a hiding-place for an enemy; but it would never do to fail, so he gritted his teeth, bent over the handle-bars, and drove the cycle forward at a reckless pace.

A very few minutes took the rider out of the wood where the accident had taken place, and then there came a long white road bordered with tufted poplars, a large house with green shutters fastened closely over all its windows, a pond, a bridge, and then another stretch of woodland.

'Go straight on towards the south; you must come across troops of some sort before long, and then give this packet to the commanding officer.' That had been one of the last directions given by the wounded Englishman. It sounded simple enough, but, as he tore on for mile after mile along the empty roads, all sorts of fears and doubts and forebodings of what would happen whirled through Roger's mind.

If it were English troops that he encountered, everything would be easy enough, he told himself; but supposing—and it was much more probable—that it should prove to be Frenchmen with whom he had to deal? The boy's knowledge of French was still very limited, and although no doubt the all-important dispatch would speak for itself, how should he explain why he came to be its bearer, and how insist upon help being sent back to Val and the wounded man without delay?

There was time in that wild, nightmare-like ride to vaguely think of these difficulties, but it was impossible to consider them seriously or to decide how they should be faced. All Roger's strength and wits and courage were needed for the management of the motor cycle; but fortune favoured him in an amazing way, and although he had many hairbreadth escapes, one disaster after another was avoided. At last he reached great open heath, dotted with clumps of thick wood, and came to the top of a hill from which he could see the road, winding on and on for miles like a white ribbon.

The boy slackened speed for a minute to take breath, and then, suddenly, far away in the distance, he saw a figure silhouetted against the sky—a figure that was almost identical in shape and pose with the one that he had seen on the little hill behind the deserted village.

'Soldiers at last! I wonder if they're French or English.' Roger almost spoke the words aloud; and then he remembered something that the dispatch rider had said, and, in his consternation, nearly lost his grip of the handle-bars.

'There may be some stray Uhlans about.'

'What are Uhlans?'

'Oh, German cavalry—lancers.'

Uhlans! The boy remembered pictures he had seen some time or another in illustrated magazines and forgotten. Yes, there could be no doubt about it, for, far away as he still was, every detail of the horseman's figure was clearly outlined—like a tiny toy soldier—against the clear blue sky. There was the strange distinctive helmet, the high boots, and the long lance with a fluttering pennant at its point.

As Roger watched, a second trooper jumped his horse over the bank that bordered the road, and he was followed by another and another and another. They drew closely together, and one stretched out a hand pointing westward. It was evident that they were discussing routes to be taken.

Between Roger and the Uhlans the road dipped into a belt of wood, and, at the pace at which he was going, there was only a moment in which to decide what was to be done. So far, he had not been observed or heard, for the wind was blowing towards him, and it might be possible to dismount in the wood, drag his machine into the bushes, and hide until the danger was past.

There could be no doubt but that this would really be the best and the most prudent plan; but, novice as he was, Roger felt very doubtful whether, having once stopped the motor-bike, he would be able to start it again without assistance or advice. He must run no risks of such a misfortune, for, if he were stranded, what would happen about the message that had to be delivered at all costs? At all costs! The boy set his teeth, tore into the wood, through it, and out again into the open, and then, with a wild yell and a deafening blast of his motor-horn, he plunged right into the middle of the group of horsemen.

The Uhlans were taken completely by surprise at this sudden onslaught, for hardly had they heard the sound of Roger's engine before he was among them, and everything was panic, clamour, and confusion. The startled horses stampeded in every direction, and there was such a shouting, such a clanging of hoofs, such a rattle and jingle of harness and accoutrements as Roger had never heard in his life before. One horse reared upright, almost throwing its rider backwards, another scrambled up the bank, and a third tore madly away along the road.

Only one trooper stood firm, his lance at rest, as if to bar the boy's way; but the motor cycle was completely beyond Roger's control in that moment of mad excitement, and he dashed straight on.

The man dragged his horse aside, with a shout of fury, and then he drew a revolver and fired it at the small figure, which, bent almost double, was flying at a break-neck speed along the road.

Roger heard the shot and saw the splutter of dust as the bullet struck the ground ahead of him, but he did not feel in the least afraid. Other shots followed, but they were all wide of the mark; and then the road turned sharply to the right into a patch of wood, and he was out of sight and out of danger.

About twenty minutes later he raced round another corner, and had to swerve sharply to one side to avoid

collision with a couple of motor-cars which were drawn up in the road. In each were several French officers, wearing smart but dusty uniforms, and with gleams of gold on caps and shoulders. A large map had been spread out and was being studied closely. The men's faces were all very grave, and they talked together in low, hurried voices.

Roger drove his cycle recklessly into the thick bushes at the side of the road, almost threw himself off it, and stumbled forward. 'The commanding officer—which is the commanding officer?' he stammered breathlessly, and then he dragged the leather case out of his pocket and held it out at arm's length. 'I have to give this to the commanding officer.'

The Frenchmen were almost as much amazed at Roger's sudden and unexpected appearance on the scene as the Germans had been, and for a moment or two they stared angrily at the strange-looking little scarecrow who had interrupted their conference so unceremoniously.

Roger was wearing the leather cap and goggles of the wounded dispatch rider, and this headgear contrasted strangely with his rough peasant clothes, while in addition he was smothered with dust and grime. Now he dragged off the cap and confronted the soldiers with a white face and two bright, excited eyes. 'I have to give this to the commanding officer,' he repeated. 'It is important, very important. I was told to bring it at all costs.'

Every word of French that Roger had ever known seemed to have deserted him completely now, but fortunately one of the officers could speak English well. This man came forward, took Roger's arm, and led him up to the larger of the two cars. 'Here is Colonel Bonnard,' he said; 'you can give him your message.' And then the packet was delivered up, opened, and eagerly scrutinised.

The soldiers' faces grew even graver than before as they read the papers, and a consultation followed, during which Roger stood alone in the dusty road, feeling very tired and very small and very insignificant. At last, however, the English-speaking officer, who was a tall young man with eye-glasses and a kindly smile, turned to the boy and laid one hand on his shoulder. 'The Colonel wants to speak to you,' he said—to thank you for bringing the message, and to ask you a few questions. Don't be alarmed, my friend; I will act as your interpreter.'

Roger looked up gratefully at his new friend, and then mounted on to the step of the great car, shook hands with the Colonel, who was an imposing, white-haired man, and was closely questioned as to everything that had happened. Luckily he had noticed the name of the deserted little hamlet near which Val had been left with the wounded man, and, with a little help, was able to find on the map the exact place where the accident had taken place. Then there came another hasty discussion, after which the motor-cars parted company, the cycle being hoisted into one of them, while the Colonel bade farewell to Roger with a second cordial handshake and a ceremonious military salute.

The English-speaking officer remained with the other car, together with an elderly man, who had a fierce grey moustache and much gold lace on his cap, and a soldier chauffeur. The latter busied himself in careful preparations for a start.

When everything was ready, the younger officer spoke to Roger again. 'Now we must be off,' he said. 'Get into the automobile, my friend—there is no time to be lost.'

Roger hesitated for a moment, an anxious expression on his face. 'We are going back to fetch Val?' he inquired, and the other answered with a nod and a smile.

'Yes, we are going back to fetch your sister and the wounded Englishman,' he said, 'and you are coming with us to show us the way.' And then he helped the boy into the car, and the next moment it was speeding ahead on its way northward.

The motor did not go back by the same roads as those that Roger had taken, and the heathery upland where he had met the Uhlans was given a wide berth. When they were in its neighbourhood, however, and caught sight of its breezy summit in the distance, the boy noticed that a sharp watch was kept by his companions, and that revolvers were brought out and held ready.

Roger breathed quickly with excitement, wondering whether he was really going to be in a battle; but there was not a sign of man or horse to be seen and the whole country seemed to be empty and deserted.

The Uhlans had disappeared. Who could tell in which direction they had gone? And then a sudden terror gripped the boy's heart as he thought that, perhaps, they might have ridden towards the little wood where Val kept watch beside the wounded Englishman. He turned to the young officer with a flood of anxious questions, but the man made light of his fears and smiled reassuringly. 'Oh, no, you need not be afraid. The Germans will have gone towards the west, that is much more likely, or perhaps they are still lurking in the wood over yonder. We shall find your little sister safe enough where you left her, never fear, and afterwards there will be a fine ride for us all. How should you like to see Paris?' Then he turned the conversation into other channels, and, after questioning Roger about his journey to St. Denis-sur-Meuse, he described how he had himself run away from school when he was ten years old and tramped thirty miles to his own home.

In a very little while the pair were fast friends; but Roger noticed that although Captain Durand—that was the young officer's name—smiled and laughed gaily enough, his sunburnt face looked worn and haggard and his eyes were very grave behind the glasses of the pince-nez.

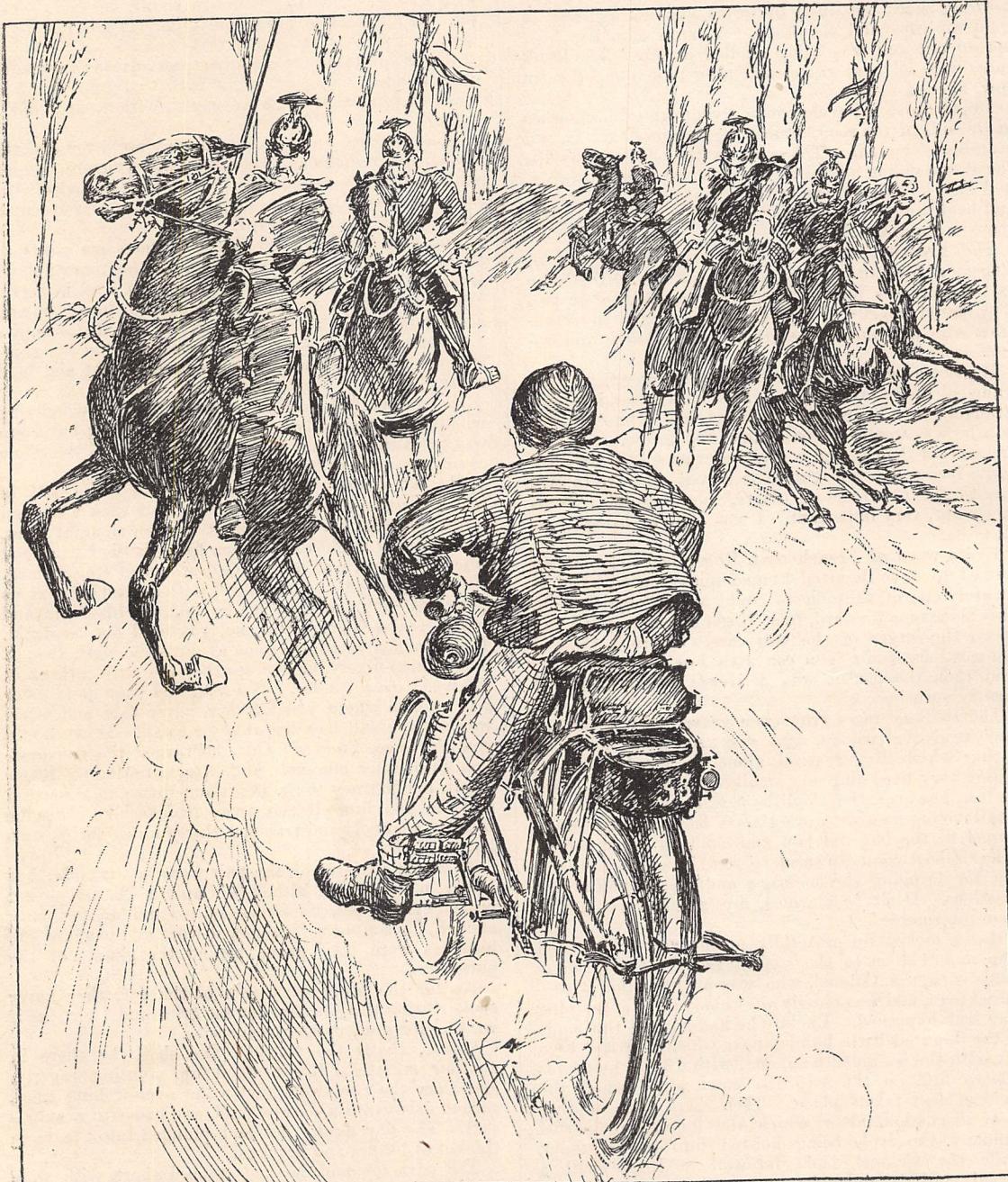
As for the other occupants of the car, they never spoke during the journey, but sat grim and stern, as if waiting for some danger or surprise.

'Look, that's the wood! We shall be there in another minute.' Roger stood up, pointing eagerly, and then the car swept under the over-arching trees, turned aside into a narrow road, and came to a standstill. The boy sprang out and plunged into the dense thicket of bushes and bracken.

The next moment he had stopped short, with wide horrified eyes and a sharp exclamation of surprise.

Val and the dispatch rider had gone! They had disappeared completely, although some broken fern-fronds showed where the wounded man had fallen, and on the trampled grass were two leather gauntlet-gloves and a damp straw hat.

(Continued on page 338.)



“He plunged right into the middle of the group of horsemen.”



"Courage, my friend," the officer said, kindly."

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 335.)

CHAPTER XV.

WHERE could Val be? What had happened to her and to the wounded Englishman? Who had taken them away? Those were the questions that Roger asked again and again, but neither Captain Durand nor the other Frenchmen had any answer to give nor any explanation to offer.

They had gone. That was all; and Bob the sheep-dog had gone too. They had vanished—disappeared, and nothing remained but the dispatch rider's gloves and the little girl's hat to show that this was the place where they had been left.

'Val! Val! Val!' Roger shouted his sister's name again and again, his voice ringing out loudly through the trees; but an echo that repeated the word, 'Val! Val! Val!' in a faint, clear whisper was the only answer. Then a close search was made through all the thickets and gullies in the vicinity, and finally the chauffeur was despatched with the car to go first in one direction and then in another to see if he could find any trace of the fugitives.

It was all in vain. A terrible sense of despair and failure swept over the boy, and, exhausted as he was with all the excitement and exertions of the day, he seemed to have no strength and no courage to face this new catastrophe.

'Take care of Val.' That was what his father had said; and now Val was gone, and he had been faithless to his trust.

He was roused by the touch of a hand on his shoulder, and looking up quickly, he found that Captain Durand was standing at his side. 'Courage, my friend,' the officer said, kindly; 'you must not despair, and, indeed, believe me, there is no need. Your little sister is, doubtless, quite safe. And now we must be going.'

'Going! Where? I can't go.' There was a note of defiance in Roger's voice as he sprang to his feet, but Durand took his arm in a firm grasp and led him towards the waiting car.

'You can do no good by staying here, my boy,' he said, gently. 'The little girl and the Englishman are certainly far away by this time. Let me tell you what has most likely happened. There are many of our military automobiles about. One has come this way, and has taken them on. It is more than likely that we shall overtake them on the road.'

'But she would never go. Val, I mean. I told her to wait here for me, and she promised.'

The young man smiled and shrugged his shoulders. 'Perhaps she had no choice in the matter. The dispatch rider was seriously wounded, you say. It was doubtless necessary that he should be moved as quickly as possible. And a little girl would not be left here alone.'

Roger still was unconvinced. 'But she may be somewhere near. Let me stay. I shall be all right here.' He tried to wriggle away, but Durand's hand gripped his shoulder strongly; and then the other officer, who had been waiting impatiently by the car, came forward and began to speak in a quick, angry voice.

'We must get on at once. It is necessary to be in Paris by nightfall. Enough time has been wasted over this business already.'

Roger, although he could not understand French, caught a word or two, and it was not difficult to grasp the sense of the hurried speech. 'I can't go,' he cried once more. 'I must stay here; Val—'

And then a note of sternness came into Durand's kind voice: 'We must go. You can't possibly stay behind. This gentleman is my superior officer; and remember, my friend, France is under martial law at this time and even civilians have to obey orders. Come, come, believe me everything will be all right,' he smiled again. 'And no doubt, if it were not for this loose sand, we should be able to see the wheel-marks of the automobile that took them away.'

He helped Roger into the car, got in himself, gave an order to the chauffeur, and then the engine was started and they were off once more, travelling southward this time, along the road.

Looking back upon it afterwards, Roger never could remember very much about the first part of that journey. He was given some food and drink, and then, utterly tired out, he dozed for a time with his head against Captain Durand's shoulder. Again and again during the journey a halt was made in a village or outside a lonely inn, and Captain Durand asked searching questions as to what motor-cars had passed lately; for, as he had said to Roger, he felt certain that the little girl and the wounded cyclist had been picked up and were being taken on into safety.

The officer did not tell Roger at once the result of his inquiries, in case they should after all end in disappointment; but he talked earnestly to his companion about the information that he collected. 'An automobile came this way half an hour ago, and there seems to have been a wounded man in it, besides a woman and a child. That last man I spoke to was not certain about the child, but the old woman was quite sure that she had seen it. They say that the car was driven by a man with a wide felt hat and a motor-mask.'

The grey-haired man shrugged his shoulders carelessly. He was worried and anxious to finish his journey before nightfall. The English boy and his affairs seemed, in comparison, of very small importance.

And so the long drive went on; but at last, when it was nearly dark, Durand came out of an inn where they had halted for petrol, and told his companion that all the inquiries were useless. 'It's a mistake,' he said. 'We are on the wrong track. That car I told you of stopped here only twenty minutes ago, and then went on towards Compiegne. The child in it was a boy. The inn-keeper's wife is positive on that point—a little French boy. She heard him talking to the woman, and they waited to buy some milk.'

The car had travelled about twenty miles further, through a large town, and then once more into a picturesque, thickly-wooded district, when Roger, who had been sound asleep, woke up with all his senses on the alert and full of keen anxiety about his missing little sister. 'Have you heard anything,' he demanded, 'about Val? Have they come this way?'

Captain Durand hesitated for a moment before he answered. 'I'm afraid I have no news for you, my boy,' he said. 'And it is disappointing, for I thought, until a little while ago, that we were on their tracks.'

There has been an automobile ahead of us for miles, going the same way, and the description of the people in it sounded all right. But the last person I questioned told me that the child in the car was not a girl after all, but a little boy—a French boy.'

'A little boy! But that may have been Val, sir. It must have been. She was dressed as a boy, you see, and she could speak French awfully well. She had been at that school at St. Denis for ages.'

'Dressed as a boy!' Captain Durand started, for this statement put quite a new complexion upon the affair. He felt certain now that his first surmise had been correct, and that Val and the dispatch rider had been taken on by some belated tourists or wealthy refugees who were on their way southward.

Roger seized his arm and looked up into his face with bright, eager eyes. 'Of course it was them, and we must go back now to that inn—where they told you about the little boy—and find out which way they went. Quick, tell the man to turn round the car and go back.'

He leaned forward, almost as if meaning himself to give the necessary orders to the chauffeur; but the grey-haired officer, when the situation had been explained to him, resolutely refused to alter his plans and would not listen to any suggestions or appeals. They were going straight on to Paris. There must be no more delay. When Paris was reached the boy could doubtless be handed over to his friends, and then inquiries would be made in the proper quarter.

Paris! Roger caught at the word. Go to Paris, and leave Val in the lurch? Never! But when he questioned Durand, he found that the matter was settled, and that military discipline barred the way to any change or concession. The younger officer did not, even for a moment, think of opposing or disputing the wishes of his superior.

'Yes, we are going to Paris, my boy, and we ought to be there in two hours if all goes well. Later we can arrange what is to be done about your sister; but in the meantime it is our business to be patient—and to obey orders.'

It was evident that nothing would be gained by further argument, and once more Roger felt a wave of helpless despair sweeping over him. Paris was a great city, he knew that—and once there, what chance would he have of finding poor little Val again? Surely it would be possible to escape from these men, who seemed suddenly to have changed from friends into captors, and then he could make his way back to the last place where the mysterious motor-car was known to have stopped. He would doubtless be able to trace them then, for, of course, Val would be making inquiries too, and would be as anxious to rejoin him as he was to find her.'

(Continued on page 350.)

THE COWARD.

NO Delaroche has ever been a coward before,' taunted Marie.

Her sister, a slender, fragile child of twelve, shrank back a little, and looked at her appealingly.

'Nay, let us leave her, if she is afraid!' remarked Charles Delaroche, turning away scornfully.

The three children were members of a Cavalier family, living in a picturesque old manor-house near

the village of Naseby. Charles and Marie during their play had accidentally re-discovered the entrance to one of the secret passages with which the house abounded. They had fetched a lantern, and were going to explore it. Cicely, shrinking at the cold, damp gloom of the passage, had, as usual, incurred their biting scorn. She hastily returned to the light, and stood watching till the feeble glimmer of their lantern had died away. Then she burst into a storm of tears.

'I am a coward—it is true! I dare not face the darkness!' she moaned brokenly.

But by the time her brother and sister returned radiantly excited from their exploration, she had partially regained her self-control.

'We have discovered a way from the Manor to the woods on yonder hill,' exclaimed Charles.

'It will be a fine playground,' said his sister. 'For those who are not afraid!' she added witheringly.

Cicely drew her fragile form upright. 'You think me a coward, then?' she asked.

'You act as one!'

The child's blue eyes flashed through their tears. 'Some day you shall retract those words,' she said, with unusual spirit.

At that moment their old Nurse Bessy entered, exclaiming at the sight of the two children's clothes, which were covered with dust and cobwebs. She roundly scolded them both, and carried them off in disgrace. Charles she locked up in the library to learn a lesson from his horn-book, while she put Marie to sew some embroidery in the house-keeper's room. Cicely, left alone, mused at the window, her eyes fixed on the distant horizon.

'The guns!' she murmured. 'The guns which sounded this morning at Naseby! Another battle has been fought. Has the King's cause prospered?'

As if in answer to her question, the door was flung open, a hatless, dishevelled figure dashed in, and collapsed upon an oak settle!

Cicely was astonished at this sudden event, but to her own surprise she was not frightened. 'Father!' she exclaimed in an incredulous whisper, springing to her feet. For a moment she thought that she must be mistaken; that this could not be the dashing cavalier who had ridden away so gaily. His suit was stained from head to foot with mud, and his rapier snapped in half, while one arm hung limply at his side. 'What has happened?' she cried. 'Father! is the battle then . . . ?'

'Lost? Aye!—a crushing defeat—I am chased! The papers!' He ceased from sheer exhaustion, and lay back half-fainting.

At that moment came a thunderous knocking at the door, and a deep voice outside the window demanded admittance, 'In the name of the Parliament.'

The sound penetrated to the consciousness of the wounded man, and he raised himself, repeating, 'The papers!'

'What papers, my father?' asked the bewildered Cicely.

He took from his doublet a small packet of letters. 'All is lost if the rebels lay hand on these!' he gasped. 'They are from His Majesty—for Prince Rupert—my horse is shot—I am wounded—I can go no further!'

Cicely had grasped the situation, and snatching the packet she hid it in her dress. The knocking had ceased, for the servants had opened the door in terror.



"A hatless, dishevelled figure dashed in."

They heard a stern voice in the hall, and the tramp of feet ascending the stairway.

"Take them—to the Prince!" he whispered. "Hide them—they must not be found! Quick! Go! Leave me!" Then he fell back in a dead faint.

(Concluded on page 359.)

THE LEGEND OF STAVOREN.

ONCE there stood on the banks of the Zuyder Zee a proud city called Stavoren. It was a city of turrets and gates and magnificent palaces, but its glory has long since departed, and it lies buried beneath the sea.

Stavoren was the centre of much business and com-



"The Princess flung one of her rings into the sea."

merce. Its merchants were very wealthy, its ships travelled far. Their halls and gates—^s the legend tells us—were lined with gold; their courts and banqueting-rooms were paved with ducats, and their stairs and passages were strewn with shining dollars.

In Stavoren dwelt a vain and haughty Princess. She was selfish and greedy, and all her thoughts were given to money. Her one aim in life was to become ever richer and richer.

One day, the Princess, taking a sudden whim into her

head, sent for the captain of her largest ship. 'Go,' she said to him, 'for a rather long cruise, but do not be absent for more than a year. At the end of that time return to me with a full cargo of the best and noblest thing in the world.'

'But what, madam,' said the Captain, 'do you consider the best and noblest thing? There are so many good and beautiful things in the world! I will spare no pains to obtain for you whatever you desire. What shall it be?'

'I shall not tell you,' said the Princess, rudely. 'To one in my service a mere hint should suffice. People call you a wise man; here is a chance for you to show your wisdom. Go at once, and do my bidding.'

The Captain was greatly puzzled. 'What is the best thing in the world?' he asked himself again and again. At last he came to the conclusion that the correct answer to this question was 'Corn.' So he sailed away to Dantzig, and loaded his ship with the choicest wheat of Poland; then, without waiting until the year had expired, he returned to Stavoren. He had been absent less than six months.

The Princess received him coldly. 'Your ship, Captain,' she said, 'must be an eagle, to fly so swiftly! How have you contrived to go to Guinea, collect your treasure, and return, in so short a time?'

The Captain, brave though he was, trembled as he noted the lady's scowl. 'I have brought your Highness no gold from Guinea,' he replied respectfully. 'I bring you wheat—the very best wheat that ever was grown. What is more precious than corn?'

The Princess flew into a violent passion. 'What!' she exclaimed, 'do you mean to say that you have brought me nothing but wretched, common wheat?'

'If it is so wretched,' said the old man, 'why are we told to pray for our daily bread?'

'Fling it all into the water!' cried the Princess, now mad with rage. 'Do as I bid you instantly! I will come myself to see that the thing is done.'

The Captain hurried away, but not to obey his mistress, for he thought that to do so would be a sin. So, instead of throwing away the wheat, he called together a number of poor people, hoping that the Princess might be persuaded to give the wheat to them instead of to the sea.

But the lady, sad to say, had a very hard heart. When she saw the crowd of poor, famished people who fell on their knees and begged her to bestow the wheat upon them, her only answer was a shake of the head. Again she told the Captain to carry out her orders.

And now *his* anger flamed up. Standing boldly before his mistress, in the hearing of all the people he warned her that should she do this wicked action, the day might come when she would be glad to pick up in the streets any grain of corn that she could find.

How loudly the Princess laughed at that! 'What nonsense!' she said. 'That day will never come. Stavoren's richest inhabitant will never want for food. See! I will fling this ring into the water. Should it ever return to me, *then* I might one day be a beggar; the one thing is as likely—or rather, as unlikely—as the other.'

With that, the Princess flung one of her numerous rings into the sea, and little she thought ever to see it again. The wheat also was thrown into the water. And in the evening of that day (says the old story) the lady's cook found the ring inside a fish!

That very night, too, the Princess heard that all her

richly-laden ships had foundered in a storm. And as day after day went by, more and more bad news came. A bank, in which the Princess had much money, failed; Moors and Turks united to rob her. Misfortune followed misfortune, until at last the good old Captain's words 'came true,' and the once wealthy Princess was forced to beg her bread from door to door. She died in poverty.

And still the city of Stavoren, whose inhabitants heeded not the warning, was gay and glittering as ever. Hard and selfish, proud and greedy, were the hearts of the citizens, as had been the heart of the ill-fated Princess, and they, too, were punished.

A sandbank appeared on the spot where the wheat had been flung into the sea. This was called 'The Lady's Sands,' and from it shot up a meagre, straggling plant, resembling wheat in stalk and head, but bearing no fruit. Higher and higher uprose the sandbank, until it blocked up the harbour, so that no ship could enter. Yet still men seemed not to care.

Then, one dreadful night, the sea, forcing its way into a new channel, swept over the doomed city. And ever since that night, there has been no Stavoren on the shore of the Zuyder Zee, though a diver might find it at the bottom.

E. D.

THE TRAP-BREAKERS.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

(Continued from page 330.)

THE sloop's small dory lay high and dry, and they had some trouble to carry her down. Then the surf washed her back upon the boulders, and while Jake with an oar held her bows to the sea, Dawson pushed astern. He was wet to the waist before he got on board, and it afterwards cost them an effort to reach the sloop. When they ran alongside, her cable jarred as she plunged her bows in the swell; blocks and halyards rattled, and the heavy boom had got loose and lurched about. It was now quite dark, and cold spray whipped their faces as they shortened cable. The chain came in slowly, bruising their hands, and they were breathless when Jake wound a turn across the bitts. 'We must get some sail up and break out the anchor when she's under way,' he said.

The mainsail looked dangerously big as it thrashed in the freshening wind. They knew they ought to haul down a reef to reduce its size, but doubted if there was time, and since the wind was fair they need not set the sail properly.

'Hoist the jib and then stand by the cable. You'll want to hustle when she sails out the anchor,' Jake said as he took the helm.

Dawson set the banging jib, and then braced himself for an effort. They were not strong enough to tear the anchor from the ground, and the boat must help. She listed down with a jerk that nearly threw Dawson off his feet, and then, while the water boiled across her lee-deck, forged ahead, jarring at the cable. It held her for some moments, and then slackened, and Dawson knew he must get it in before the anchor took hold again. He tore the skin from his knuckles while he knelt at the bow with the jib beating his shoulders. Jake shouted something about not being able to hold her head to wind, but Dawson hardly heard him as he struggled with the chain.

She fell off, her sails filled, and the bows swung round. The water leaped up in a white turmoil, and she swayed down until Dawson heard it wash against the low cabin-top. A little more, and she would capsize; but he could not get in the chain. The anchor was under her fore-foot, jammed against her keel, and, making the cable fast, he jumped into the cockpit. She lifted nearly upright and leaped forward into the dark when Jake, with his back against the tiller, got her before the wind. 'We're surely hitting up the pace,' he said. 'If she doesn't roll over, we won't be long in making False Point.'

Dawson thought a capsize was possible. Now she was before the wind, she rolled violently, swinging up the boom, while the half-set sail it extended soared like a slack balloon. If spar and canvas lurched across, the savage jerk might snap the mast, and he doubted if Jake could keep her straight enough to avoid this risk. Besides, a nasty sea ran behind her, and the dory they had not had time to drag on board came up on the rollers' crests and hit the stern. Still speed was needed, he did not think they could shorten sail, and they let her run.

The water got smoother when they drove round a point, and Dawson, looking forward, saw three or four boats ahead. The boats had no sail hoisted, and their crews were obviously rowing to windward under the lee of the point. The wind, however, blew strong across the low neck of land. 'The trap-breakers!' he shouted. 'They don't mean to let us pass.'

Two of the boats changed their course, and Dawson noted others he had not seen at first. It did not look as if they could get through, and he turned to Jake, who stood with body stiffly braced against the helm.

'If we had proper canvas set, I'd close-haul her and dodge them,' Jake remarked. 'Now we can only run before it.'

Dawson looked at the boats and his heart beat, but he pulled himself together. 'Very well,' he said; 'we'll let her run.'

She drove on, while two boats pulled across her course. It looked as if she would smash and press them down, but there were bold and skilful men on board. They obviously meant to stop the sloop, although Dawson did not think they would risk the shock of a collision. One boat waited, a little to starboard, another a little to port, and Jake headed for the narrowing gap.

A man stood up in the nearest craft and a boathook with a rope attached caught the sloop's channels. The wire shrouds rang, there was a heavy crash, and Dawson saw the boat, half-buried in foam, dragged along against the quarter. The sea was breaking into her, but in another moment the men would jump on board.

'Stand by main sheet!' Jake shouted. 'Check it as the sail comes across, and then let it run.'

Dawson seized the wet rope, knowing the risk Jake meant to take, and the big, dark mainsail began to swing. It had been on the opposite side from the boat, but now it was nearly amidships, and the heavy boom along its foot went up. Dawson got in a yard of rope to ease the coming shock, and wondered whether the mast would break off. Then there was a violent lurch and crash. The sheet screamed round a pin and burned his hands. Sail and boom swung over, and the sloop, rolling with them, ground upon the boat; but the heavy spar and swelling canvas had struck her first. One

could not see what had happened, but the sloop's mast stood, and next moment a rope parted with a bang and the boat dropped astern.

Jake gasped, and wiped the sweat from his face. 'I guess that crowd has had enough,' he said. 'If anybody got knocked into the water, the other lot can pick him up. We certainly took some chances, but the trap-breakers got the smash.'

The other boat was close by, but perhaps her crew were daunted, for they did not try to hook on, and in a few moments the boys were alone in the dark. Dawson breathed a deep breath of relief. The rest of the job was easy; they must keep her running until they met the patrol.

After a time, the indistinct shape of a small steamer loomed up at the mouth of a bay, and when Jake put down his helm the sloop listed over until her deck was in the sea. With a savage thrashing of canvas she came round head to wind, and the boys had a breathless struggle to haul the mainsail down. Then as she ran past the patrol-boat under her jib Jake waved his arms.

'The trap-breakers are landing at Gardner's beach!' he shouted.

'Run in behind the point and wait,' a man on the slanted bridge replied; and the steamer turned and followed the sloop.

When the boys had stowed the sails and got the anchor down in smooth water, a boat came alongside, and a man in oilskins jumped on board. 'Now, what's this about the trap-breakers?' he asked.

They told him, and he nodded. 'I've got it; looks as if we had better hustle. We can't tow your boat back—we'd pull her under. Jump on board if you want to come.'

As soon as they were in the boat the crew pushed off, and a few minutes afterwards the steamer drove her bows into the rising sea as she went off at full speed.

In the meantime, Ah Lee found Mr. Winthrop and Gardner at the shore end of the nets.

'You told the boys?' said Winthrop, when he had heard the Chinaman's story. 'Where are they now?'

Ah Lee said they went on board the sloop, and Gardner exclaimed, 'Gone? Well, I didn't reckon they'd light out like that!'

Winthrop laughed. 'You don't know the boys yet. They didn't go because they were scared.'

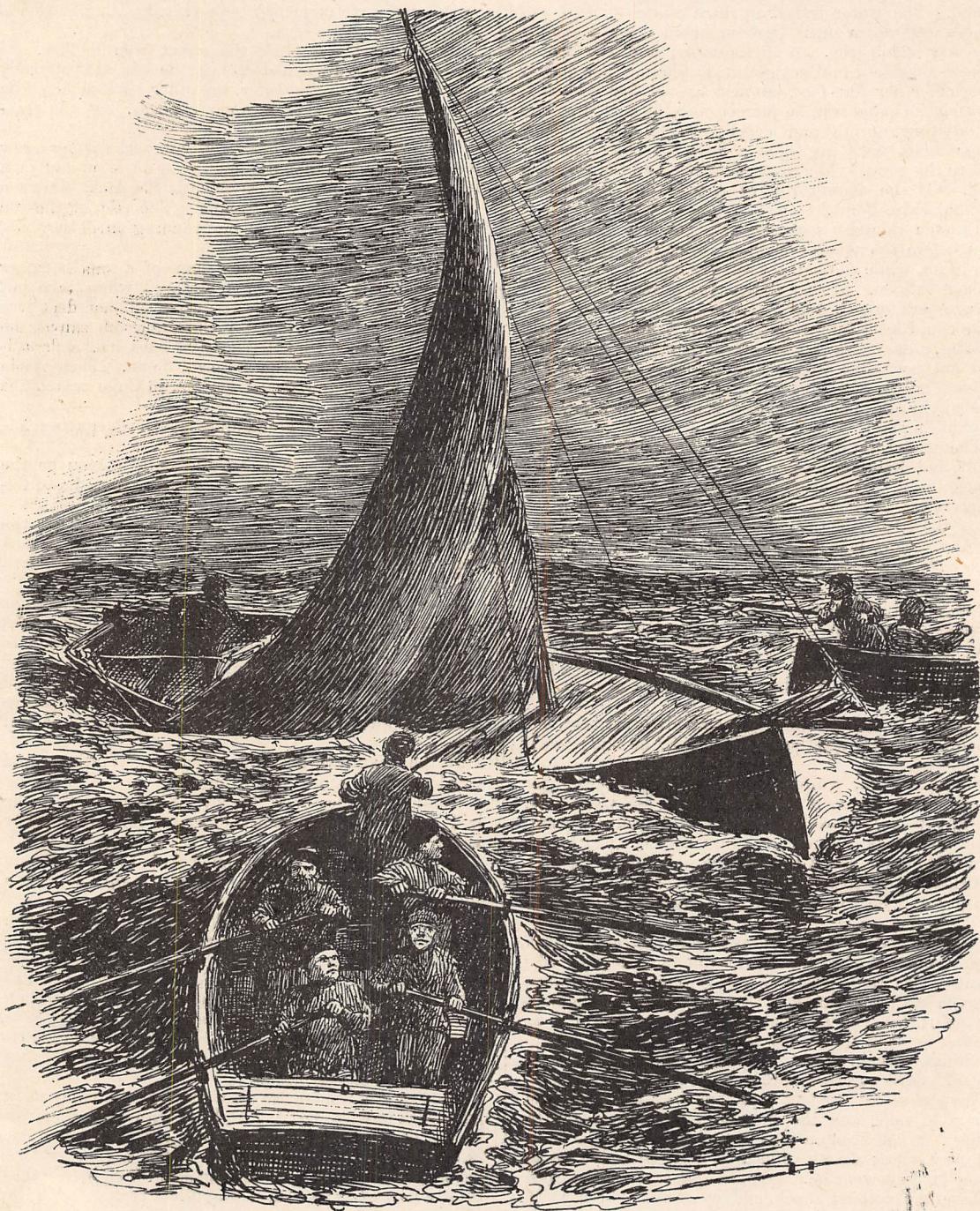
'Go quick; bling patlol boat,' Ah Lee explained.

'I'm sorry,' Gardner said to Winthrop, and turned to Ah Lee. 'Why didn't you tell us this before?' Then he resumed in a thoughtful tone: 'Looks as if we'll have trouble to stand off the crowd that's coming until Wheeler arrives. Anyhow, they're not going to break my traps while I'm around.'

He sent Ah Lee for the men, and for a time they were busy with tackles, heaving tight a wire rope that ran from a buoy outside the nets to a rock on the beach. Much of the rope was in the water, a foot or two beneath the surface, but near the shore it showed indistinctly now and then when the rollers broke.

'That will stop them some,' Gardner remarked grimly, when he was satisfied. 'Pretty hard to see in the dark, and I allow they'll have trouble if a boat gets on top of it.'

(Concluded on page 346.)



"The two boats pulled across her course."



“ Grappled with their antagonists.”

THE TRAP-BREAKERS.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

(Concluded from page 343.)

THE three sat down and waited, looking out anxiously across the angry water. It was blowing fresh, and the sea was getting up. If the surf got much heavier, it would prevent the trap-breakers reaching the nets and make it risky for them to land; but the boats could not be far off, and Winthrop tried to calculate when Wheeler would arrive. He certainly could not reach the beach before the wreckers. At length, a dark object swung up on top of a sea. Another appeared behind, and then another, until Winthrop counted four. 'Two short!' he said to Ah Lee. 'Where do you think they have gone?'

Ah Lee shrugged. 'No savvy.'

One of the boats was then awkwardly towing another that had some oars broken and her side smashed when the sloop rolled down on her, but Winthrop did not learn this until afterwards. In the meantime, the boats he watched came on, and presently stopped a short distance from the trap. The big posts now rose indistinctly from the foam that surged about the nets, for the tide was falling. Still, it was hardly likely that the wreckers could see the rope, and Gardner chuckled when the splash of oars indicated that the boats were moving again.

'I guess the boys will get a surprise,' he said, and then jumped up. 'The first's got over! They're going for the net!'

'Sea threw her across without touching,' Winthrop replied, and seized Gardner's arm. 'Hold on! Watch the next!'

A boat swung up on a white-topped roller, and then sank and stopped while a cloud of spray leaped up. Shouts came out of the darkness and oars splashed, but the boat did not move, and Winthrop imagined her keel was jammed against the wire. While she ground against it, the broken combers would wash on board, and he thought the men were already baling hard. A dark figure bent to and fro, as if busy throwing out the water. The boats behind backed off, and the splash of oars indicated that their crews were holding them head to sea.

'They have found out the rope,' he said. 'In a few minutes they'll begin to look for the end, or try to land and cut it here——' He stopped, and added: 'The first boat's coming now!'

Gardner called his men, and they ran along the beach, stumbling across the weedy boulders. The boat that had crossed the wire was close by, rising and falling as she drove shorewards through the surf. When Gardner shouted, ordering the men on board to keep off, they stopped rowing for a moment and then began again. The dark bow tilted up out of the boiling foam as a roller swept her on.

'Stand by, all!' roared Gardner. 'They've not got to land!'

Next moment he and the others plunged into the surf and a roller broke about their waists. One went down, and was washed back upon the stones; the rest scrambled clear as the boat rowed in on the next sea's crest. There was a crash as she struck the beach, and then a short, confused fight began. As the wreckers dropped their oars the boat swung broad-side-on, and Gardner's men used their fists and clubs.

She filled and rolled over in the streaming backwash, throwing out her crew, who tried to dodge the blows, and grappled with their antagonists. They were in and out of the water as the rollers surged up and down the beach, and one group fell in a struggling heap and vanished amidst the backwash. Nobody altogether knew what happened, but in a few minutes three or four of the wreckers had run off along the beach, and Gardner's men had three prisoners. All were wet and bruised, and some were bleeding.

'We have made good so far,' Gardner remarked when they pulled up the boat. 'Looks as if the other fellows are pulling for the buoy, and it's lucky I made the rope fast with a big shackle. They certainly won't get it loose unless they've brought a spike.'

Winthrop doubted if they could unscrew the shackle with a spike. The rope did not run all round the trap, but it guarded the lee side, which was to some extent sheltered. Now the sea had got up, the other was swept by white combers that threatened to swamp the boats. If the men rowed round the end of the rope, he thought they would be thrown against the nets. Yet it was obvious that they meant to try.

'They're not very bright,' he said. 'It would have been a better plan to land at this end of the rope and wreck the traps from the shore.'

'I reckon they'll see that presently,' Gardner replied. 'In the meanwhile they're losing time, and Wheeler may come along before the thing strikes them.'

He and Winthrop sat down behind a rock that cut off the wind and watched the boats. The wreckers were obviously determined, because they pulled against the sea, and, after a struggle, stopped where Winthrop imagined the buoy that held the rope was moored. One could hardly see the boats in the spray, and when a comber rolled up they vanished in the dark. It would be nearly impossible to work at the shackle, and the steel wire would be hard to cut. After a time, the wreckers seemed to give it up, for the cluster of boats drew out into a straggling row.

'They're going to land,' said Gardner. 'They won't be long finding our end of the rope, and then I don't know if they'll wipe us off the beach or not. Anyhow, I'm stopping till I drop.'

He called his men, and, gripping their clubs, they went down to the water's edge. It was nervous work, watching the boats pull ashore. If the wreckers were able to land, the party would be outnumbered, and Winthrop doubted if the landing could be prevented. Besides, some of the fellows might carry pistols.

'Ugly things may happen if anybody pulls a knife or gun,' he said.

'That's so,' Gardner agreed. 'My gun stops in my pocket as long as I can keep it there, and, so far as I know, the boys have no knives. Guess they'll make good firing rocks and with their clubs.'

Winthrop wondered. Two to one was long odds, but a volley of big stones might disable some of the wreckers while they tried to land, and he waited as coolly as he could while the boats reeled shorewards before the combers that were getting bigger fast. In another minute or two they would reach the beach and the struggle would begin.

To his surprise, they stopped and one pulled round. Somebody shouted, and his voice reached the men on shore, although they could not hear what he said. Then the others turned and pulled after the first. In a few

minutes they had vanished, and there was nothing but the dark rollers and flying spray.

'They've had enough, or Wheeler's coming,' Gardner said, and then pausing, shouted, 'Here he is!'

A slanted mast and funnel loomed out of the dark, a whistle screamed, and then the steamer, carrying no lights, melted from sight.

'He's gone after the boats,' said Winthrop. 'They can't get away. Well, I'm glad it's over without another fight.'

'So am I,' Gardner owned. 'I allow it's quite likely we couldn't have stood them off. The sea and those boys of yours beat them. Say, they're smart kids! I was surely foolish when I thought they'd quit.'

Winthrop smiled and said nothing. He was satisfied the trouble had ended, and knew the boys' mettle. They were not quitters. Next day he had further grounds for satisfaction when he heard Wheeler's remarks about their exploit.

A YEAR IN A GARDEN.

X.—OCTOBER.

ON October the 1st young spiders appeared, breaking their egg-shells, and making their way out of their strong silken cradle. They were exactly like grown-up spiders, except that they were very tiny. They were so small, Billy got a magnifying-glass to examine them. At first their bodies seemed too big and heavy for their legs, and some of them toppled over before they walked away.

The caterpillar families had increased in number and size, but gradually they were all undergoing their transformation for their winter sleep, and as they spun themselves up on the walls and roofs, or buried themselves in the soft moss and earth, there was less feeding for Billy to attend to. At last there were only two of the thick, dirty green ones and a very late small green one that needed any food, and soon the green one took its last stroll all over the walls and glass door, and came to rest in a corner. A tiny speck of light-coloured silk attached its tail to the wall, and for a few days it remained motionless, waiting for the change that was inevitable. Finally, it made the seventh of the grey chrysalids that would turn into small garden white butterflies next spring, when perhaps it would serve as part of a sparrow's breakfast. All the large garden white caterpillars had long ago spun themselves up into neat prickly chrysalids, covered with little black dots. Babe had watched them anxiously as they cast their skins for the last time; for a while they seemed so intensely uncomfortable; they were so soft and helpless in their new pale-green sheaths without either legs or head. One of the buff ermines had wedged itself down between the door and the box containing the moss and earth, and Billy had to be very careful when he changed the cabbage-leaves not to disturb it; the other had made its cocoon up in a corner, and hung there, the shiny dark case quite visible through the thin cocoon made of silk and hair.

At the end of the month, the friend who sent the children the buff ermine caterpillars sent them another small tin box containing, this time, prizes that made Billy wild with joy. There were in the box, resting on cotton-wool, and wrapped up in soft tissue paper, two big, dull-looking chrysalids, about an inch long, of the poplar hawk moth; two soft little cocoons made of leaf mould of White Ermine Moths; two small chry-

salids of the Brindled Beauty; and two much larger ones of the Buff Tip. The instructions were: Roll each pair at once on to perfectly clean dry moss; place in boxes where the insects will have plenty of space when they emerge in spring; and never touch the chrysalids with the fingers unless absolutely necessary.

UNPOPULAR YELLOW.

YELLOW has never been a favourite in European countries; it was called the traitor's colour, and in Spain the executioner always wore it, as a symbol of the treason he was commanded to punish. In France, during the Middle Ages, the doors of the houses of traitors were daubed with yellow, while, in some countries, the Jews were forced to wear the despised tint, and were held guilty of betraying Christ to His death. On the other hand, in China yellow is the royal colour and deeply reverenced. The Emperor wears it, and his relations are allowed the honour of putting on a yellow girdle.

S. B.

TRUANT AND THE SOCKS.

THIS is a true story of a retriever belonging to a keeper. The dog, whose name was Truant, was a very great favourite with his master, to whom he was devoted. As he was a shooting dog, he was never allowed inside his master's cottage, but when he was not helping his master he was chained up. Some dogs are made very fierce by being chained up, but Truant was so good-tempered and so much petted by his master that he never became fierce, and always let his master's children play with him, even when he was tied up.

One day, Truant's master went away on business for his master, and left Truant, as he thought, chained up safely by his kennel. It was a wet day, and the children were not allowed to play out-of-doors, so poor Truant felt horribly lonely, and tried hard to get free. His master, in putting on the dog's collar, had slipped the tooth of the buckle into a different hole from the usual one, and made the collar bigger than usual; and Truant, after some wriggling, managed to slip his head out, and made for the cottage, hoping to find his master. The door was open, and he went in, but no master was there! He sniffed round, and smelt that there was something belonging to his master in the room. After hunting about, he discovered a pair of socks belonging to the keeper on a chair. 'Hullo,' thought Truant, 'here's something of master's. Shouldn't wonder if it had been stolen. Anyway, I'll keep it safe for him.' And he seized the socks in his mouth, and carried them off down the garden, where he dug a hole, and buried them quite safely.

The keeper's wife was upstairs, and saw Truant hurrying down the garden with the socks. She rushed out just in time to see him bury them. 'You naughty dog,' she said. 'What have you done? That's not a bonny you've found, it's your master's socks.' Truant wagged his tail, and thought to himself, 'What a stupid woman. I know exactly what those are, and I am keeping them safe for master.' The keeper's wife tried to dig the socks up, but Truant growled at her, and would not let her go near the place, so she went back into the cottage, leaving Truant on guard over the place where the socks were. He stayed there till his master came home, and then, just as his wife was telling the



"The dog dug a hole and buried them."

keeper all about the socks, and what happened to them, Truant came rushing up. 'Hullo, old boy, what have you done with my socks?' said the keeper. 'Come and see,' barked Truant. He led the way down the garden, dug up the socks with his front paws, and gave them to his master.

A SOLDIER'S HOPE.

BESIDE the streams of Babylon,
A British soldier lay,
And dreamed of kings and empires gone,
Wars of a long-past day.



There stood before him in his dream
A warrior strong and straight:
'Stranger,' he said, 'this is the stream
Where run the years of fate.'

'Here Pharaoh fought Assyria's king;
Here Persia met the Greek;
Here Cyrus lies; here, poets sing,
The wise should Eden seek.'

'What want you in this ancient plain?
What gold, what tyranny?'
'I seek,' the soldier cried, 'no gain!
I fight to make men free!'

E. SHORT.

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. MUTHLEY.

(Continued from page 339.)

IT was quite dark by now, a beautiful night with the August moon overhead and hundreds of tiny stars gleam in the clear sky. Not a sound was to be heard except the purring throb of the great motor and an occasional cry of some bird or animal from the dark forest that bordered the road on either side. The two Frenchmen smoked in silence, and Roger, sitting motionless between them, watched eagerly for some opportunity to escape.

At first the plan seemed hopeless, for one cannot slip unnoticed from a car that is going at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, but, after a while, fortune turned in the boy's favour.

The motor slowed down, stopped, could not be started again, and both the chauffeur and Durand got out to see what was the matter, while the elder officer fumed and grumbled at the delay.

He too got out of the car at last to join in the examination and discussion, and Roger, realising that his chance had come, crept swiftly and silently out of the car, hid behind it for a moment, and then darted away along the road, his footsteps making no sound on the soft, sandy surface.

When he had gone about a hundred yards, he pushed his way noiselessly into the bushes and laid himself down on the ground, keeping absolutely still so that no rustle or breaking twig should betray his whereabouts.

For a few minutes nothing happened, and then the sound of the motor engine was heard again. An angry exclamation followed, in the voice of the grey-haired officer, and the boy knew that his escape had been discovered.

He almost held his breath then, as he crouched among the brambles, for the chauffeur came back along the road, and with him was Captain Durand, who carried one of the lamps from the car, and flashed it from side to side, peering eagerly into the undergrowth as he did so.

'Hullo! Are you there?' Roger felt horribly cruel and ungrateful, for there was a note of real anxiety in the young officer's voice as he called the truant again and again. But it would not do to be weak and foolish now. There was Val and the promise to his father to be considered, so he pressed his lips firmly together, and in a few minutes the search came to an end. The elder man strode down the road, there was a short discussion, an angry command, and then the soldiers returned to the car and resumed their interrupted journey. When the sound of the engine had quite died away, Roger came out of his hiding-place and started to walk northward through the silent, fragrant August night.

On and on he went, kilometre after kilometre, mile after mile, until he wondered whether the forest

through which he was trudging would ever come to an end. The villages had seemed to be closely strung together along the road, like the beads on a necklace, as the great car tore through them, but now the distances were interminable, and there was no sign of life or of civilisation. The boy was footsore, hungry, and very tired, and he could not help thinking with longing of the cosy little cottage where he and Val had spent last night, and of the meal which they had eaten by the crackling wood fire.

Even the alarm about the wolf, that had been real and terrible enough at the time, seemed merely amusing and absurd when looked back upon from the gloom of the dark, lonely forest, and with the picture in his mind of Bob's bright, friendly eyes and round, tangled head.

At last he decided that he could walk no further, so he dragged the electric torch from his pocket—he had clung to that and to the bowie-knife through all his adventures—and looked round for some place where he might pass the night. He found a narrow path before long, which led into a small abandoned quarry, and there he settled himself into a little hollow which was guarded on one side by a great block of rough stone. Very soon, in spite of his hunger and his loneliness, the boy was sound asleep and dreaming of wolves, motor-bicycles, shouting Uhlans, and endless lines of soldiers, who marched along a road that seemed to stretch from horizon to horizon.

'It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary to the sweetest girl I know.'

The words, sung in a husky young voice and with a strong cockney accent, broke into Roger's slumbers. He moved, sat up, opened his eyes and rubbed them with clenched, grimy hands.

The sight at which he peered from behind his sheltering rock was fully as unexpected as the sound which had first aroused him.

It was still quite dark, there in the deep, disused quarry, but a large fire of brushwood had been kindled, and the flames leaped and flickered, throwing a ruddy light on to the rough blocks of stone, the encircling cliffs, with their overhanging trees, and on the figures of six men who were grouped round the blaze.

It was these six figures that riveted the gaze of Roger's round, wondering eyes, for surely they were the most extraordinary and grotesque ragamuffins that he had ever seen in his life. And to make the whole thing more amazing, one of them was singing an English song, there in the gloom and silence of a French forest.

The men were all alike grimy, unshaved, and dressed in dusty khaki uniforms—at least, the garments might once have been uniforms, although now, ragged, stained, creased, and lacking buttons and badges, they preserved very little of their original character.

Breeches had been cut above the knee into the semblance of running-shorts; puttees were being used as belts, bandages, or foot-wrappings. One man wore a tweed cap, two were bare-headed, a third had a knitted muffler wound-turban fashion round his head, and many odd scraps of string had been pressed into service to take the place of missing buttons, buckles, or boot-laces.

Two of the men were stretched on the ground, so

sound asleep that they almost might have been dead; one was employed in winding strips of torn handkerchief round a wounded hand, and a third sat motionless by the fire, his head resting on his hands, in an attitude that spoke of utter weariness. The singer, who was a dark-haired haggard boy of about nineteen, was stirring something in a battered tin over the fire

'It's a long, long way to Tipperary—
And we sha'n't never get there—I don't think!'

The roistering plaintive chorus, with its improvised last line, came to an end as the boy lifted his cooking-pot off the fire; and then Roger, convinced by this time that he really was awake, crept out from his hiding-place, and stood in the middle of the strange group.

'Hullo! What's up now? Where did you hop from?'

There was something in the men's faces that made Roger feel as if he were in the presence of war as it really was.

'Parly vous Frongsay? Mery! Bon jour! That's all the French I know,' the speaker went on. 'Here, Jock, you're somethin' of a scholar, come and do a bit of "Parly vous" to this little bloke who's jumped up out of nowhere.'

The man who had been bandaging his hand got up stiffly and came forward. It could be seen now that he was wearing a ragged tartan kilt.

'I'm English—my name's Roger Mervyn.'

There was a moment's silence, while the Scotchman had stared at the speaker with bright, hollow, blue eyes, which, peering out from beneath a tangle of red hair, were rather reminiscent of Bob the sheep-dog, and then all the men crowded round Roger, greeting him eagerly, shaking his hand, offering him food, and inviting him to sit down in front of the blazing fire.

'To think of running up against an English kid in a hole like this; it do make things seem a bit more home-like.' It was as if the young Londoner put the thoughts of all his comrades into words. Even the two sleepers were awakened to join in the welcome.

Roger's bewilderment and uneasiness increased every moment.

'But who are you? I don't understand. Where do you come from?' he asked, and one of the men repeated his words with a short laugh.

'Who are we? What do you think? Did you take us for a herd of scarecrows? Well, it wouldn't be much wonder if you did. We're soldiers, my son—let me tell you that. Privates in his Majesty's army, and a mixed bag as ever any one did come across. Jock, there, he's a Highlander, and the other five of us belongs to four different regiments; and we comes from Mons, if you know where that is. I didn't till a week ago, but I ain't likely to forget it in a hurry. No, I don't think.'

'But how? Why? What has happened?'

And then a fair-haired man—the one who had been sitting by the fire—took up the tale. 'Yes, Mons, that's where we come from, and we've been fighting the Germans; but perhaps you doesn't know as there's a war on, young man? We stood up to it we did, up there at Mons, and now we're retirin' with the enemy at our heels.'

'And the six of us being all wounded men, more or less, haven't been able to retire quite quick enough,'

put in another, 'and we stand a jolly good chance of being taken prisoners, unless we manages to catch up with some of our pals to-morrow. In the meantime, I'm going to have supper, or breakfast—whichever you like to call it. Alf, hand over some of that stew of yours.'

The dark-haired boy began to distribute the contents of his cook-pot into various tin cups and pannikins, Roger being given a share with the rest.

'We did a little bit of foraging as we come along,' the cook explained. 'This here's a rabbit as I knocked over the head with my rifle-butt; and Bill, he's been searching the country too, and digging onions in a trampled-up field. Fine time we're having, and it's ten to one we gets to "gay Paree" before we've done.'

The men laughed and joked as they gathered round the fire for the nondescript meal, but there was something unnatural in their merriment, and their eyes were bright and strained as if they had seen terrible things which could not be forgotten.

At last the tall Scotchman, who seemed to be the leader of the band of stragglers, got up, stretched himself, and began to strap a heavy pack on to his shoulders. 'Come on, boys,' he said. 'It's getting light, and we must be on the march before sunrise.'

Roger watched the preparations for departure with a very heavy heart. The retirement of the French army from the frontier had been terrible enough, but that the English should also be retreating seemed well-nigh impossible; and he felt as if everything—the old beliefs, the old landmarks, even the old life itself—were being ruthlessly swept away. It was only yesterday that he had first known that British troops were actually fighting in France; and now, here were these weary men, the vagrants, apparently, of a retreating army. He did not know how soon that retreat was to turn into attack—at the Marne.

Alf noticed the boy's troubled face, and patted his shoulder kindly. 'Cheer up, Sonnie,' he said. 'There ain't nothing to grawse about. We ain't beaten, and, what's more, we ain't going to be. And now you'd better come along of us. This won't be a healthy country to be left behind in, I can tell you.'

'No, I can't come; I have to go the other way,' was the answer; and although the other men joined with Alf in pressing Roger to accompany them, he shook his head, and would not listen to arguments or persuasion. 'I can't come; I'm awfully sorry, but I can't,' he repeated.

And then Jock, growing impatient at the delay, bade his comrades leave the boy alone. 'If he won't come, he won't,' he said; 'and there's no need for us to interfere. He will come across some of our officers soon, most likely, and they'll settle the business and pack him off home to England. Now then, my lads, we must be off. Shoulder arms, quick march!'

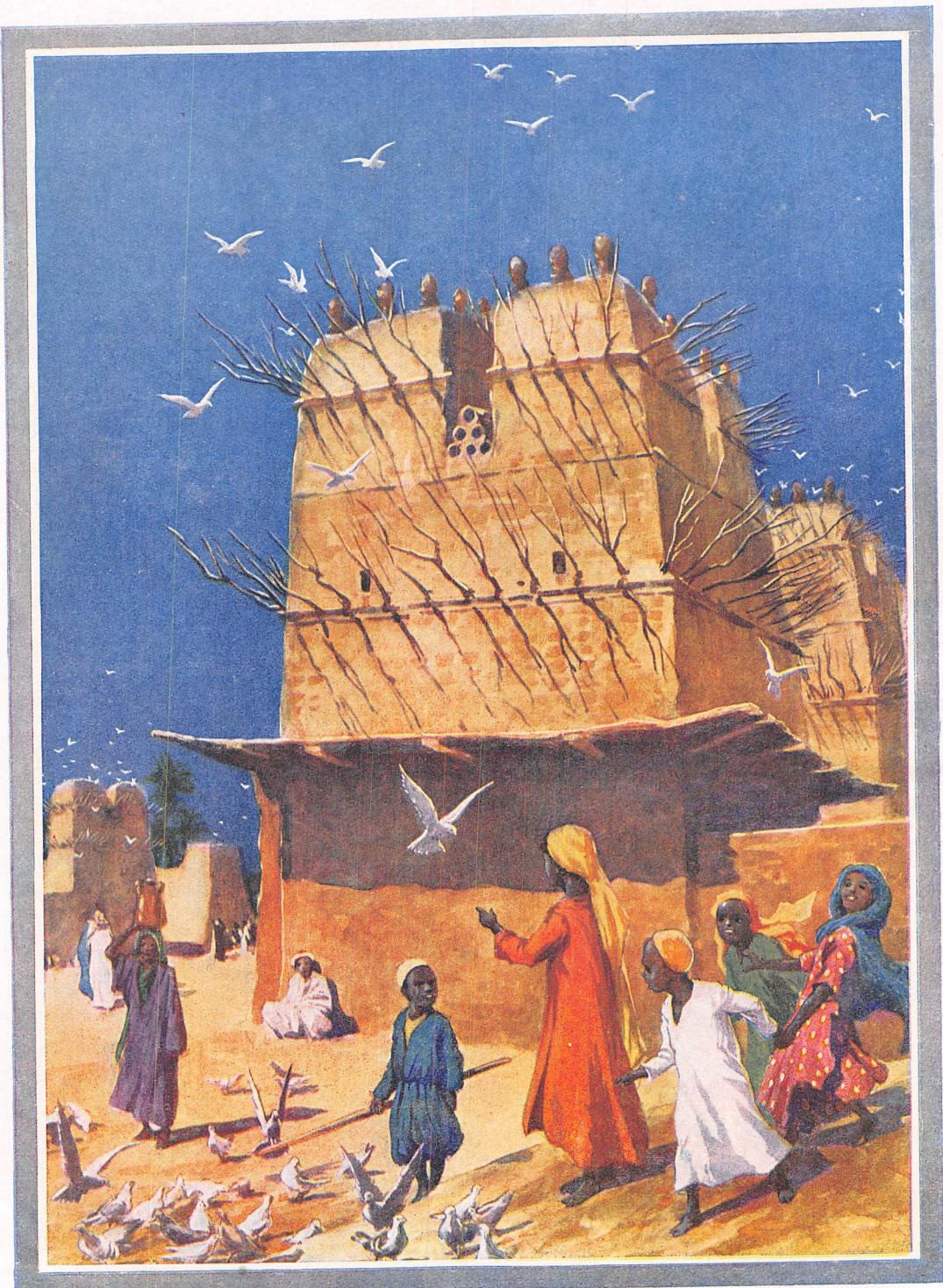
'Quick march!' The words seemed almost a jest indeed as the six wounded men limped painfully away in the dim grey light of early dawn. Alf turned round before he had gone far and waved his hand. 'Are we down-hearted? No!' he shouted; and then he trudged away singing. It was very still there in the forest, and Roger could hear the words of the song clearly:

'It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go.'

(Continued on page 354.)



“The most extraordinary ragamuffins he had ever seen in his life.”



CHATTERBOX.

A PIGEON TOWER IN EGYPT



“ ‘They went that way, down the road,’ he said, with a wave of his hand.”

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 351.)

CHAPTER XVI.

DURING the early part of the day that followed his encounter with the wounded soldiers, Roger met with many stragglers from the retreating army, men who had lost their way in the woods and had wandered eastward, or, disabled and only able to make slow progress, had drifted apart and lagged behind.

Once he came upon a limping little detachment led by a young officer, who, with his right arm in a sling, was beating a toy drum with the other hand, while a man behind him played a merry tune on a little flute; then there was a great motor lorry, stranded by the side of the road, its crew working feverishly at repairs, and again and again there came gaunt, hollow-eyed men who stumbled painfully along, singly or in couples, and threw themselves down, sometimes, to snatch a few minutes' rest on the dusty grass before continuing their weary march.

As the hours wore away, fewer and fewer of these vagrant soldiers were encountered, and at last they ceased to come altogether, and the roads and lanes and narrow forest tracks were empty and silent once more.

It was a very hot, sultry morning. There was not a breath of wind. The leaves hung motionless from the branches of the trees, and the birds seemed to have hidden themselves away in the bushes.

It was as if the whole countryside were waiting, watching and listening for something—something terrible—that would surely come before long.

In the villages and scattered hamlets through which Roger passed, the same uneasy sense of foreboding and uncertainty seemed to be abroad, and he found it very difficult to make any one pay attention to him or attempt to understand his anxious questions.

Many of the houses were barred and shuttered, as if the inhabitants had either fled away, or were concealed behind closed doors and windows; while those people who remained moved about restlessly, or stood in groups whispering together, and from time to time glancing fearfully towards the north.

'Uhlans!' That word seemed to be on every one's lips. It was evidently a word of terror in these peaceful French villages, and all the time—away in the distance—the sullen thunder of guns could still be heard.

At about noon, Roger reached the place where Captain Durand had made his last inquiries on the previous night. He found his way to the inn; but now, apparently, nobody remembered the car with the little boy and the wounded Englishmen in it, or, if they did remember, they were too busy and too much worried to answer questions. Roger grew almost desperate in his eagerness to find out something about his little sister's whereabouts, and at last the landlady lost her temper, and in a long, angry speech, of which he could only understand a few words, declared that hundreds of automobiles had passed yesterday, that they had been all making inquiries about each other, and that it was impossible for her, in these days, to trouble her head about such matters.

Then she pushed Roger out of the kitchen, into which he had followed her, and slammed the door in his face.

The boy wandered away, feeling as if everything

were against him, and, as luck would have it, instead of going on through the main street, he turned aside, went past the church, and soon came to the outskirts of the village. Here he found another inn, a pretty, trim little place, with a row of evergreens in tubs outside the door, and behind them several small, white-painted tables.

An old man in a green baize apron was languidly polishing one of these tables, and, after a moment's hesitation, Roger went up and spoke to him. 'Automobile, last night—dernier nuit—avec petite fille; no, petit garçon et homme wounded.'

It was small wonder, perhaps, that Roger, hitherto, had met with but small success. The waiter stared at him, and then his face relaxed into a smile. 'I speak English,' he said slowly. 'I stay five, six months in London. What does Monsieur want to know?'

Roger drew a long breath of sheer relief, and then burst into a flood of eager questions. The old man puckered his forehead thoughtfully. 'A motor-car, with a little boy in it, a little boy dressed like Monsieur, and a wounded Englishman.' Yes, he remembered, they stopped there last night, at about eight o'clock, or earlier, perhaps, and made many inquiries.

'Inquiries!'

'Yes, about an automobile that might have passed, a military automobile, with officers in it, a boy, and a motor cycle. The lady was distressed, desolated, when we could give her no information.'

Roger began to feel that, at last, he really was coming to the end of his troubles and difficulties. So Val and her new friends were searching for him, as he was searching for them. Surely before long, they must meet.

'She ask us—the lady—if we could take the Englishman into the inn; but it was impossible. Every room was full; many people on the way to Paris. What could we do? And the car drove away at full speed.'

'Which way did they go? Tell me, please. The little girl—I mean the little boy—is my sister. I must find her.'

The old waiter glanced at Roger with a twinkle in his eyes, and then shrugged his shoulders wearily. It was a strange business; but so many strange things had happened during the last few days—so many things might still happen—and there was no time to be amused or interested. 'They went that way, down the road,' he said, with a wave of his hand. 'There is a place five miles away, with a good inn, the "Lion d'Or," kept by a man named Lemaitre; they may have stayed there, or perhaps they went on to Paris. It would be well, Monsieur, for you to go to Paris, too—or to England. They say that the Germans are coming. But in the meantime Monsieur should have breakfast; one must eat, Germans or no Germans, and it is past midday. Coffee could be ready in a few minutes—or, at least, a pistolet.'

Roger would not wait for a meal, as he was eager to be off on his quest, but he accepted a pistolet, which proved to be a large roll, cut in half, and with butter and a slice of ham inside. With this in his hand he trudged away down the road, which soon led once more into the cool, green depths of the forest.

The boy's face was very grave as he set out on his solitary journey, and, although it seemed certain that Val was safe and with friends, his heart was full of dread and misgivings. With the lessening of his own anxiety, he had time to let his thoughts dwell on

the terrible disaster with which France—and perhaps England, too—was being threatened.

The British army had been defeated, and was retreating before the Germans. That one great unbelievable fact swamped and dwarfed all minor considerations, and he wished, with a sick feeling of powerlessness and desperate longing, that he had been older, eighteen instead of fifteen, so that he might have been of some use, and able to take his part in the great conflict.

It was all so bewildering, and so utterly unexpected. Roger's thoughts whirled round and round in a giddy circle, as he tried to piece together the scraps of information he had gathered, and to realise what the events of the past few days must mean, and then, like a gleam of sunshine through a dark cloud, he remembered Alf, and the young soldier's voice, with its cockney twang, its weary huskiness, and its cheery, undaunted courage, seemed once again to be sounding in his ears.

'Are we down-hearted? No!' He had often heard the words in England shouted by noisy football crowds or by excited holiday-makers, but they had gained a new significance now, and as he repeated them to himself he held up his head defiantly, squared his shoulders, and tramped on down the white dusty road with a firmer tread than before. He even began to whistle after a time, but to-day there seemed to be only one tune that he could remember: 'It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go.'

Early in the afternoon Roger reached the village of which the old waiter had told him, but instead of finding Val there he met with nothing but disappointment and fresh difficulties.

It was evident that bad news had just been received in the place, for the church bells were clashing out a warning peal, belated fugitives were streaming through the streets with babies or heavy bundles in their arms, shop-keepers were hastily putting up their shutters, and everywhere there was dread, confusion, and excitement.

On the steps of the little town hall a number of men with grave anxious faces were gathered together, discussing the emergency, and the steps to be taken to meet it, and already notices bidding the people be calm, and offer no resistance to the enemy, had been posted up.

In the group outside the town hall were the Mayor, the white-haired priest, and other leading men of the place; and as they talked it could be seen that they glanced northward from time to time at a stretch of white sunlit road which curved round a wooded hill, and then led down into the village.

The inn, a big stone building standing on one side of the market-place, seemed to be deserted, except by a little lame boy, and a huddle of frightened women. Roger went in there, but could get no answer to his questions, until at last he remembered something that the old waiter in the green baize apron had said. 'Monsieur Lemaitre; where is Monsieur Lemaitre?' he said; and in reply the lame boy got up from the bench where he was sitting, limped out into the sunshine, and pointed across the square to the town hall.

Roger hesitated, for it seemed a formidable thing to interrupt that solemn conclave; but the Germans were coming, and if Val was here he must discover her whereabouts, and take her away without a minute's delay. He thanked the boy, ran round the square, and slipping unnoticed among the men touched the arm of the priest, who was standing apart a little behind the others, and whose pale face looked gentle and friendly.

'Monsieur, please can you speak English?' he began, and when a shake of the head was the only answer, he plunged recklessly into his usual questions.

'An automobile? Last night; have you seen it? With a little boy and a wounded Englishman?' A man who was standing next to the priest overheard the words, and turned quickly, but before anything else could be said, there was an exclamation, a movement, hands were pointed, and a thrill of excitement seemed to run through the group.

A motor-car had swung round the curve of the hill, and now it swept down the road, and came to a jarring standstill in the market-place. There were soldiers in it, grey-clad men, with spiked helmets, and hard, stern faces.

Other cars followed quickly. In a little while the square seemed full of them, and then in the distance appeared mounted men and guns. The bright afternoon sun glittered on swords and spear-points, and metal harness. The warning bell in the church tower ceased its clamour, but the air was noisy with the clatter of horses' hoofs, the rattle and rumble of heavy wheels, and the sound of harsh voices. The time of dread and waiting was at an end. The Germans had come at last.

(Continued on page 366.)

A STRANGE PRESENT.

AN Englishman of rank, while staying in Burmah, once received a queer present from the King of that country. It was placed in a golden box, locked with a golden key, and the Englishman was gravely told that it was a most valuable offering. But when he opened the box he found—not a purse of gold or a jewel of price—but only a few hairs taken from the King's white elephant.

This was not a joke on the part of his Majesty; he and his Court really considered the gift a most valuable one, for in Burmah a white elephant is a sacred animal and treated like a royal personage. One of the King's titles, indeed, is 'Lord of the Celestial Elephant and Master of many White Elephants.'

S. BRAINE.

THE LUPIN-SEEDS.

ONE chilly day in late November, a poorly dressed man was wandering along a road winding among hills. He was a man of noble race who by a brother's wrong-doing had been brought to poverty. Now, as he walked along that winding road, he heard the distant song of olive-gatherers. The sound cheered him, and he said to himself, 'Perhaps I may find work and food over there.'

Then the man took from his pocket some lupin-seeds—all the food he had. As he ate them he thought bitterly, 'Could ever any one be poorer than I am?' His spirits fell again as he brooded over his troubles. He wrung his hands and stamped his feet.

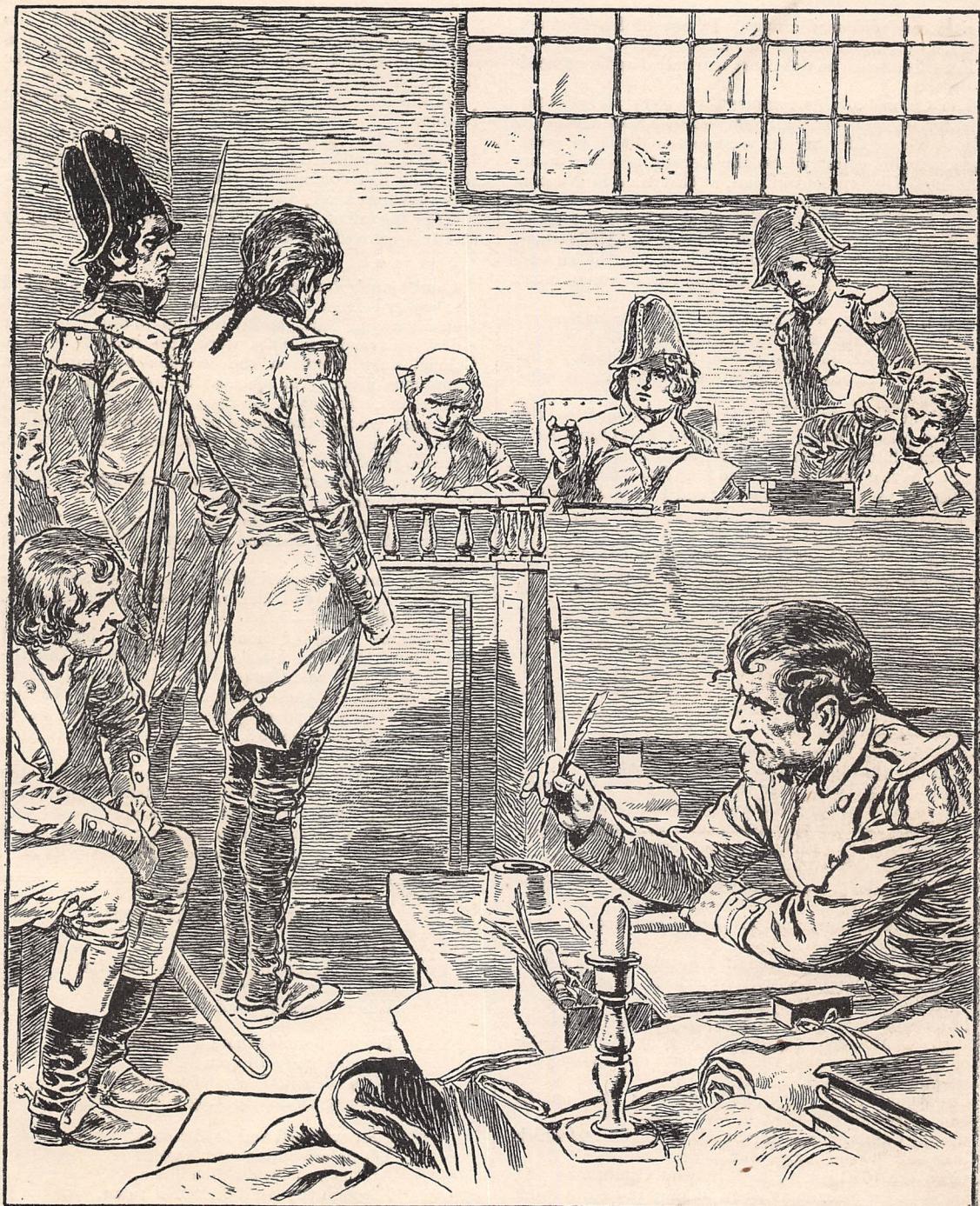
Something made the man look round, and he saw, coming along the road behind him, another man, who was picking up and eating the shells of the lupin-seeds, which the man in front had thrown away!

And the man in front felt ashamed of his impatient, rebellious temper. He called to the man who was following.

'Come and walk with me, my brother,' he said, 'and we will share the lupin-seeds between us. If we help each other, perhaps God will help us both.'



"Another man was picking up and eating the shells of the lupin-seeds."



"He was court-martialled and sentenced to death."

HOW A SOLDIER KEPT HIS WORD.

CAMBONNE was a notable French general, who began—as we say—"at the foot of the ladder." In 1795, he was a corporal in garrison at Nantes.

Although scarcely twenty years of age, he had already fallen into the snare of intemperance, and was often quite drunk. He was always full of life and vigour, and when he had been drinking he became terribly

excited, and did mad things. In one of his drunken bouts, Cambronne struck an officer.

For this offence he was court-martialled and sentenced to death.

The Colonel of his regiment was very sorry about this, for he saw that the young soldier was a capable fellow, who but for his one weakness might be of great service to his country. So the Colonel appealed to an influential Government official, at that time in Nantes, for Cambronne's pardon.

'Impossible!' said the great man. 'We must make an example of him. If we allowed men who strike their officers to go unpunished, there would soon be an end of discipline in the army. Corporal Cambronne must die.'

But the Colonel would not take 'No' for an answer. He kept on begging and praying for the soldier's pardon until at last he obtained it—on one condition. This was that Cambronne should never again become intoxicated.

Glad at heart, the good Colonel hastened to the military prison, where he asked to see Cambronne. He found him downcast and repentant.

'You have committed a grave fault,' said the Colonel.

'Yes, sir,' replied Cambronne, 'and I am going to pay for it with my life.'

'Perhaps,' said the Colonel.

'"Perhaps?" You know how merciless military law is. I have no hope of pardon; I must die.'

'No, my lad, you will not die yet, for I have brought you the pardon you despaired of. I had some difficulty in obtaining it. The Government will remit your sentence and restore to you your rank, on one condition.'

'A condition? Oh, sir, tell me what it is! I would do anything to save my life, and, above all, my honour!'

'The condition is that you never again get drunk.'

'Oh, sir, that is impossible!'

'"Impossible"—when your life is at stake? Then you will be shot to-morrow. Think of that!'

'Well, sir, if I am never to get drunk, I must never again taste wine, for Cambronne and the bottle are so fond of one another that when once they are together they cannot bear to part.'

'Then why not promise to drink no more wine?'

'You are asking a hard thing of me, sir. Never, never, to drink wine!'

And Cambronne hung his head, and looked very doleful.

'But,' he went on, 'even if I do make such a promise, what guarantee will you have that I shall keep it?'

'Your simple word of honour will be quite sufficient,' replied the Colonel. 'I know you well enough, Cambronne, to feel sure that when you have once given your word you will keep it.'

The young soldier still kept his eyes fixed on the ground.

'Well, Cambronne,' said the Colonel kindly, 'which is it to be? Come, make your choice!'

'You are too good to me, sir,' said Cambronne. 'I thank you for your confidence in me; indeed, I think that I am even more grateful for that than for the hope of pardon which you hold out to me.'

He raised his head. 'God hears,' he said reverently. 'I, Cambronne, do solemnly promise and vow that during the whole future course of my life no drop of wine shall ever touch my lips. Are you satisfied, sir?'

'Yes, my dear fellow,' replied the Colonel, 'I am satisfied. To-morrow you will be free. Be always a brave soldier, and use in the service of your country the life which she has given back to you to-day.'

On the following day Corporal Cambronne returned to duty.

Twenty-five years later he was *General* Cambronne. He had distinguished himself in the Battle of Waterloo, where he had commanded the Imperial Guard, and he was known as a very skilful and gallant officer.

After the fall of the Empire he settled down peacefully at Paris, beloved and honoured by all.

* * * * *

Cambronne's former colonel, now an old man, had also retired from active service. Hearing that the General was in Paris, he invited him to dinner. Other old friends and comrades were also invited, and the Colonel duly honoured the occasion by providing a sumptuous meal. The place of honour was assigned to Cambronne. He sat at the right hand of the master of the house, who, in the course of the banquet offered his guest a glass of old, very rare, and precious wine, reserved for special occasions.

Cambronne stared in surprise at the Colonel. 'What are you offering me?' he asked.

'Some Rhine wine, General. It is more than a century old. You will find scarcely anything like it in Paris.'

Cambronne still looked queerly at his host, who continued: 'I assure you, General, this wine is excellent. Just taste it, and—'

'And my word of honour, Colonel!' interrupted Cambronne, banging his fist on the table. 'And the prison at Nantes, and the pardon, and my vow! Have you forgotten all these things, my good friend? Or have you such a poor opinion of Cambronne as to think that he has done so? I gave my promise to you, and I have kept it.'

The Colonel, it is needless to say, ceased to press the wine upon his guest. Such staunch fidelity commanded his warmest admiration, and he felt very proud and happy to have saved such a man for the service of France.

E. D.

THE BABY BUNNIES.

TOBY had a little gun;
Toby thought he'd like some fun;
Off he started towards the glade
Where the baby rabbits played.

Twenty bunnies there he found,
Frisking gaily all around,
With their little ears of brown
Bobbing up and bobbing down.

Toby watched and fired a shot,
Yet no prize his prowess got,
All the bunnies scuttled down,
Through the lanes of Rabbit town.

Long did Toby wait about;
But no more they ventured out.
'Perhaps,' said he, as home he sped,
'All the bunnies are in bed.'

F. LE N. BOWER.

WANTED—A FOOD CONTROLLER,

THE Lord Mayor's banquet, in its palmiest days, was a mean and meagre repast compared with the feasts of imperial Rome. Lucullus, a distinguished Roman general, prepared for Cicero and Pompey a nice little meal which cost 1000*l.* There were only three of them to eat it. Vitellius did not spend less than 3200*l.* upon each of his banquets, and in order that he might have what he liked, ships plied incessantly between the Gulf of Venice and the Straits of Cadiz. The Emperor's cook was a very important person, and it was only fair that he should receive a good salary. He had hard work to satisfy the extravagant whims of his master. Galba's *chef* must have had to rise very early (unless, as seems more probable, he worked all night), for Galba breakfasted before daybreak, and his breakfast would have fed a hundred families. Ælius Verus invented a dish in which sows' flanks, pheasants, peacocks, ham, and wild boar's flesh were all mixed up together. Geta insisted upon having as many courses as there were letters in the alphabet, and each of these courses had to include all the viands whose names began with the same letter.

Don't you think that these people needed a food controller?

THE COWARD.

(Concluded from page 340.)

CICELY stood irresolute for a moment, the papers in her dress rustling with her agitated breathing. Then, with an impulse of self-preservation, she started into the secret passage, and frantically closed the panel behind her. There she stood alone in the darkness, and unable to get back even had she wished to! She heard a door open, and then voices.

'He is here!'

'Aye, but where are the papers?'

Then silence—although they were searching the pockets of the unconscious man. At last, a growl of disappointment. 'He has not got them! Search! They must be hidden somewhere.'

Cicely remained motionless, hearing them stamping about, pulling out drawers, opening and slamming the doors of cupboards, looking everywhere for the papers which she held. She felt faint and bewildered—what was she to do? Suddenly the darkness gripped her with a panic terror, and she almost screamed. Then she thought of her father, wounded, exhausted, yet striving to the last to fulfil his mission. Marie's taunt rang in her ears: 'No Delaroche has ever been a coward before!' With an effort she mastered her terror, and tried to think.

'The passage leads out of the house,' she murmured. 'Once I am away from here maybe I can elude the rebels, and give the packet to Prince Rupert.' A thousand difficulties beset her. How was she to find her way in the dark? Was there the least hope of finding the Prince? Would it not be better to wait? But then she remembered once more her father's bravery and her sister's scorn. 'I will not disgrace our name,' she thought. 'She shall not call me a coward again!'

And with that she set her teeth and walked forward,

feeling her way through the darkness. The passage sloped downwards, and was quite straight, the walls on either side being of panelled oak. Suddenly the floor seemed to give way beneath her feet; she fell some way, and then stopped herself, shaken and bruised. She felt on either side of her, and came to the conclusion that this was the beginning of a flight of steps. Down and down she went, testing every stair with her foot, for many were broken, and some were altogether missing. The walls were now of stone, cold and slimy, and she knew she was beyond the house. At last the stairs came to an end, and she traversed a long, winding passage. Drops of water fell on her from the roof, making her start and shudder; often she stepped into ice-cold pools, and several times slipped and fell on loose stones. Above everything, she could hear the echo of her feet; pad, pad, as though some stealthy presence was following her through the darkness. Her high-strung nerves gave way beneath the horror of that feeling, and she screamed aloud. Her scream went echoing on and on like some fiendish malicious laughter, until she thought that she was going mad. At last, however, when she could bear no more, the passage began to slope upward; the close, dank air became fresher, and she breathed more easily. Then a sudden turn of the passage brought her in sight of an opening. She fought her way through a tangle of bushes, so dense that it almost obscured the light, and sank down, half-fainting, in the open air. She soon pulled herself together, whispering incessantly, 'I will not be a coward! I must find the Prince!'

Then she looked about her. She was, as her brother had said, in the woods on the hillside about a mile away from their home. Some way beyond her a road stretched through the trees, along which a small party of Cavaliers were galloping. She ran towards them, waving her handkerchief to attract their attention, and the leader of the party reined in his horse. He was a tall, handsome man, magnificently dressed, though travel-stained and weary, and his features seemed vaguely familiar to the child.

'What do you want with me, little mistress?' he asked, curtly, but not unkindly.

Cicely, looking up into his dark eyes, felt that she was in the presence of a friend. 'I must see the Prince—Prince Rupert,' she answered hurriedly.

The Cavalier looked astonished. 'I am he,' he replied. 'And what is your business?'

She handed him the little packet, and slipped to the ground, utterly exhausted, watching him as he read the contents.

'You have rendered His Majesty a great service,' he said at last. 'How did this come into your possession?'

Still shivering from the ordeal she had passed through, Cicely told her story.

'And you had the courage to go alone through an unknown passage in total darkness?' commented the Prince, when she had finished.

'What else could I do?' replied Cicely. 'They have always called me a coward, and I was terrified, but I could not disgrace my father's name.'

The Prince, with his courtly grace, bent from the saddle, and raised her fingers to his lips in a gesture of homage. 'I faith, you are a worthy daughter to Sir Anthony,' he said heartily. 'I have never met a braver girl.'

FRANCES M. BUSS.



“ ‘I must see the Prince—Prince Rupert.’ ”



“ ‘ You wantee find him quick? ’ ”

THE OPIUM JOINT.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

VANCOUVER, standing on the wide Inlet, with dark forest and snow mountains in the background, is a beautifully situated and prosperous Canadian town, but it has grown fast, and was not always as orderly as it is now. Not very long since it was frequented by runaway sailors, miners, and lumbermen, who came to squander their money, Chinamen and Japanese. Some of the Asiatics were quiet, industrious people, and some were not. At the back of the growing town there was a suburb of small wooden houses and bark shanties, where gamblers and fortune-tellers robbed their victims, and Chinese kept opium dens. The police knew all about the place; but, for the most part, left it alone. In Western towns, they are generally satisfied to mark such neighbourhoods by red lights, which warn respectable people to keep away.

All this explains how Tom Dawson had an adventure that would probably be impossible now. Soon after he and Jake Winthrop brought the patrol-boat to the rescue, when the wreckers tried to break the salmon-trap, Dawson one morning left the hotel where Mr. Winthrop was staying, and did not come back. At the time a four-masted American schooner rode in the Inlet ready to go to sea, but waiting because her crew was short. Her captain had a bad name; there had been trouble on board last voyage, and some of the men had run away. In consequence, the Captain went to a boarding-house 'crimp,'* and promised him fifty dollars if he could find three more. The crimp said he would try, although he knew the men must be got on board before they knew where they were going, and without the knowledge of the shipping officials.

After searching the boarding-houses, and finding nobody whom he could make drunk, he sent for two of his friends who had, as it happened, taken part in the attempt to break Gardner's salmon-trap. They had escaped, but some of their accomplices, whom the patrol had caught, were making roads with a heavy shot chained to their legs. 'I want two men and a strong lad,' he said. 'There's fifty dollars to share between us if we can get them, but they've got to be on board to-morrow night.'

'Why d'you want a lad?' one asked.

'To agree with the official crew-list,' the crimp replied with a grin. 'His name is Henderson; he came from England, and his age is eighteen. He can call himself what he likes when they take him off to sea.'

The others loafed about the water-front, and pondered when they saw Dawson on the Canadian Pacific wharf.

'That's the kid who brought patrol-man Wheeler when he corralled Pete and Dave,' said one.

'It surely is,' the other agreed. 'I saw Pete yesterday shovelling dirt on to the Westminster road.'

'Well,' said the first, 'the kid's a sailor all right; he's about the age, and ought to meet the bill. Besides, it would kind of square the deal if we could ship him.'

They went off to a dirty saloon, and by-and-by made a plan. The plan worked, and when it got dark Dawson had not returned to the hotel. Mr. Winthrop felt disturbed, and at Jake's suggestion sent the bell-boy to a little Chinese shop with a note.

'Ah Lee hasn't forgotten we pulled him out of the

water,' Jake remarked. 'He's a good sort, and a boss of some kind among the Chinks; in fact, I allow he's rather a big man. Besides, there's not much goes on underground they don't know about. Anyhow, we've got to find Tom, and Ah Lee will get on his track quicker than the police.'

Mr. Winthrop nodded. He was anxious about Dawson, and knew Jake meant neighbourhoods respectable people avoided when he said 'underground.' As a matter of fact, in American Pacific-coast cities, Asiatic gamblers and opium-smokers had their secret dug-outs under the streets. Ah Lee, however, did not reply, and Mr. Winthrop was getting impatient when the bell-boy said a Chinese laundry-man wanted him. As Mr. Winthrop had sent no clothes to be washed, he looked at Jake, who told the boy to bring the Chinaman to their room.

'Ah Lee doesn't advertise himself,' Jake said with a grin. 'You'll remember only two or three people saw him when he sent us for the patrol-boat. I reckon he finds it prudent to work in the dark, and anyway the Chinks like that plan.'

A minute or two afterwards Ah Lee entered. One could not tell if he was old or young, and he was dressed like a laundry-boy in a skull-cap and loose blue clothes. He carried two baskets on a pole, which he kept on his shoulder until the door was shut. His face was inscrutable when Mr. Winthrop told him about Dawson, and said he had informed the police.

'Hum!' said Ah Lee, 'pleeze-man not welly good; I go lookee, p'aps find him.' He paused, and added meaningly, 'You wantee find him quick?'

'It will be worth while if you can find him,' Mr. Winthrop replied, taking out some five-dollar bills.

Ah Lee shook his head, and his manner was dignified. 'Pellaps bimeby! No wantee money now!'

Then he went out, and turned at the door, as two or three men came along the passage. 'Yen Sing washee welly good, quick, and cheap. Satisfy every time you deal with Yen Sing.'

His footsteps died away down the passage, and Jake laughed. 'He didn't want those fellows to wonder what he was doing in our room. Ah Lee's pretty smart; you can trust him to put over an awkward job. All the same, I'm bothered about Dawson.'

In the meantime Dawson spent some hours walking about the city, and among the giant pines in the Stanley Park. Then he lunched at a dairy where you helped yourself at a fixed price, and an electric organ made a horrible noise, and in the afternoon came back to the water-front. He saw the big American schooner riding off the wharf, with tall, white cotton-canvas hoisted to dry, and the flowing curves of her dark hull reflected on the shining sea. She was a beautiful vessel, but after the story he had heard, Dawson was glad he was not going to sea in her. For a time he loafed about, and looked across the Inlet towards the snow mountains that glimmered behind the climbing forests in the North; and then strolled along the railroad track that ran beside the beach. The hotel was hot and full of flies; he would sooner be outside, and supper would not be served until six o'clock.

There was a gap between the town and the Hastings mill, where the saws had just stopped screaming, and stacks of lumber were piled by the track. On Dawson's side of the mill-wharf, a gravel beach sloped to the water, and the clear, green brine looked inviting. He had time for a swim before supper, and undressing

* A tavern or lodging house-keeper who by drugs or drink, or by force, kidnaps men to serve on merchant ships.

behind a stack of boards, he plunged in. The water was cold; a few minutes was enough, and he ran up the beach and began to dress. While he did so he heard a faint rustle behind the lumber pile, and wondered whether it was a rat. For no very obvious reason he wanted to find out, but there were rough stones and sharp bits of wood between him and the corner, and he was not ready to put on his boots.

(Concluded on page 378.)

THE CHRISTMAS GHOST.

BARNES is an awfully clever little chap, and he's my chum, too. I always think he will have a future like Sherlock Holmes, for he's tremendously sharp at detective work. He's always quietly noticing things, and saying nothing. Then, when he's looking extra innocent, and a mystery crops up—well, he suddenly shows that he's been wide awake and taking notice all the time. He earned his name of 'Sherlock' when he first found out who was stealing the dormitory tuck, and he deserved it more than ever over the Christmas Ghost that followed.

The story of the tuck mystery had better come first. We had all brought back a tremendous lot of good stuff that term, and Matron, being in unusually jolly form in the way of good temper, said that we might have a supper in our dormitory once a week till it was finished. She used to lay the stuff out on a tray every Saturday night when she went down to prayers, and every Saturday, as soon as we got up to the dormitory half an hour later, the best of it had always disappeared! I was a bit annoyed when, on *my* night—for we gave the feast in turns—I found that most of the 'chocs' were gone, and some of the apples, also the best of the tarts; but when Trimen, whose week came next, found on *his* night, when we came upstairs to enjoy ourselves, that the thief had been at work again, I can tell you we made a fuss about it! But no one would own up, though we both urged them to, not until next day, when a small chap, Eagles by name, suddenly came up.

'I say, it was me,' he said, walking towards Trimen and me and Barnes, as we strolled round the Quad after chapel. 'I ate your tuck, I mean.' He was looking very shaky and queer, and we put it down to the hatefulness of having to own up.

'Don't do it again, then, you greedy young beggar!' said Trimen. Then, as Eagles walked away, he turned to me. 'The small chap looked too terrified for words,' said he. 'Anybody would think we were bullies.'

'Perhaps there *is* a bully in the case,' said Barnes in his queer voice, and that was the end—for the time, anyway, for Trimen and I forgot all about it.

But the next Saturday—if you'll believe it—the tuck disappeared again. It was Berry's turn, and when we came upstairs to enjoy his feast, the most ripping of the stuff had gone: most of his apples and some of his cakes! The whole dormitory turned on Eagles as you may imagine, and rowed him for a greedy little thief; Perkins, the oldest of us all, and not much of a favourite with any one, being the loudest in his blame. But we were *all* pretty furious about it, except perhaps Barnes. He seemed, at any rate, to take very little notice, though he probably must have thought the more, for I heard him saying in his sleep that night, 'The chap's evidently fond of fruit.'

We all wondered what would happen next Saturday.

Eagles had been so green with terror that we found it difficult to understand however he could go on stealing in the face of all the dormitory. He must be jolly greedy or hungry, as Trimen said to me. At the next feast we were to have Barnes's tuck, and when the Saturday came, Matron called to him. 'Barnes,' she said, 'you've a melon, I see, in your tuck-box. It's bruised, and it had better be cut up before it's eaten, or you'll all be ill to-morrow.'

'All right,' said Barnes, and that's all we heard about the matter till that evening, when we all trooped up to the dormitory, wondering whether the tuck would be gone again. Barnes was with us, looking rather excited. 'I think,' he said in his queer voice when we got upstairs, 'that we'll find rather more of the stuff than usual on this occasion,' and he made his way towards his cubicle, with all of us behind him.

There was a jolly spread on his counterpane—tarts and sweets, mince-pies and the melon. All cut up, it was, in jolly slices and ready to bite.

'One minute,' said Barnes; 'before we begin I must exonerate Eagles.'

Eagles looked terrified. He evidently didn't understand the word, and he thought he was going to be blamed again. He peered up in a frightened way at Perkins, who, I remembered, had rowed him last week more than any of us. He gave him a rough sort of push, and 'You little idiot!' he said.

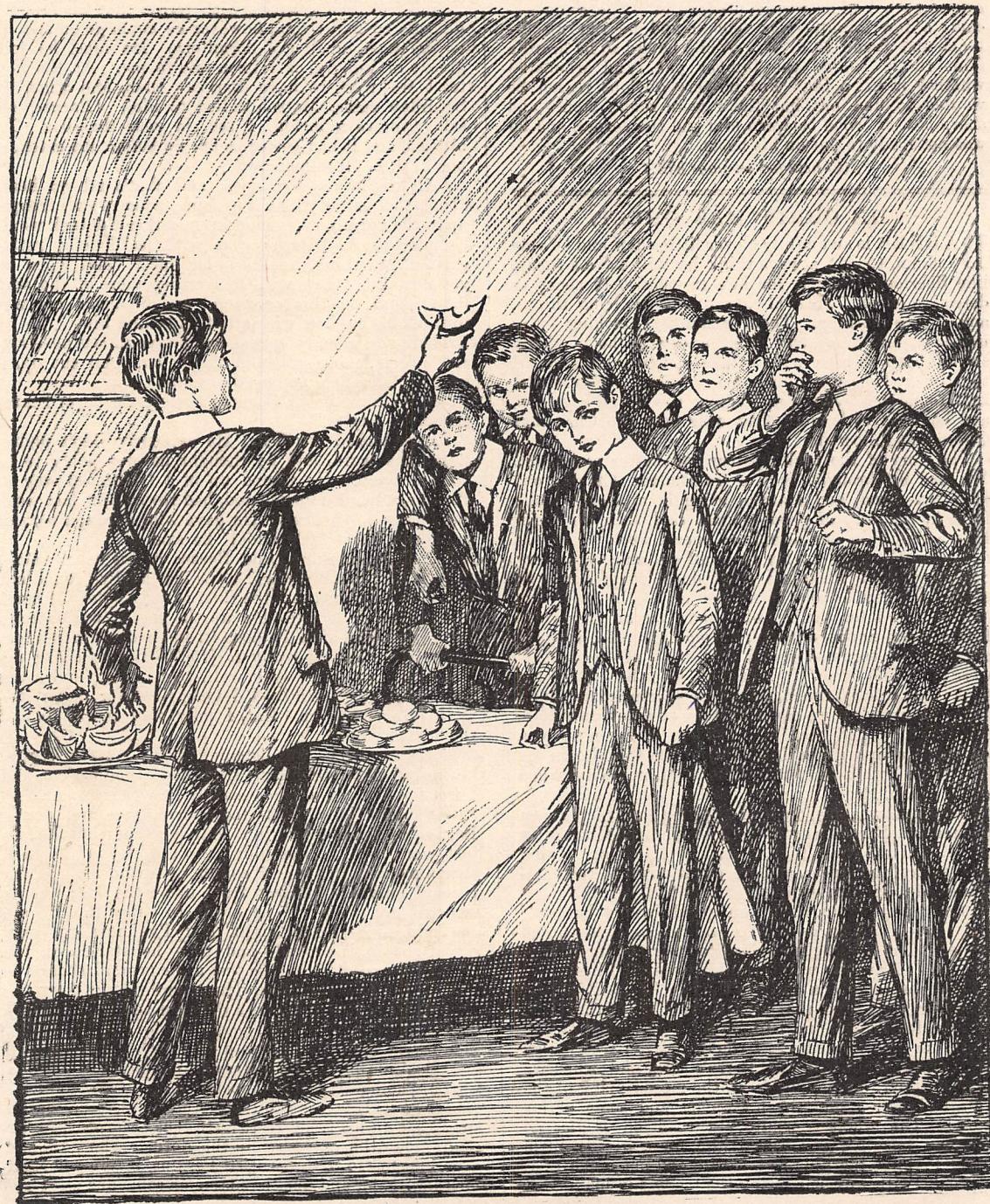
'Shut up, Perkins,' said Barnes in his usual voice; 'you're delaying my story. The fact is, I've found out by a simple method that the thief is not Eagles. I came upstairs to-night to divide up the melon by Matron's permission, and after I'd done it, and had cut it into lots of jolly slices, *all ready to bite!*'—Barnes spoke the last words very slowly—'well, then I hid under the bed. If Matron thinks I deserve lines for doing it—well, I'll write them. But, I jolly well meant to find the mystery out.'

Every one of us was listening now. As for Eagles, he looked absolutely more frightened than before, and I wondered why ever he *should* if he was innocent.

'You're a jolly sight too clever, *you* are, young Barnes,' began Perkins in a bullying tone; but Barnes just went on. 'I was hiding, as I told you,' he said, 'when a chap came in. I couldn't see who he was, for I could only see his feet from under the bed; but he went to my feast, and he began to enjoy it. He ate one mince-pie—I had eight, and I've now got only seven, so that's proved—and then he started on the melon. I expected that, so just as he began I shook the bed a little. That frightened him, for he threw down the melon and went—and here's the slice he left!' Barnes lifted a piece of melon and held it out for all of us to see. There were the marks of teeth all round where the chap had taken his bite, and—it was quite plain to see that the person who had bitten that melon had no front tooth!'

'See?' said Barnes coolly. 'And Eagles, as we all know, has *all* his front teeth! In fact—he stopped for a minute—'the only chap in this dormer who *hasn't* is—Perkins! Go to the dentist, Perkins, before you steal our tuck again, and put the blame on some one else!'

Well, the case was proved, and by Barnes's cleverness, as we all agreed. It was no good for Perkins to try to explain; we jolly well left him alone and gave him the cold shoulder till the end of the term. And as to Eagles, we tried to make up to him a bit, for truly he had had a hard time.



“‘The person who had bitten that melon had no front tooth.’”

And that’s what led to the Christmas Ghost; for our treatment infuriated Perkins. He had been playing bully to Eagles over the tuck, for of course it was he who had made the small chap confess, so that no one

would suspect him. Well, he went on playing the bully even afterwards, though I didn’t twig it, and nobody did, I believe, except Barnes.

(Concluded on page 388.)



"He felt a warm tongue licking his face."

A FRIEND WORTH HAVING.

THIS is a story which John Christie told us on his return from the Front. John had alway loved animals, especially dogs. So when, during the Great War, he was sent out to Belgium, he felt very sorry indeed for the many homeless, starving dogs which he saw there. The poor creatures had been deserted by their Belgian owners, who had fled from their villages at the approach of the foe. These dogs made themselves very much at home in the trenches, where the kind-hearted British soldiers fed them with scraps from their own rations. One, a mongrel, attached himself especially to John, with whom he speedily became a great pet.

'Of friends, however humble, scorn not one,' says Wordsworth, and the humble mongrel was to prove very valuable to John Christie.

One day a German shell exploded close to the spot where John was standing. The force of the concussion flung him violently on his back, and covered him from head to foot with the ploughed-up earth. He fainted, and would probably have been suffocated had not a friend hurried to the rescue. You can guess who that friend was. When John came to himself, he heard a scratching sound, and in a few moments he felt a warm tongue licking his face. Faithful 'Jock'—as Christie had named him—had dug out the buried soldier.

E. D.

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 355.)

MEANWHILE the Mayor and his companions stood waiting, a quiet, motionless, and strangely dignified little group, and after a short delay the commander of the enemy troops, sword in hand, and followed by several of his officers, swaggered up the steps. A long conference ensued, in which demands were made, orders given, and harsh threats uttered, the Mayor acting as spokesman for his fellow-villagers, and doing all in his power to protect them from injustice and ill-treatment.

The German officer issued his commands in a cold, curt voice, in which there was no trace of pity or kindness. Certain things had to be provided for the soldiers, certain large sums of money paid, and certain rules and regulations observed. If the people were obedient—and if no concealed arms or ammunition were found—all would be well. If not—the man shrugged his heavy shoulders—he would not be to blame for anything that might happen. In the meantime the Mayor and the other men would be held as hostages for the good behaviour of the place.

While the long discussion went on, Roger stood leaning against the wall, watching the strange scene with wide, fascinated eyes.

It was all so strange and bewildering, that he felt as if he were taking part in some horrible nightmare, and then suddenly a hand gripped his arm. He turned quickly, and found himself confronted by a tall, stalwart man with a brown face, white teeth, a small black moustache that was twisted into sharp points, and eyes

which, although anxious and sombre now, looked as if they should have had a merry twinkle. It was the man who had been standing next to the priest when Roger first joined the group, and who had heard the boy's eager questions. Now he touched his lips as if to enjoin caution, and then whispered the one word, 'Anglais?' with a note of interrogation in his low, hurried voice.

Roger nodded, and then the man tapped his own broad chest and murmured 'Lemaitre.'

So this was the innkeeper, the man who might know something about Val; but he could not speak English, and it was in vain that Roger tried to wrench a few words of intelligible French out of his bewildered memory. For a minute the pair stared at each other in silence, and then Lemaitre, drawing further back behind the screening figures of the men on the steps, took a note-book from his pocket and began to write hurriedly in pencil. When he had finished, he tore out the leaf, folded it and slipped it into Roger's hand. 'Jacques,' he whispered, and with a swift gesture pointed across the market-place to the inn.

Once more the boy nodded. The note was to be taken to the 'Lion d'Or,' and delivered to some one named Jacques. That much he understood, and would have hastened away at once to execute the errand if a detaining hand had not been laid on his shoulder.

'Non, non.' The innkeeper's voice was full of anxiety, and he frowned and bit his lip in the effort to think of some way in which to make his meaning clear. Then an idea came, and dragging a big silver watch out of his pocket he pointed to it as if indicating the time.

Half-past three; it was now Roger's turn to be puzzled, but the explanation was not finished yet. Monsieur Lemaitre replaced his watch, took out the pocket-book again, drew a clock face with the hands pointing to ten and then on the same page traced a crescent moon and several stars.

'Ten o'clock, to-night,' he muttered in French, and the boy, whose mind was less confused now, understood and whispered assent.

The innkeeper smiled, once more laid a warning finger on his lips and then moved aside. Roger stole away and joined a crowd of round-eyed peasant boys, who were staring at the Uhlans as they watered their horses at the big stone trough in the middle of the square.

There were many other strange and wonderful sights to be seen in the quiet French village that afternoon, for the motor-cars and cavalry had only been the advance guard of a great army, and for many hours regiments of infantry, huge guns and trains of ammunition waggons, travelling kitchens, and ambulances poured along the roads.

Hundreds of soldiers, thousands of soldiers, it seemed to Roger that there must be millions of soldiers, all in new dusty grey uniforms and with clumsy but workmanlike boots. He could not help a shudder of dismayed foreboding as he watched the seemingly endless columns of men and listened to the tramp of their marching feet.

'Are we down-hearted? No!' The brave, cheery words sounded futile and almost ridiculous when flung as a challenge against this huge, relentless force; but Roger repeated them to himself as if they had been a

magic charm, full of mysterious powers of resistance and courage.

The main body of the German troops passed through the village, their faces set, as it were, towards some distant goal, but many men remained and were billeted on the inhabitants, while the officers took up their quarters at the inn.

Roger left the market-place after a time, and wandered restlessly about, wondering whether he would be able to leave the village after the innkeeper's message had been delivered, and chafing impatiently against the delay.

He had made up his mind by this time that Val and her friends could not be here after all, for no trace of them or of the car was to be seen, and he longed to be away and once more on his journey.

None of the villagers interfered with Roger as he roamed aimlessly about the streets, and his ignorance of French did not cause surprise or comment. He was a Belgian refugee, that was what the people thought when they had leisure to notice him at all, and several of them spoke to him kindly, shrugged their shoulders when he could not answer, and gave him little presents of fruit or food. One old woman let him rest under an apple-tree in her garden, and brought him out a good meal of cheese and milk and bread. He fell asleep after that, and did not wake until it was quite dark, and the bustle and confusion in the village had died away.

The boy sat up, stretching his stiff arms and wondering, for a bewildered moment or two, where he was and what had happened. Then the church clock high overhead began to strike, and he remembered everything as he listened and counted the clear, musical chimes.

One! Two! Three! Four!—It was ten o'clock, and time for him to go to the inn and deliver the note that Monsieur Lemaitre had entrusted to his care.

He stumbled to his feet and stole out of the little garden, stepping carefully so that his thick boots might make no sound on the uneven cobble-stones.

It was a beautiful starlight night, but the narrow village street seemed very dark. The houses were closed, orders having been issued that the people were to be within doors and all lights extinguished at an early hour. Only the inn, where the officers had their headquarters, was brilliantly illuminated.

As Roger drew near he saw that tables had been brought out and that lanterns were hanging from the branches of a great chestnut-tree that grew near the door of the building. A noisy supper-party was in progress, and from inside the inn came the sounds of music and of loud, roysterer voices.

Keeping carefully in the shadows, the boy crept round to the back of the house, and soon found his way into the great kitchen, where a number of women-servants and several old men were busily at work, cooking, preparing vegetables, washing piles of plates and dishes, or cleaning and polishing the high military boots and leather accoutrements of the German officers.

Roger stood just inside the open door, glancing round nervously and wondering how he could find the unknown Jacques, and then suddenly, to his great relief, he caught sight of the little cripple-boy seated in a corner near the fire, with his crutch at his side and a large black cat in his arms.

Here at least was some one whom he had seen and

spoken to before. He crossed the room to the boy's side. 'Jacques? Where is Jacques?' he asked in a whisper, and was answered with a nod and a friendly smile of recognition.

'I am Jacques, Jacques Lemaitre.' And then Roger pulled the innkeeper's note out of his pocket. The boy seized it and read it eagerly, his face growing pale and anxious, and then he thrust the crumpled paper into his pocket, and rising, with a stealthy glance round, picked up his crutch and beckoned to Roger to follow him out of the room. The latter obeyed, rather unwillingly, for he had hoped that the errand once accomplished, he would be free to go about his own business—the business of finding Val. Now, apparently, there was other work still to be done.

Outside the kitchen Roger was made to wait for a few minutes while Jacques went into a big larder and packed some food into a basket. Then he took a lantern from a shelf, lit it, and led the way out of the house and across a great paved courtyard which was surrounded by barns, sheds, and huge stacks of hay and straw. The lame boy slipped in between two of the stacks, Roger following, and, beyond, a dark, narrow passage, the entrance of which was quite hidden from the inn, brought them to a small inner yard. When this also had been crossed, Jacques stopped outside a dilapidated and apparently unused farm building. He took a large rusty key from his pocket, fitted it into the lock and pushed open the door. Roger peered over his guide's shoulder into a close, dusty interior, where the lantern-light flickered on faggots of firewood, broken and worn-out tools, torn sacks and rubbish of every description. He shivered and drew back a little, wondering whether these people at the inn were enemies instead of friends, and if he were to be kept prisoner in this dark, noisome place.

'Come!' Jacques was beckoning again, and with a quickly beating heart Roger entered the barn. As the lame boy limped ahead, swinging the lantern in his hand, grotesque shadows were flung on to the uneven stone floor and the dingy, white-washed walls. An owl or a bat rustled high up among the cobweb-hung beams, and all around could be heard the scurrying of rats.

In one corner of the barn an old cart with one shaft leaned against the wall, and behind was a small door. Jacques opened this with another heavy key, and showed a room partitioned off from the main part of the building. There was a window through which a glimpse of star-lit sky could be seen, a ladder leading to a loft, and a great heap of dry, fragrant hay.

The stone floor had evidently been lately swept, and the air was very sweet and fresh. On the hay a man was lying. He was covered with a warm, clean blanket, and at his side stood a wooden three-legged stool with on it a plate of food, some wine, and a yellow earthenware jing.

'Enter!' Jacques held the lantern high above his head so that everything in the little room could be plainly seen. Roger stepped across the threshold, and then stopped short with an exclamation of mingled joy and amazement.

Then he ran forward and threw himself down on his knees at the side of the low bed. 'Where is Val?' he cried, in a voice that was low and hoarse with eagerness. 'Tell me, where is Val?'

(Continued on page 370.)



“Suddenly a hand gripped his arm.”



“He seized Val’s arm roughly.”

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 367.)

CHAPTER XVII.

AND in the meantime, what had happened to Val? She had not been a bit frightened at first. But it was lonely in the wood, and except for the distant thunder of the guns, very silent.

The little girl began to wonder whether she were not rather frightened after all, and she wished with all her heart that the wounded man would open his eyes and speak to her, or that Roger would come back.

At last the hoot of a horn was heard far away and then the sound of a motor coming nearer and nearer. Val stumbled to her feet and limped out from among the bushes. Could it be Roger returning on his cycle? But no, this motor was coming from the north, and now she could see it, a long, low car, rushing towards her at a great speed. She struggled forward and stood recklessly in the middle of the sandy road waving the great bracken frond above her head.

'Stop! stop!' the child's voice rang out clear and shrill, and then the motorists saw her, there was a loud exclamation, and the car swerved sharply to one side, its wheels cutting deeply into the grassy bank.

There were two passengers, a man and a woman. The former wore a mask with large goggles and the latter was muffled in a thick gauze veil. She pushed this back and showed a fat, rosy face and a pair of round blue eyes.

'Fräulein Heinz!' Val dropped her bracken frond and stood motionless for a moment, as if struck dumb with amazement. Then, recovering herself, she seized the woman's arm and dragged her towards the bushes.

'Come with me. There's a man here. He's hurt, badly, and I don't know what to do. You must help me.'

'Val!' The German stared at the little girl as if hardly able to believe the evidence of her own senses. 'You? Here? What has happened? Why are you still in France? And in this dress?'

Val told her story in a few hurried sentences. Fräulein listened impatiently, and then, suddenly, an expression that was almost one of terror came into her blue eyes. She clutched Val's arm tightly with both hands.

'The letter—where is the letter?' she cried. 'You have it safely? Give it to me back, quick! quick!'

'The letter!' For a moment Val looked up into the flushed, agitated face in complete bewilderment, then a little careless laugh broke from her lips, 'Oh, yes, it's all right, but I'd forgotten all about it. Roger has it. I gave it to him to take care of; it's in his pocket now.'

'Roger!'

'Yes, he'll be back soon—he promised; you needn't bother. And now—'

But Fräulein Heinz was already pushing her way back through the bushes. The other motorist had got out of the car and was waiting in the road, smoking a cigarette. He was a tall man, fair-haired and blue-eyed like Fräulein herself, and it was easy to see that they were brother and sister. Captain Max Heinz, however, was disfigured by a long scar, the result of a duel in his student days, which ran across one side of his face and twisted his mouth into a perpetual sneer.

'Come, we must be off; get into the car, Rosa,' he said now, as his sister appeared, but she laid a detaining hand on his arm and her troubled face showed that something was amiss.

'Stop, Max, and listen,' she said in a low, hurried whisper: 'This child here is one of my pupils.' And then Fräulein went on to explain what had happened.

The man frowned angrily as he listened to the story. He had already blamed his sister for entrusting the letter, and the important paper it contained, to her pupil, and it was evident that his fears had been well founded. The position had been a difficult one, certainly, for it had been necessary to get the paper to England quickly and it would not have been safe to post it in France during the troubled days before the declaration of war. Now the letter had to be recovered, for, although it was in cypher, it must not fall into the hands of the French authorities.

It will, perhaps, be best to explain at once that Fräulein Heinz and her brother were spies, who for many months had been engaged in collecting important information in France; which they forwarded to their country or to other spies still in England.

'We must drive on at once,' Fräulein said, after a moment's anxious thought, 'and Val must come with us. When we overtake the boy she can ask him for the letter. He most likely would not give it up to us, and besides, I have never seen him.'

The man growled a surly assent, and Fräulein pushed her way once more into the bushes. 'You must come with me, dear little one,' she said. 'I cannot leave you here alone. We will drive on and find your brother.' She put one arm round the little girl's shoulder and spoke in her gentlest tones, but Val proved unexpectedly obstinate, and declared that she had promised to wait for Roger, and could not go away till he came back.

'Max!' Fräulein called the name sharply over her shoulder, and the man with the scarred face strode through the bracken, pulling his motor mask forward as he joined the group. He seized Val's arms roughly, and she struggled to get away, her face startled and white with indignation.

And then Bob, who had been lying asleep on the grass, awoke and lifted his round bushy head with a low growl. He showed his teeth savagely and his eyes gleamed through the tangle of hair on his forehead.

The German dropped his hand from the little girl's shoulder and stepped back.

'Val! Val, call off that horrible dog,' Fräulein's voice was shrill with terror, and then, when Bob's collar was firmly grasped, she went on more quietly. This was her brother Max, who would take them in his car. They would all go together. The wounded man could be taken to some hospital or hotel where he would be looked after, and Roger would be certain to be found. Most likely they would meet him on his way back.

Val gave way in the end, for she had no reason to distrust Fräulein Heinz, and perhaps her brother had really meant to be kind. In a few minutes the dispatch rider had been comfortably installed on the back seat of the car, while Val was given a place in front. Just as they were starting Bob jumped in too, and although Captain Heinz scowled, he made no objection to the dog's presence. Perhaps he thought that Bob was a person with whom it was wise to keep on good terms.

For some time the car sped on and on, following the

same route that Roger had taken an hour before, but no sign of the young dispatch rider was seen. At last, however, a figure appeared on the dusty road ahead, which, when overtaken, proved to be an old man, who, weak and exhausted, had lagged behind some band of refugees that had passed early in the day. When questioned, he said that, while resting under the trees, he had seen a boy on a motor cycle race past.

So far so good, they were evidently on the right track, and later on another peasant was encountered, who told them how, looking back along the road, he had seen the meeting between the dispatch rider and the French officers. He had been some way off, and could not see what had happened very distinctly, but there had been two cars, and afterwards one of them passed him as he trudged along the road. Was there a boy in the car? Well, he could not be certain, for it had flown by like the wind, but there was a motor cycle in it, and French officers—he had seen the gold lace in their caps.

'We will follow that car,' Fräulein Heinz turned to Val, 'and doubtless we shall overtake it before long. Then you can join your brother. He is safe, you see; but doubtless was not allowed to return to the wood.'

Val was obliged to be content with that explanation, and it seemed certain that Roger was safe, which after all was the chief thing that mattered. Yet, at the same time, she wished that she were back again, alone with Roger and Bob in the cool, silent forest.

Hour after hour passed by and on and on the car sped, until it grew dark and stars began to glimmer in the clear sky overhead; and again and again during the evening the car was stopped and inquiries made. The other automobile always seemed to be far ahead, and at last Captain Heinz informed his sister that it was useless to think of overtaking it.

'Those men were on their way to Paris, no doubt,' he said, 'and we will go straight on there ourselves. But we must get rid of this Englishman before we do anything else. If he were to die on our hands there would be endless complications; and the girl, too—I don't intend to take her with us to Paris. She knows too much about you, and might be dangerous.'

'No, no, Max,' Fräulein Heinz interrupted her brother hastily; 'we must keep the child until her brother is found. How should we explain things to him?—and he would almost certainly refuse to give up the letter. Besides, the poor little girl is quite harmless; she has fallen asleep, and most likely won't wake up for hours.'

'All right, have it your own way,' he said; and so before long, when a large village was reached, arrangements were made for leaving the wounded man behind at the 'Hotel Lion d'Or,' the kind-hearted landlord promising to find room for him, and if possible to have him taken to a hospital on the following day.

Val did not wake while the wounded Englishman was being carried into the inn, nor when a fresh start was made; but, after a few minutes' drive, the car once more came to a standstill. The road leading southward out of the village was crowded with refugees who had not been able to find lodgings for the night, and now way had to be made for the passage of several military automobiles.

There was a great deal of noise and confusion. A large waggon had lost a wheel and was lying in the ditch. Orders were being shouted, lanterns flashed from

side to side, and several worried-looking officials were demanding papers and questioning the travellers as to their routes and destinations.

Two of these men stopped by the German motor-car, and Val, who had been roused by all the clamour with which she was surrounded, opened her eyes and listened amazed to the strange statements that were being made.

'Yes, we are from Belgium,' the false story came glibly from Captain Heinz's lips, 'and we barely escaped from there with our lives. We have no luggage, as you see, and no papers. This child is a Belgian, too, who has lost his friends. We found him alone and brought him on with us.'

Val's blue eyes grew round with horrified surprise.

'Oh, Fräulein Heinz!' she exclaimed, her voice ringing out clearly, 'it isn't true; you know it isn't true. I'm English and you're German, and—'

Before she could say anything more Fräulein's hand was at her mouth, choking back the words so that they died away in a stifled gasp. But it was too late; the child's declaration had been heard by many people, and, in an instant as it seemed, the car was surrounded by fierce, hostile faces and clutching hands.

'Spies! Germans! Traitors!' The air vibrated to the sound of the ominous words, and Fräulein, hearing them, cowered down, her cheeks white with terror and her hands still clutching Val with a frantic grasp.

Captain Heinz, however, did not lose his self-control for an instant. He glanced swiftly round, saw that although the road in front was completely blocked there was an open space in the rear, and then backed the car, scattering the people who thronged it to right and left, swung it round with a jerk, and raced at a tremendous pace through the village.

In a very few minutes the motorists were beyond the houses, thundering along a road that led northward, while a car that started in pursuit was left far behind.

(Continued on page 382.)

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

THE following story was told in a lecture by Colonel Archibald Young, V.D.

The British troops in Palestine were recently approaching a certain desert town when a deputation of natives came out to meet them.

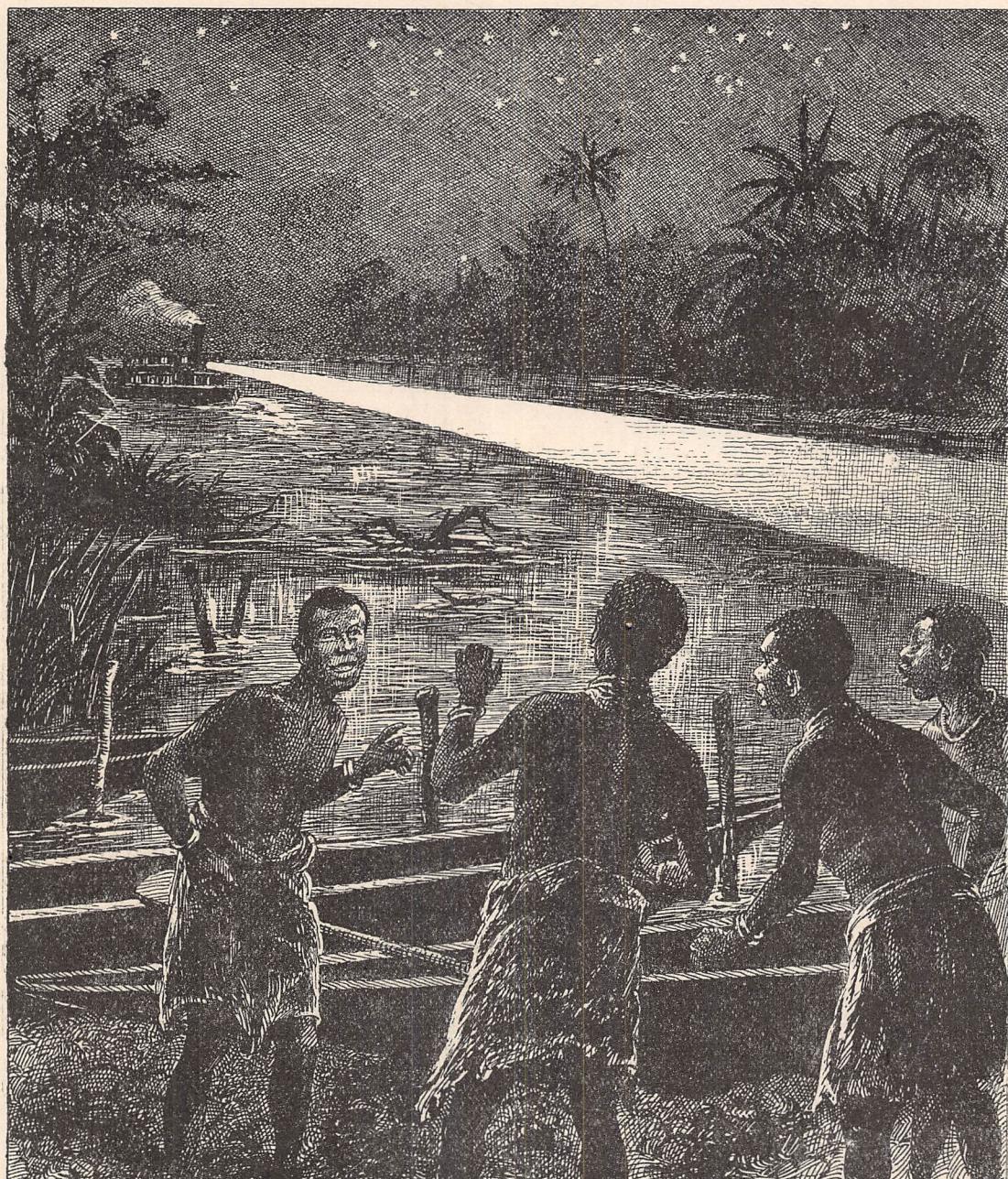
'Please,' said the headman, 'may I speak to the British Commander?'

He was told that he might. During the interview, he informed the Commander that the people of his town were very good, and had every right to be treated kindly. To prove the truth of his words, the headman showed the Commander an old paper, which was a sort of testimonial, telling how well and honourably these natives had behaved the last time they had been visited by European troops.

This document was signed 'Napoleon Bonaparte'!

THE WHITE MAN'S MOON.

IN discussing the manner in which Congo natives are adapting themselves to all branches of industry, and are filling the places of white men gone to the War, the managing director of a great Congo trading



"To examine the 'White man's moon,' as they called it."

firm said the only thing known to have startled them out of stoicism was a searchlight brought up on a steamer to assist navigation. At first sight of its beam they scuttled away like rabbits to burrow, but returned

sheepishly in twos and threes to examine the 'white man's moon,' as they called it. Within an hour or two they were wildly beating their tom-toms and enjoying native dances in an unaccustomed glare.



"She sat gazing into the fire."

TAKE HOLD!

WHY don't you go, Royce? you're just the sort of fellow they want.' The words were spoken derisively, and Nen Royce

turned on the speaker. 'How can I?' he demanded, 'with Father laid up, and no one but Kitty to do anything?'

'Oh! well, I don't know,' answered his companion,

and lounged away, leaving Nen staring after him with angry eyes.

'He could go,' he muttered, 'and doesn't dream of it, while here am I tied hand and foot. Jove, I wish I were free!' He swung off down to the dépôt with his pack of skins and furs, which he had come into the town to sell, with a weary longing in his heart.

The salesman looked them over thoughtfully. 'I doubt there will be many of these wanted now,' he said; 'while the War lasts people won't buy.'

'Yet we must live,' said Nen.

'Yes.' Then he added, with a laugh, 'They pay you well for fighting though,' and carried the skins away.

He came back presently, gave the boy his payment, and watched him as he left the store and went slowly up the street. He purchased a few necessaries, packed them into his small sleigh, and set off for home. How often had he thought out the problem now before him, coming always to the same conclusion. Could he anyhow leave and go to the Front? 'No, no,' sounded the horse's hoofs on the crisp snow. 'No, no,' jingled the bells, as the sleigh flew along. How could he leave the invalid father, and Kitty—only a girl—to do everything for him? Who would set to the traps, and the preparing of the skins for market? Who would drive the sleigh all those long miles to town to sell them when prepared, and buy groceries? 'It's no use,' Nen roused himself at last, coming to the same conclusion as usual. 'It's no use, I can't go, and there's an end of it.'

'Is that the end? Is that the end?' whispered the wind softly in the tree-tops; and still 'No, no!' jangled the sleigh bells, 'No, no, no!'

It was nearly dusk when he reached the little log cabin; his sister was outside watching for him. 'Oh! there you are!' she cried, in relief.

'Why, I'm not late am I?' springing out as he spoke.

'No, only—' Kitty did not finish her sentence, but came and helped him unharness the horses and carry the groceries in.

That evening, when the invalid had been seen to bed and the small living-room tidied up for the night, the brother and sister sat together, Nen cleaning the gun he was going to use the next day, and Kitty knitting by the stove. At least, she had been knitting, but now sat, her chin on her hands, gazing into the fire. 'Nen,' she said, suddenly, 'did you see Will Grayler in town to-day?'

'Yes.'

'Is he going to the Front?'

'No; he thinks I ought to.'

'Well, why don't you?'

'What!' the boy stared at her open-mouthed.

Kitty flung down her knitting and came over to him. 'See here, Nen,' she said; 'you want to go, don't you?'

'Of course.' He bent over his work, hiding his face from her.

'Well, go. I can do the trapping and the skinning. Father will be all right to leave, I mean for a little while, when I'm driving into town.' She broke off.

'You couldn't do it,' answered her brother, gruffly; 'it's too hard work for a girl.'

'If you were ill I should have to. And you know, Nen, we can't go and fight, we can't really serve our country, though I want to as much as you do. All we can do, it seems to me, is to take over the work and let the men go. Don't you see?'

'Yes, I see, but—'

He saw more; the long, weary days, the tiring work,

the danger of snowstorms, blizzards, and wolves. It's true Kitty was fairly strong; even then—'You're a brick to think of it, Kits,' he said, still bending over his gun; 'but it won't do; I should be a beast to leave you.'

He spoke as if it were settled, but she would not leave it like that, and at the end of half an hour of earnest talk Nen stood upright, squaring his shoulders as if a load had fallen from them. 'All right, Kits, I'll go; you're a jolly good pal. Shake.'

They clasped hands, and the girl felt at that moment that she, too, was serving her country.

Ah! Kitty, you were proud when you drove into town to see him off, smart and soldierly in his khaki, a proud, happy smile on his lips. Nothing else seemed to matter then; but driving back through the snow and falling dusk your teeth were clenched and your heart was faint, for you knew as well as he, if not better, what lay before you.

'It's my bit,' she muttered; 'my bit for my country. And then suddenly she laughed. 'Girls! take hold!' she cried.

No one certainly could complain of the way Kitty 'took hold.' She trapped and skinned and hunted like any man, not because she liked it, but because it had to be done; and if the soft girl's heart of her failed sometimes, no one knew but the vast silences of the Canadian forest, or now and then the horses flying home from town felt the slack hand on the reins.

But it was worth it every bit, when, after long months of absence, Nen stood once more in the little log hut, once more grasped her hand like a good comrade.

And they looked at his laughing face, his dancing eyes, and, above all, at the little cross, the wonderful little cross on his breast.

'For Valour!' read Kitty. 'Oh, Nen!'

'Yes; and the King, our King, Kits, put it on himself,' cried the boy, proudly. 'But,' he added, half shyly, 'I think its rightful place is there!' and with a quick movement he transferred it to her blouse.

MANNERS!

WHEN Mary Brown goes out to tea,
Oh, such a pattern girl is she;
Her frock is starched so stiff and white:
Her manners, they are perfect, quite:
She whispers 'Thank you,' 'Yes,' and 'No,'
And only takes one cake, or so;
And every hair is well in curl;—
She really is a perfect girl!
That's what the people say, you see,
When Mary Brown goes out to tea!

Mary before her tea at home,
Just hates to use her brush and comb:—
'Go and get ready! nurse, oh, why?'
That is Miss Mary's freiful cry!
And then, oh, dear!—when down she sits,
She cuts her bread up into bits:
And asks why there's no sugar-cake!—
Her nurse's heart must ache and ache;
For Mary puts good manners on
With her best clothes! And they're all gone,
And changed to bad manners, you see,
At meal-times in her nursery!

ETHEL TALBOT.

THE SURRENDER OF BREDA.

ABOUT the year 1590, the country of the Netherlands was the scene of a prolonged struggle. The inhabitants had been for years striving to free themselves from the yoke of Spain, but the genius of Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, had been Spain's strongest ally.

Now, however, sorely against his will, and in obedience to Philip of Spain, Parma was turning his back on the Netherlands in order to relieve Paris, which was hard pressed. Thus an opportunity was given of winning back to the Netherlands some of their most valuable possessions.

The city of Breda lies on the Merk, a stream navigable for small vessels, which flows through the great canal of the Dintel. At that time a strong castle fortress commanded the town, in which lay five companies of Italian infantry, and one of cavalry.

Breda was an important strategical position, and Prince Maurice of Nassau was anxious to drive the Spaniards and Italians from their strongholds, and so win it back to the Netherlands.

In February, 1597, Prince Maurice received a visit from a boatman, Van der Berg by name, who lived at a village eight miles from Breda, and who supplied the castle there with turf for fuel. His vessel thus passed often in and out of the castle without being searched by the guard, and he had thought of a plan to surprise the garrison.

Prince Maurice listened to him, and consulted the statesman Barneveld. He thought well of the scheme, and suggested that Captain Charles de Heraugiere would be suitable for carrying it out.

Full of zeal, Heraugiere at once selected sixty-eight picked men to help in the task. On a certain Monday night he and his band met at a certain ferry, and when the vessel appeared, went on board, packing themselves into the hold.

The boat was apparently filled with turf, and moved slowly down the river. Navigation was difficult, owing to huge blocks of ice which were brought down by the winter wind, and at last the vessel came to a standstill.

From then till Thursday morning the seventy men lay huddled together, half-starved, half-frozen, yet none of them wishing to give up the task. Then secretly they went ashore at a lonely castle, for food and warmth.

There they remained till night, when one of the boatmen came to tell them that the wind had changed. Again they embarked, and after two days more of great discomfort, by Saturday afternoon they had passed the last sluice, and were in the city of Breda, with no chance of retreat.

The boat lay in the outer harbour, not far from the water-gate which led to the castle. Here an officer of the guard, seeing the turf, stepped on board, to bargain for it to be brought in, and stood where the adventurers could see and hear his every movement. A cough or a sneeze on their part would have betrayed them assuredly. But soon the officer, saying he would send men to bring in the boat, stepped off.

Now, however, the vessel sprang a leak, and those inside were presently sitting knee-deep in water. The boatmen worked the pumps to try and save the boat, and soon a party of Italian soldiers, sent by their officer, laboriously dragged ashore the ship containing the men who had come to slay them.

Now a crowd of buyers came on board, eager to secure

the peat. At this ill-timed moment, some of the half-frozen little party, to their dismay, were seized with attacks of coughing and sneezing which threatened to betray them.

But the clever skipper ordered his man to work the pumps, and the noise thus made drowned the sounds from within. Then a new peril arose, for the townspeople were so eager to buy fuel that before long the load was nearly disposed of, and the hidden adventurers were again in danger of being discovered.

Once more the skipper came to the rescue, declaring loudly that he was tired, and had sold enough for that day. Giving the workmen money, he sent them ashore, telling them to return next morning for the rest of the cargo.

A servant of the garrison still lingered, saying that the turf was not so good as usual, and his master would complain.

'Ah!' said the skipper, 'the best part is underneath, and is especially reserved for the captain. He will get enough of it to-morrow.'

Towards midnight Captain Heraugiere addressed his party. He told them the great moment had come, and there could be no turning back. He would slay with his own hand any traitor, but if the men did their duty, success was sure, and great reward and honour would be their portion.

He then divided them into two bands, one to attack the main guard-house and the other to seize the arsenal. Thus they stole out of the ship, and landed, Heraugiere marching straight to the guard-house.

'Who goes there?' cried the sentry.

'A friend,' said Heraugiere, seizing him by the throat and forbidding him, under pain of death, to speak above a whisper.

'How many are there?' muttered Heraugiere.

'Three hundred and fifty,' was the reply.

The Captain turned to his men. 'He says there are but fifty,' he whispered.

Just then the officer of the guard, hearing sounds, sprang out. 'Who goes there?' he cried.

'A friend,' replied Heraugiere, striking him dead.

Others came out, bearing torches. The brave leader was wounded, but killed a second enemy. His followers attacked the guard, who retreated into the house. Heraugiere bade his men fire through doors and windows, and soon every one of the garrison lay dead.

The second party had by now seized the arsenal and disposed of its defenders.

A nephew of the Governor, who had been temporarily left in charge, now came out with a few troops. He, however, was soon driven back, wounded, while the rest of the garrison fled in terror into the town, where they spread panic among the people.

In a short time Count Hohenlo, of the Netherlands, who had been secretly warned of the attack by the boatman, arrived at the head of some of Prince Maurice's troops. Soon after he had battered down the palisades near the water-gate, and had made an entrance, Prince Maurice himself appeared, and the resistance was over.

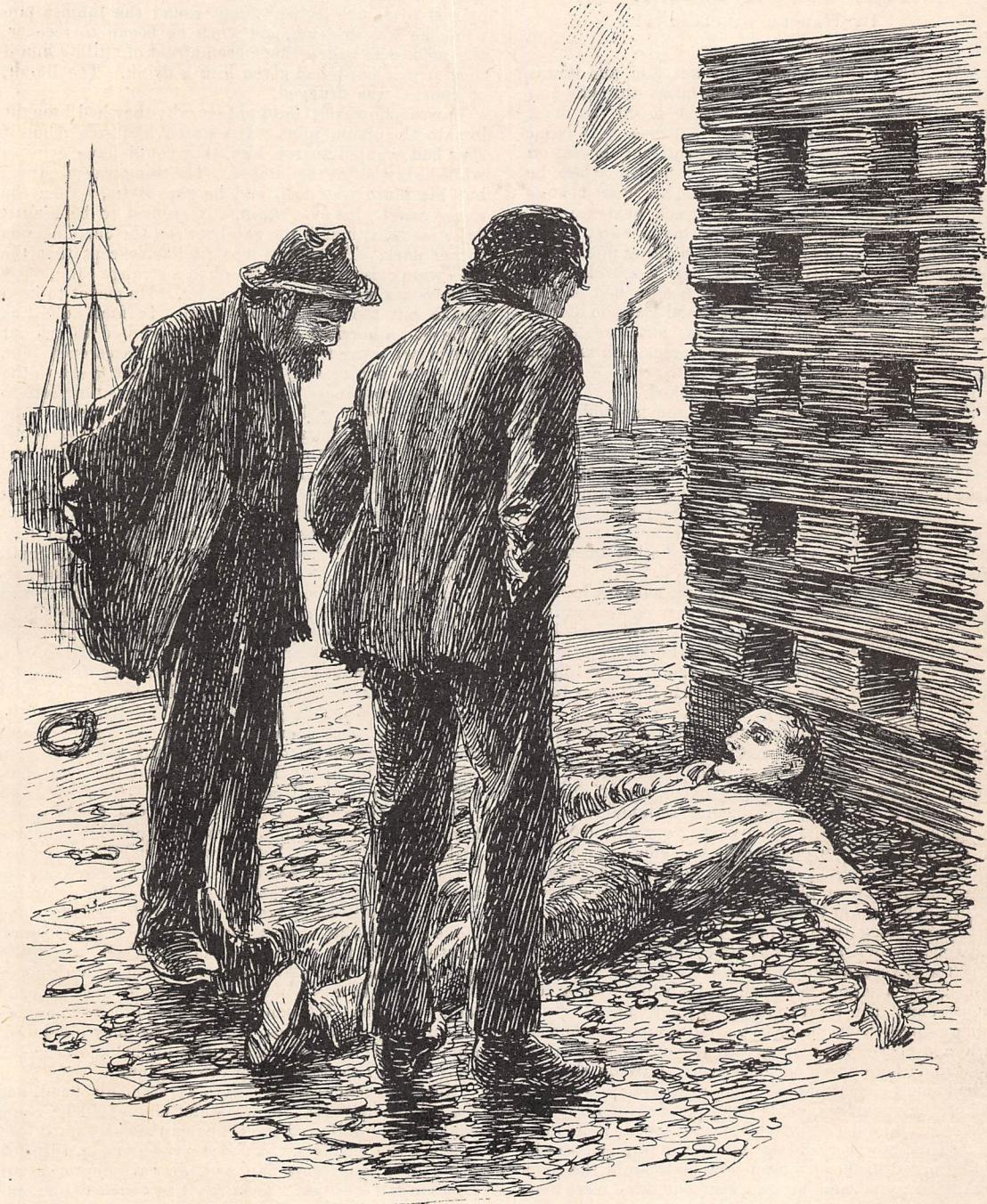
About fifty of the garrison had been killed, but not a man of the attacking party, and before sunrise the city of Breda had surrendered.

As Count Hohenlo reported, 'the castle and town of Breda are ours, without a single man dead on our side. The garrison made no resistance, but ran shrieking out of the town.'

F. M. BURDITT.



"An officer of the guard stepped on board to bargain."



“When he opened his eyes two men stood close by.”

THE OPIUM JOINT.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

(Concluded from page 363.)

DAWSON'S shirt stuck to his wet skin, and it was some time before he got his arms through and fastened the buttons. He thought he heard the noise again, and felt curious and a little disturbed. He laced his boots rather quickly, stooping down from his seat on a projecting board, and had nearly finished when he heard a cautious step. He started, and his heart beat as he jumped up, but his foot slipped, and next moment something struck his head. Losing his balance, he fell heavily, and for some minutes knew nothing more.

When he opened his eyes two men stood close by. He looked at them vacantly, for his head ached, and he felt dazed. The men looked rough, and Dawson did not like their faces, but their manner was not threatening. Yet somebody had crept round the stack and knocked him down.

'What's the matter, sonny?' one asked.

Dawson tried to get up, but felt too languid. The blow he had got had made him strangely dull. 'I think somebody hit me on the back of the head.'

'Guess you've been swimming too long,' the man remarked with a meaning grin. 'I allow you came from the schooner, and they wouldn't let you have a boat. You certainly look sick, and I've something in my pocket that will fix you up. Don't bother about it; take a good drink.'

He pulled out a bottle, and Dawson, without hesitating, put it to his mouth. He felt very cold as well as stupid, and the whisky, or whatever it was, might help him to get on his feet and reach his hotel. For a few moments he felt better, and then the strange dulness got worse, and his head sank back. He could not rouse himself, and his eyes shut.

The men picked him up, and carried him across the track to a light waggon that stood behind a pile of lumber. They threw him in upon some straw, and jumping up beside the Chinese driver, set off for the town. The side of the waggon hid Dawson from the people in the street, and nobody was very curious when the others lifted him out at a shabby house in the red-light neighbourhood. Drugged and drunken men were not uncommon there, although they were oftener thrust out of the houses in the dark than carried in.

It was a long time before Dawson opened his eyes and wondered where he was. His clothes felt strange, as if they were not his; they were rough and salt-stained, like a sailor's. He puzzled about it for a few minutes, and then tried to examine the room.

It was lighted by one or two small lamps that burned with a dim yellow flame. Streaks of smoke drifted about and there was a curious smell; Dawson thought he had smelt something like it at a drug store. At one end of the room he noted some curtains of dirty embroidered silk, and a strange big image stood in shadowy gap. This, however, did not interest him much, and he feebly turned his head. Somehow he thought the room was underground, and he remarked that there were mats all round the walls, except at the curtained end. For the most part, the mats were occupied by men who lay in languid attitudes.

Then Dawson began to see a light. He was in a dope house or opium joint, and he tried to think how he had got there. The back of his head hurt most, and

this gave him a clue. It looked as if he had been sandbagged by somebody who crept round the lumber pile while he was dressing, and when he began to recover, the men, who had perhaps been afraid of killing him if they struck hard, had given him a drink. The liquor, of course, was drugged.

Dawson, however, could not see why they had brought him to the opium joint. His watch had gone; but if they had wanted to rob him, they could have done so while he lay beside the lumber. The thing was puzzling; but his brain was dull, and he gave it up. Then the image caught his eyes again. It seemed to be beautifully made, although the gap between the curtains was rather dark. The figure was lifelike, except that the eyes were closed, and the face had a strange calm.

Dawson's mind began to wander. He meant to keep awake, but the drug was powerful. In fact, he felt as if he had a horrible nightmare; he wanted to cry out and crawl away from something that threatened him, and could not move. Still he would not yield to the numbing drowsiness, and after a time forced himself to think. Something did threaten him, and presently he got a clue to the puzzle. It was not for nothing somebody had dressed him in old sailor's clothes. He had been 'shanghaied'—kidnapped.

By-and-by he looked about again. The men no longer smoked; they lay as if they were dead. It was obvious that when the crimps came for him nobody would help, and he saw why he had been brought to the opium joint.

He started, for he thought the image had opened its eyes. The thing was ridiculous, and when he looked again the narrow Oriental eyes were shut. The smoke made him cough again, and to his keen relief he found he could move his arm. He could move his leg, too, although he could not get up; it looked as if the drug were losing its power. Still it obviously would not let him go, for when he glanced back at the image the narrow eyes were open, and one of the yellow hands that had been folded on its breast was raised, as if in warning. The hand dropped back and the eyes shut, and Dawson lay still on the mat.

After a time he moved his head, and feebly raised himself with one arm. It was a wonderful relief to find he could do so; but he waited, trying to gather force for the effort to get up. Then he gazed at the image, and his heart beat fast. He was not dreaming now, and the Buddha had moved. Although the thing looked impossible, it was getting down from its stand. It stood still for a moment, like a man who was badly cramped, and then slowly crossed the floor with noiseless steps. It was a man, and now the strange calm look had gone; Dawson thought he ought to know the inscrutable Oriental face. Then, as a yellow hand went up, in a warning gesture, to its lips, he knew he did know. Ah Lee was coming towards him.

Next moment Ah Lee gave Dawson his hand, and the lad got up. He felt weak and shaky, but he could walk, and he followed the Chinaman silently until they reached the curtains. Ah Lee gave him something to drink in a little brass cup, and after a minute or two Dawson felt steadier. Then Ah Lee touched him, and smiled as he indicated an image of the Buddha lying behind the curtains. The trick was obvious; Ah Lee had moved the image and got into its place; but Dawson wondered how he had been able to keep still so long. He thought no white man could have done so; the Chinese were strange people.

This, however, was not important. Dawson wanted to get away before the men who had drugged him came, and when he signed that he was ready, Ah Lee went down a dark passage. Dawson thought it ran beneath a street, because in one place he touched a big pipe; but he could not remember much, and concentrated on following his guide. By-and-by they came to some steps, and Dawson had trouble to get up; then Ah Lee pulled a door back, and the lad thrilled as he found himself in the open air. He was weak and dizzy, but the cool wind that touched his face was bracing. He thought he had never breathed an air so sweet.

Then he saw that two other Chinamen, carrying baskets on a pole, stood close by. They looked like laundry boys, but crossed the street at a sign from Ah Lee. The latter indicated its end before he joined the others, and Dawson set off while they kept level with him on the other side. He thought he understood. It was better that anybody they might meet should imagine he had nothing to do with the Chinamen, but they would guard him if it was needful. He waited at the corner, and let the party go on in front down two or three dark streets. By-and-by they came to a wide thoroughfare, lighted by big electric lamps, and Ah Lee, stopping, signed Dawson to go forward.

He turned and had vanished, in the gloom when Dawson looked round; but the lad knew where he was, and not long afterwards reached the hotel. A porter let him in, and making an effort to get upstairs he went to Mr. Winthrop's room. Jake sprang up as he came in, but Dawson sat down in the nearest chair.

After a few moments he told his story, and Mr. Winthrop remarked: 'You did a lucky thing when you pulled Ah Lee out of the water, and I think he has earned twenty dollars. Though he generally covers his tracks, Jake knew where to find him.'

Dawson's sleep was disturbed by ugly dreams; but when he woke his head did not ache so much, and he got up. While he dressed he went to the open window. The hotel stood on a hill, and looking down across the roofs he saw the American schooner move towards the Narrows behind a tug. Her tall white fore and main sails were hoisted, and men were busily occupied about the mizzen and jigger masts. The wind blew fresh off the land, the tug would soon let her go, and in an hour or two she would be driving down the strait, heading for open sea. Dawson resumed his dressing, and felt thankful he was not on board.

FRUITS FROM ACROSS THE SEAS.

V.—THE COCOA-NUT PALM.

IN this article I propose to tell you of a palm which provides us with many very useful things as well as a delicious nut. I refer to the Cocoa-nut Palm.

This palm (*Cocos nucifera* is its proper name) is undoubtedly one of the most useful trees known, for it provides nearly everything which man requires on this earth! Let us just think upon this wonderful tree's many uses. From its leaves baskets are made by means of plaiting or weaving the long strips of which the leaves are formed. Houses of small size can be (and in the home of the cocoa-nut frequently are) thatched with the dry leaves, and very good thatch it makes. With the wood the houses are built, and many household utensils are made with it too. From

the shell of the good old cocoa-nut itself cups, bowls, and so on, are made. The rough outer cover of the shell, composed of fibrous threads, is soaked for long periods, and then these threads are separated by beating; these are twisted into a rough form of rope, and nets are made with it, and also the familiar mats we use at our front doors. You may recollect also a rough sort of matting we use made of rough string—that is, 'cocoanut matting' made from the same material. The rough ropes and cables made from this fibre (called in commerce Coir) are of great value on board ships, because the getting constantly soaked with sea water strengthens it, whereas ordinary rope is rotted. When these ropes are being made, there is always a certain amount of loose short fibre which is not of any use in this manufacture; this is what we call 'cocoanut fibre,' and we buy it to spread over our beds of bulbs in the winter to protect them from the cold.

Then we come to the nut itself. The great kernel contains a wonderful proportion of fat. This is used in the making of candles and soap, and it also enters largely into the manufacture of margarine. For use in this way, the kernels are dried and the oil extracted later; in this state it carries its native name of Copra, and is very valuable. Of course the nuts, in various stages of development, are used as food, and the end buds of the young palm are sometimes gathered and used as a vegetable known as Palm Cabbage.

Then, again, when the flowers are in bud in an outer sheath, the natives sometimes pierce this sheath, and from it runs out a juice which, after keeping for some hours, forms a refreshing drink called 'Toddy.' A wine, called Palm Wine, is made from this wonderful tree, and this, when allowed to ferment for a long time, produces a form of vinegar. A kind of sugar, too (called 'Jaggery'), is a product of the cocoa-nut palm.

Now let us consider the tree itself. It grows to a considerable height—fifty feet or higher. Its leaves are pinnate—that is, divided into what are termed pinnules. The whole leaves are often as long as twenty feet. Fig. 1 is a single leaf on a small scale.

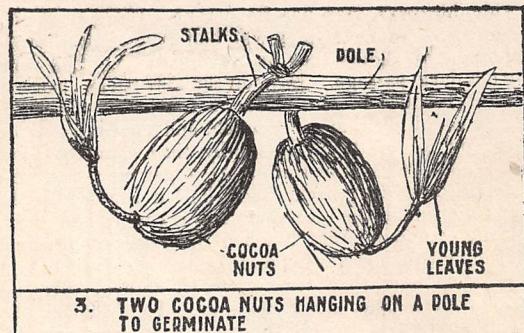
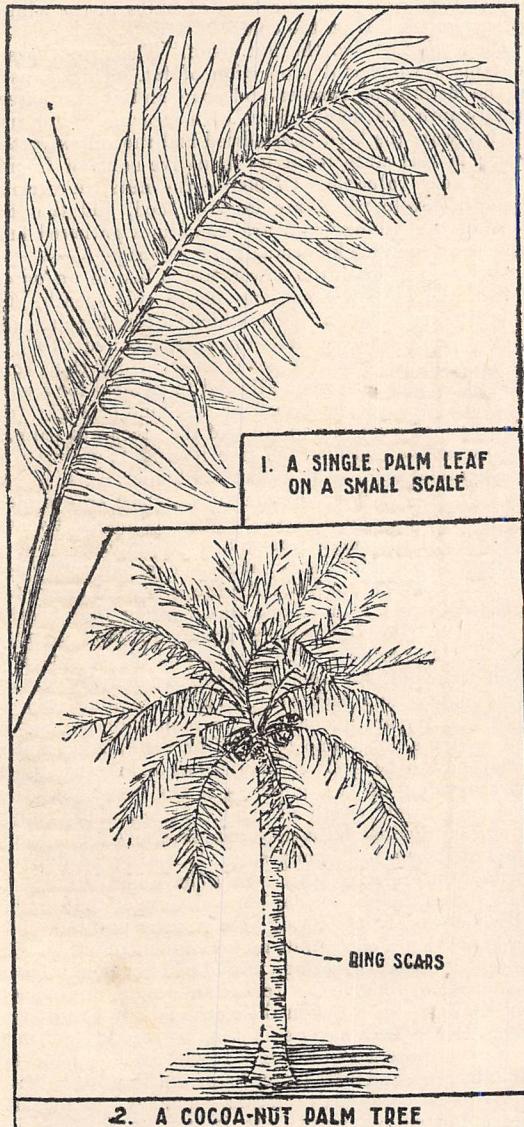
The tree has a long straight stem, covered with ring-like scars of old leaves. At the top is a crown of spreading leaves, from among which spring the sheaths of flowers, later developing great clusters of nuts (fig. 2). A tree does not produce nuts till it is at least seven years old, but from that time it generally carries about eighty nuts each year. There are four or five crops each year under good circumstances. Seven years seems a long time to wait for results, and much money has to be spent on plantations during that time, but the value of the products is so great that the cocoa-nut is well worth growing. It has a particular liking for growing on the sea coast just above high-water level; it likes a salt, sandy soil. It is very hardy, for storms, rain, or dry weather seem to have but little effect on it, and so the grower has little anxiety of that kind.

By the way, I have been taking it for granted that you know that a cocoa-nut, as we know it in our shops, has lost its outer covering, the fibre of which I have spoken from which the ropes and mats are made. Sometimes we see a few in their original state, but not often. If you have never seen it in its overcoat, look out for it; it is quite worth seeing. It will make you understand the ropes and mats better to see the fibre on the nut.

The name *cocos* really means 'monkey,' and came from a Portuguese word. It is not known exactly

where the original home of the cocoa-nut was, but it grows profusely and best around the islands of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and so it is believed that the tree started existence in those parts.

The methods of starting plantations of cocoa-nuts are rather interesting. The cocoa-nut itself, you must realise, is a *seed*, and from it the new plant is developed. Cocoa-nuts are tied together in pairs by their stalks and hung over poles or along the tops of fences. Here they hang till they begin to grow, as shown in fig. 3. You see the 'nut,' as we know it, is really a store of food for the tiny plant which develops from it. The 'nut' thus is able 'on its own' to supply all the requirements of the plant for quite a long time. When the plant has got about as far as you see in my sketch, it is planted out in a nursery, and there they



live in rows until they are big enough to transplant further. I saw a photograph the other day of a nursery where there were hundreds of young plants just planted out, and a fence on which were hanging hundreds more which would join their brethren when they had grown enough.

E. M. BARLOW.

MOLLIE AND THE BULL.

MOLLIE had just arrived at the very bottom of the very biggest of Farmer Hodge's fields, which was a steep one, all up the side of a hill. The little girl had been told that mushrooms grew there, and she had never picked a real, live mushroom in her life, which was why she went out before breakfast, without telling anybody anything about it.

It was a great pity, because if she had spoken to the farmer or his wife, or Mother, or Nurse, this very dreadful adventure would probably never have happened to her at all.

There were only a very few mushrooms here and there, but Mollie was busy picking them right down by the hedge, when suddenly she heard a noise not very far away. It was the most frightening noise you can possibly imagine—a sort of bellowing roar, like a dreadful wild beast. Mollie jumped up and turned round, and there, quite close to her, was a huge black bull.

He stood bellowing and pawing at the ground with his hoofs and moving his enormous head up and down; and his wicked little eyes looked almost red as they glared at poor Mollie.

I expect any boy or girl who reads this would have done just the same as Mollie, whatever they may think to themselves. She dropped her little basket of mushrooms and began to run up the field as fast as she possibly could.

But the gate through which she had come in was a long way away, and, what was worse, the long way was all up a steep hill. Besides, if you are ever really terribly frightened, you will find that you can't run properly; your feet feel just as though you were wearing boots with lead in them, and your heart goes pit-pat, pit-pat, just as if it was trying to choke you.

Mollie struggled on over the short, slippery turf, but she could hear that the bull was getting nearer and nearer, and she knew that she would never reach the gate in time.

Then, suddenly, she saw just in front of her a stone sticking up out of the field. It was all grey and moss-grown, and perhaps about eight feet high. Mollie ran stumbling towards it as fast as she could.



"There, right overhead, was a big aeroplane."

"Perhaps I can get up on the top," she thought as she ran.

I don't believe she could possibly have done such a thing if she had not been so terribly frightened. Up she scrambled, digging her feet and toes into the tiniest

cracks, until she was perched on the very top of the stone, just as the bull reached the foot of it.

Then began a terrible time. Mollie clung on with all her might, but the stone was very slippery, and she kept sliding down a little and then dragging herself

up again. The bull was only just below her, and every now and then he roared and reared himself up against the stone. It was very plain that he meant to stay there until Mollie could hold on no longer.

And then, just as the poor little girl was almost in despair, a most extraordinary thing happened.

If Molly had not been so terribly frightened, she might have heard a sound which had been going on for some time—a queer, buzzing drone, like a huge cockchafer or bee.

At last this buzzing grew very loud indeed, and at the same moment Mollie saw a huge shadow thrown across the turf and across the stone to which she clung—a shadow like a great bird, with outstretched wings.

Mollie looked up, and there, right overhead, and coming closer each moment, was a big aeroplane. Next instant it glided down to the turf only a few yards away, and began to skim along on its wheels.

The bull evidently thought that this was some terrible living monster. For a few minutes he stood his ground, pawing at the turf and bellowing horribly. Then, of a sudden, he turned tail, and went galloping, galloping away down to the bottom of the field.

You can imagine how delighted Mollie was to see him go. At that very moment her hold upon the slippery rock gave way, and she slid right down into the arms of a young man who had just jumped out of his seat in the aeroplane.

'I saw what was happening when I was right up in the sky,' he said; 'so, of course I came down full speed to give Mr. Bull a fright!'

The airman carried Mollie back to the farm, and stayed to have breakfast with her and Mother. The little girl was so excited that she quite forgot how frightened she had been.

'It was like the wonderfulest fairy tale,' she said; 'just like the story of St. George and the Dragon!'

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

BY A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 371.)

THE spies had escaped, but their plans were ruined for the time being, and instead of going on to Paris, it was necessary for them to take refuge in flight. Perhaps it was small wonder that Fräulein almost shook Val when, at last, she loosed her grip of the child's mouth, and that Captain Heinz muttered curt sentences under his breath in a voice that sounded like the snarling of an angry dog.

It was dawn when, at last, the travellers arrived at their destination, which proved to be a lonely, dilapidated inn, situated far away in a wild forest. Captain Heinz got out of the car and hammered at the door with his clenched fist, but it was a long time before he could gain admittance. Val was sound asleep by that time, and the man had to carry her into the house. He laid her roughly down on an oak settle by the smouldering wood fire, and then ordered the woman who had opened the door to bring food and make coffee for himself and his sister.

CHAPTER XVIII.

'WHERE is Val?' There was no answer to Roger's question, and for many hours the boy kept watch in

the barn beside the wounded dispatch rider, wondering what could have happened to his little sister, and whether he would ever see her again.

Jacques stole away after a time, having first set down the lantern on the ground and unpacked the basket, which proved to contain soup, milk, and eggs.

Roger, left alone, seated himself on a pile of hay, and waited, dozing sometimes for a little while, and then waking, with a jerk of recollection, to fix his eyes once more on the sick man's pale, haggard face.

At last, when the little flame of the lantern was beginning to flicker, and the cold, grey light of dawn showed through the square window, there was a movement and a low moan. Roger was on his knees in an instant, the cup of milk in his hand, and then the dispatch rider opened his eyes slowly and looked up into the young face above him with a faint smile of recognition.

'Hullo!' he whispered; 'it's you, is it? And the message—' As memory returned a keen note of anxiety sharpened his weak voice. 'Tell me, did you get it through?'

Roger nodded and pushed him gently back as he tried to wrench himself up on to one elbow.

'Yes, it's all right, quite all right,' and then the man sank down again on to the hay with a sigh of relief.

'Thank Heaven,' he murmured contentedly, but the next moment he roused himself again. 'The little girl, where is she? What has happened?'

Roger's face altered, for these questions on the lips of the wounded man—questions which he had been asking himself again and again during the long weary hours of the night's vigil—seemed to dash all his hopes to the ground.

'I don't know,' he faltered; 'I thought—tell me, didn't she come here with you?'

A puzzled expression came into the other's face.

'Did she come here? Yes, I think so, at least—wait a moment. Can you give me something to drink?—I feel a bit faint still—then I'll tell you all I remember.'

Roger raised the man's head and fed him slowly with spoonfuls of the egg and milk. After a time a little colour came back into the pale face, the voice grew stronger, and the story was told in short, disjointed sentences.

'It was in the wood. After you left. A car came along. There was a man in it and a woman. Your sister seemed to know the woman quite well.'

'She knew her?' It was now Roger's turn to be bewildered. 'What a queer thing! Are you sure?'

'Yes, the woman called her Val, and they talked together. I couldn't hear everything. Then they lifted me up—the man and the woman—and carried me to the car. I must have lost consciousness then, for I don't really remember anything else until I was brought into the inn here. The landlord seems to be an awfully good sort. He and his wife looked after me jolly well.'

Roger glanced round at the bare walls, the cobwebbed ceiling, and the rough bed. The man noticed his wandering eyes and smiled.

'That was last night,' he went on. 'This morning I was carried in here. They said the Germans were coming. Was it true?'

'Yes,' Roger told his story then, the story of the arrival of the invaders, of the meeting on the town hall steps, and of the innkeeper's mysterious message. The dispatch rider listened attentively. 'It's horrible to feel that I'm a danger to the place,' he said, 'but I suppose it can't be helped. And now about your sister; have

you any idea who that woman could have been? She was young, rather fat, and with fair hair.'

Roger knitted his brows over this description. Suzanne was fat, but she certainly was not either fair or young, and Marie Bernard had black eyes and hair.

'She seemed very much surprised to see your sister, and asked her something about a letter—I remember that—a letter that was to have been posted in England. She seemed very keen about it, and annoyed that she could not get it back at once.'

Roger's face changed, and thrusting his hand deep into his trousers pocket, he drew out a bent and grimy envelope.

'Why, it must have been Fräulein Heinz,' he exclaimed; 'what a funny thing. This is the letter. She gave it to Val, and Val asked me to take care of it. But Fräulein went back to Germany more than three weeks ago. Why on earth should she be in France again now?'

'Fräulein Heinz!' The man repeated the name in a low, troubled voice. 'A German? Then I'm afraid this may be a bad business. And the man, do you know anything about him? A tall, ugly fellow with disagreeable face and a scar that twists up one corner of his mouth?'

'No, I don't know him,' Roger began, and then he stopped, for his memory darted backward, and he was once more standing on the hilltop beside the dead tree, while a flushed, angry man stormed and shouted at him in a loud, furious voice. That man had had a scarred face, and there had been a woman with him, a woman whom Val had said must have been like Fräulein Heinz.

'Fräulein had a brother,' Roger said. 'He was a soldier in the German army, and he had fought in ever so many duels when he was at Heidelberg.'

The boy told the whole story then: the story of the hill in the forest, the buzzing noise, and the dead tree which had wires in it. The dispatch rider's face grew more and more anxious as he listened. When he had heard everything there was a long silence.

'They must be spies,' he said, at last, 'German spies, and no doubt they had a wireless fitted up in that tree. You had better open the letter, my boy, it may tell us something.'

Roger obeyed, but he could make nothing of the rows of meaningless figures and printed letters with which the sheets of paper were covered.

'2.5.H.3.7.5,' he read out, but the other stopped him.

'In cypher,' he said. 'It's what I expected, but I'm afraid we can't make much of it at present. You'd better give it to me, I think. It may be important; and, at any rate, the address will be a clue when we get out of this, and want to track down Fräulein Heinz.'

Roger gave up the letter willingly enough; and soon after there came the sound of a cautious footstep outside the door. The innkeeper's wife, a pale, anxious-looking woman, appeared on the threshold. She was muffled in a dark cloak, under which a large basket was concealed. 'Good-day, sir,' she smiled faintly, and then busied herself with the injured man, whose wounds she dressed with swift, gentle fingers.

While she worked at this, and afterwards made the bare little room as comfortable as its scanty furnishings would permit, she talked to the dispatch rider in a low, weary voice. Then she pointed to Roger, and explained the plans she had made for his safety and for that of the wounded man himself.

The boy must spend his days in the inn, she said, or

with the other village lads; but he must not speak or let any one suspect that he was English. At night, when darkness fell, he could bring a fresh supply of food to the barn. She would try to come herself, but it might not be possible. Then she showed Roger a little door which opened from the back of the barn on to a piece of overgrown waste ground, and told him, if necessary, he could find his way through the bushes and into the village.

When the woman had gone there was a long silence, for her solemn, warning words seemed still to echo in the ears of her listeners. At last the wounded man glanced up at Roger and held out his hand: 'What's your name, old fellow?' he asked. 'Mine is Graham Evans. It seems that we're going to have a risky time together, so we'd better be friends.'

After that there came long, weary days of suspense, anxiety, and dread, days which passed so slowly and drearily that Roger began to feel as if he were living in a horrible dream, a nightmare, which had had no beginning, and which would never come to an end.

Graham Evans grew steadily better, it is true, and he and his fellow-exile became fast friends, but otherwise everything seemed gloomy and hopeless. No news of success or victory came to the village; the German commander ruled with a rod of iron; and although there was, perhaps, no actual cruelty, its inhabitants were plundered mercilessly, and forced to work hard by the ruthless conquerors.

Roger was in daily terror of doing or saying something which might endanger the village; for it was not always easy to keep up the pretence of being a Belgian peasant-boy, and often he felt that he was within an inch of discovery. Once, for instance, he risked everything by trying to protect little lame Jacques, who was being brutally thrashed by a burly soldier; and another time he aroused shouts of laughter by jumping up to open the door for the innkeeper's wife, who was going out of the kitchen with a heavily laden tray.

'The boy is foolish, half-witted, that is all, sirs.' The woman tried her best to excuse the strange behaviour of her young guest, but her eyes were full of fear; and that evening she went out to the barn and begged Evans to tell Roger to be more careful.

'If they notice him, if they ask questions, the secret will be discovered,' she whispered, glancing round into the dusky corners of the barn apprehensively, as if every shadow held a hidden enemy. 'And then what will happen to you, to my husband—to us all?'

'She's quite right. If once they find out that you're English, the game will be up,' Evans turned to Roger with a very grave face when the innkeeper's wife had gone away. 'You must be patient, Roger, and we may not have to wait much longer. It seems to me that the guns are a bit nearer to-day.'

Roger listened to the dull, booming sound that now was hardly ever silent—the sound that came from the south now, instead of from the north. If the guns were really nearer it would mean that the French army was driving the Germans back, but one could not be sure. It might only be imagination, or perhaps the wind was in the south. And how could there be any hope when the German soldiers boasted openly that their troops were at the gates of Paris, that the French and the English, too, were defeated, and that they would soon be masters of the whole of Europe.

(Continued on page 386.)



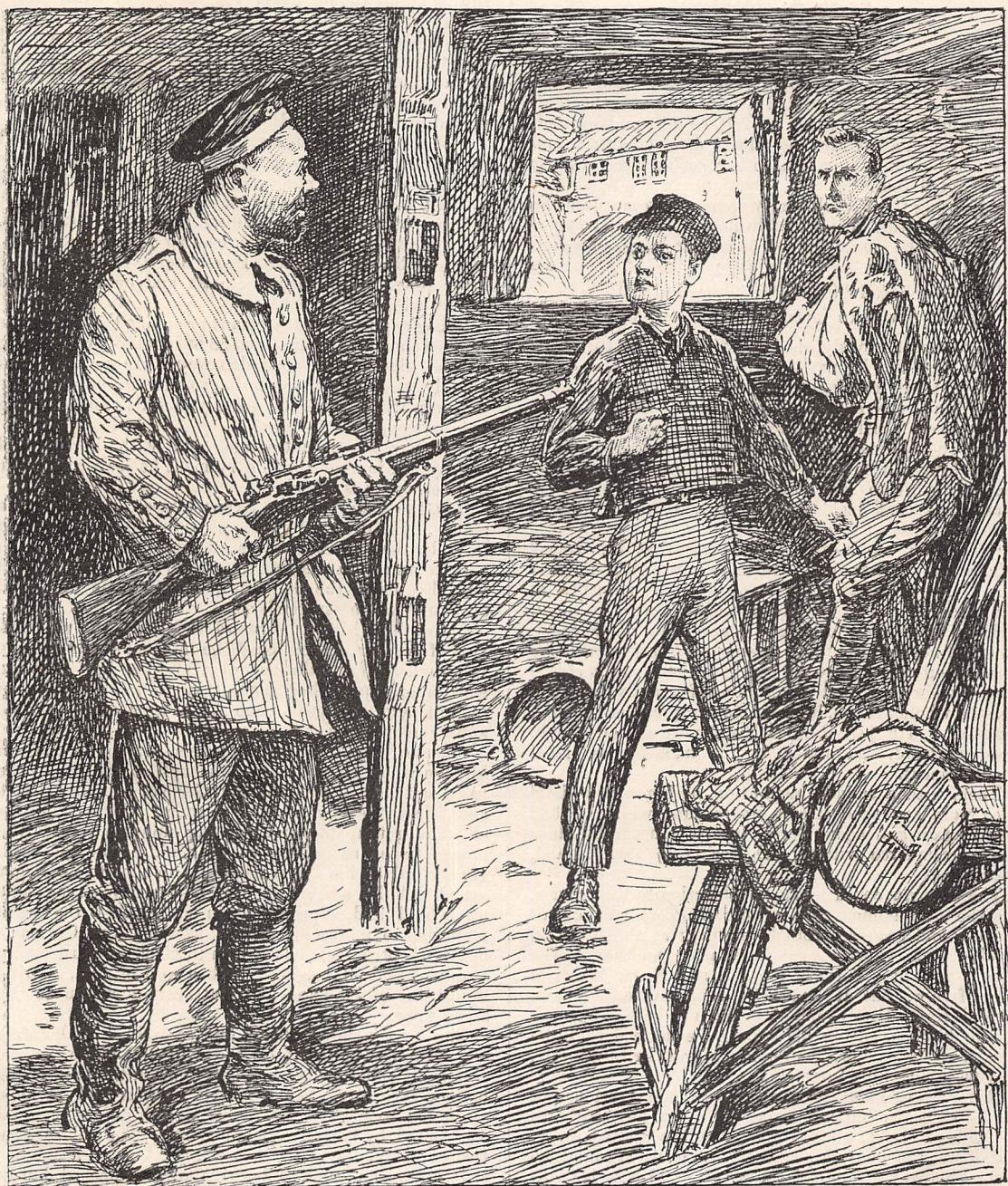
“The innkeeper’s wife appeared on the threshold.”



CHATTERBOX.

“ Within it sat a little child,
The fairest ever seen,
His robes were like the amethyst,
His mantle of sea-green.”

FROM “THE BOY OF THE SOUTHERN ISLE,”
BY MARY HOWITT



"There was Schultz, a huge figure in his grey uniform."

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

By A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 383.)

ROGER slept badly that night, for again and again he roused himself to listen to the distant thunder and rattle which at times seemed almost to shake the barn itself, and in the morning he felt restless and excited. He wandered away into the village after breakfast, and it seemed to him then that other people were restless and excited too.

Supposing the French really came and recaptured the village, then this horrible nightmare life would come to an end, and he would be free once more to go in search of Val. The boy began to whistle as he set about his daily task of chopping firewood in the paved yard,

'It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go.'

Quite unconsciously the well-remembered tune rose to his lips, and he never realised what he was doing until he heard a harsh exclamation of surprise and a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder.

He turned quickly, and found himself confronted by one of the German soldiers, a tall, ill-favoured fellow with a broken nose and a decided squint, the very same man, indeed, who had beaten Jacques, and who, moreover, since that incident, had treated Roger himself with unconcealed hostility.

'What do you mean by whistling that vile song? Where did you hear it? Are there any dogs of English here? I will report this. You shall be punished as you deserve.' The sentences were shouted in loud, strident tones, and although Roger knew no German, he could not mistake their meaning. For a moment he stood silent and dismayed; but with the thought of the danger which threatened not himself and Evans alone, but the whole village, his courage and presence of mind returned. He jerked himself away from the rough, grasping hand, and stared at the man in pretended bewilderment.

Then, with a sudden inspiration, he began to whistle once more, and this time it was a tune which he had heard again and again during the past miserable days in the conquered village, 'Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles.'

The German could make no objection to that music, and the next moment several more soldiers came out of the inn and gathered round, laughing at the boy, and making him whistle one tune after another. The danger was over for the present, and Roger breathed more freely; but it had been a narrow escape, and several times that evening, as he sat beside Jacques in the kitchen, eating his supper, he noticed that the broken-nosed soldier, whose name was Fritz Schultz, was watching him furtively.

Roger realised that the situation was indeed serious and needed caution; but next morning, when he went into the village street, all the good resolves melted away, and, instead of keeping prudently in the background, he pushed his way through the throngs of village boys so as to see everything that was going on.

It was quite evident now that the German troops were on the point of leaving the place, but whether to go southward as victors or northward as fugitives he could not tell, and there was no one of whom he dare make inquiries. At last, unable to bear the uncertainty and

suspense any longer alone, he determined to carry the strange tidings to Evans, and to disregard, for once, the rule that he should never venture to the barn except under cover of darkness.

As he passed through the inn kitchen, Roger noticed that there were crowds of men there, standing or sitting at the tables on which a meal was spread, but he did not notice that one of them rose heavily from his place, picked up a rifle and followed him.

The unusual clamour and commotion in the village had penetrated even to the barn that morning, and anxious to know what was afoot, Graham Evans had managed to drag himself to the window from which a distant glimpse of the highway leading north was obtainable. He was standing there now, leaning against the rough, whitewashed wall, when Roger burst into the little inner room, with flushed cheeks and eyes wide and bright with excitement.

'They're going! The Germans are going!' and then he stopped short, for Evans, instead of listening, was staring beyond him at the open doorway. He swung round quickly, and there was Schultz, a huge figure in his grey uniform, with his rifle held ready and his teeth showing in a savage grin.

The boy stood motionless, stiff with horror and dismay, for in that terrible moment he realised that he had betrayed his friend.

Yes, the game was up, Evans himself saw that at a glance. He drew himself up to his full height, and there by the open window faced the enemy boldly with a little smile on his lips, and when a rough command was shouted by the German, held up his one uninjured arm in token of surrender.

Roger flung himself forward then with the recklessness of despair and clutched the intruder's arm, but he was shaken off and thrown down on to the hay. But the sudden onslaught had made Schultz fall back for an instant, and this gave time for a new combatant to appear upon the scene.

Jacques, the lame boy, had been sitting in the inn kitchen when Roger hurried through on his way to the barn, and he had seen the big German pick up his rifle and follow the boy out of the room. Suspecting mischief he got up too, and slipping unnoticed from the house, limped as quickly as he could across the yard. He arrived at his destination just in time to see Roger attack Schultz, and as the latter stepped back, he came up behind and, supporting himself against the wall, managed to insert his crutch between the German's heavily-booted feet. The man lurched forward again, stumbled and fell headlong with a yell of rage, his rifle flying out of his hand and clattering down on to the stone floor.

The next moment Roger had scrambled to his feet and possessed himself of the weapon, while Evans, seeing his opportunity, was searching in the hay for his hidden revolver. When Schultz, dazed and furious, staggered to his feet, he found himself defenceless and confronted by two armed opponents. The tables were turned completely.

It takes some time to describe what happened, but in reality it all happened very quickly, and in a few minutes the prisoner was crouching in a corner, bound hand and foot, with a gag fixed securely in his mouth, and with Evans' revolver levelled at his breast.

All this time the noise and turmoil in the village had been increasing and now it had risen to a veritable

uproar. Roger, running to the window and leaning out, saw that a disorderly rabble—grey-clad Germans—were hurrying helter-skelter across the open waste ground, while the strip of road beyond was choked with guns, horses, cyclists, marching men and great motors.

He turned back into the room to describe the scene, and Evans' eyes gleamed with excitement, although they still remained fixed upon the captive.

'Look here, you go to the inn and find out what's up,' he had almost to shout the words in order to make himself heard above the growing din—'I must know. We shall be all right here. Give Jacques that rifle. If the fellow moves it, will be the worse for him. Now be off.'

Roger obeyed, letting himself out through the little door at the back of the barn, and in a few minutes he had reached the village street. There he stationed himself in a doorway and watched with wide, amazed eyes a picture of such excitement and confusion as he had never witnessed or imagined.

The Germans were in flight. That was the one marvellous, unmistakable fact, and a wild, headlong flight it was, for not only were the regiments that had occupied the place streaming northward, but other grey-clad hordes shared the retreat.

Roger was wedged into a doorway, and there he stood, blinded by the hot sun, deafened by the uproar, and almost choked with dust, for what seemed like hours. When the streets were clear again, and the last grey uniform had disappeared, he ran back to the 'Lion d'Or,' where he found the innkeeper just returned and the centre of an eager group of neighbours, who were embracing him, shaking his hand, and congratulating him heartily on his escape. The boy pushed his way through the throng and seized Monsieur Lemaitre's black coat-sleeves.

The man was puzzled for a moment, then he recognised Roger, and his white teeth gleamed in a friendly smile. He could, however, make nothing of the rapid, almost incoherent sentences, and was quite at a loss until the word 'Jacques' caught his ear.

'Jacques!' As he repeated the name a note of anxiety crept into his voice, and then he turned and hurried out through the house and into the courtyard behind. A number of men followed, and Roger ran ahead, leading the way to the barn.

When the prisoner had been secured and Evans carried into the inn, Roger, eager to miss nothing of what was happening, ran back to the street, which was now crowded with the inhabitants of the village. He was just in time to see the vanguard of the French army—a dusty, exhausted cyclist, with a red-white-and-blue flag fluttering at his handle-bar—ride into the market-place.

The solitary forerunner was soon followed by a troop of cavalry, and then the people, freed at last from their hated thraldom, surged forward in a wild enthusiasm of welcome:

'Allons, enfants de la patrie;
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.'

As Roger heard the ringing strains of the Marseillaise, and saw the Tricolour float once more in its own place instead of the eagle flag of Germany, he told himself that surely all his troubles were coming to an end, that this must mean victory, and that the 'Day of Glory' had indeed arrived. And then, looking round,

he caught sight of a man on the opposite side of the street among the crowd of onlookers—a man dressed in a peasant's blue blouse and with a long scar across his face.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHILE Roger was living out his dreary, anxious days in the conquered French village, Val, also a prisoner of war, was far away in the inn at the foot of the dead-tree hill. For the first few days, however, the little girl did not realise in the least where she was. Her ankle was badly inflamed after the journey, and she was so worn out with pain and exhaustion that it was a relief to be able just to lie still and do nothing; although the bed was a very hard and uncomfortable one, and the room in which it stood was a dark and barely furnished attic.

Captain Heinz left the inn the morning after their arrival, on important business, his sister said; and Fräulein nursed Val, binding up her foot, bringing her plain, badly cooked meals, and even sometimes reading aloud to her from a little copy of Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales*.

At last there came a morning when Val awoke feeling quite fresh and brisk, and with hardly any pain in her foot. She got up, dressed herself, and then, as Fräulein Heinz did not appear, opened the door of her room and made her way slowly down a narrow, crooked flight of stairs.

The stairs brought her to a dark and rather untidy kitchen, where a woman was stooping over the fire, stirring something in a large pot. She was muttering to herself in a low, mumbling voice, and did not look up or take any notice when Val came down the creaking wooden steps with Bob panting and shuffling in her wake.

'She must be deaf, and she certainly looks very grumpy,' the little girl said to herself; and she glanced across to an open door, through which green branches and blue sky could be seen.

(Continued on page 398.)

ALMOST A ROBINSON CRUSOE MOTOR-CAR.

PERHAPS the oddest motor-car body in the world is that belonging to an American naturalist, which is fashioned from a solid tree-trunk. This is hollowed out into a living-room and bedroom, for the gentleman and his wife tour in their motor caravan, and live and sleep in it.

It is made from a giant Redwood tree-trunk, which the naturalist found in California, where it had been lying on the ground for many years. He had been pleading for the preservation of these Redwood trees, and thought that if he could have one on view with him, his arguments might carry well. He therefore had the tree carved out to suit his purpose, but when it was all finished it was so large and heavy, it could not be lifted on to the motor framework. That, however, did not daunt a motorist of such originality.

A pit was dug beneath the Redwood tree-trunk, with a descending path to it, and the motor driven gently underneath, so that the body could be secured to it. Now the naturalist can go where he will, in his 'little wooden hut,' which weighs three tons.

THE CHRISTMAS GHOST.

(Concluded from page 364.)

IT was the Christmas term—did I tell you that before?—and it was getting well on towards the Christmas holidays before the tuck mystery had been discovered. We were all thinking hard of home and jolly things, or perhaps we might have noticed that Eagles was looking a bit queer. He started talking in his sleep, and sitting up in bed and shouting in the night. And then Barnes spoke to me about it. ‘I have the cubicle next his,’ he said, ‘and it’s always *ghosts* he talks about. I believe Perkins is at the bottom of it.’

‘Well, if he is, leave him alone,’ I said. ‘You can’t do anything. He’s a mean sneak, and besides, he’s furious with you already, for what you did about the tuck. And he’s a much bigger chap than you.’

‘Wait,’ said Barnes. ‘We’ve played the “biter bit” on him; leave it to me to “hoist him on his own petard.”’ Then he said no more about the matter at all until the very last week of the term. ‘I say, Perkins,’ he said then, quite suddenly in the dormitory, ‘ever seen a ghost?’

Some of us laughed. Eagles looked frightened; and Perkins grew red. ‘Shut up!’ he growled.

‘No; but, really,’ said Barnes coolly; ‘I have heard a strange story. Do you know the old grandfather clock outside in the passage? Well, once in a hundred years it strikes *thirteen* instead of twelve at midnight, on December the eighteenth, and a white figure steps out of the clock-case! A kind of Christmas ghost!’

‘Rot!’ said Perkins. ‘No clock could do it, as you know well.’ But his voice sounded a bit queer.

December the eighteenth was the last day of term, and I wondered why Barnes had fixed upon that date; also why he had made up the story at all, for I supposed it *was* made up! But I wondered more than ever when the eighteenth came.

For, ‘I say,’ said Barnes to me in the evening, ‘I want you to look after Eagles for me to-night. I have reason to expect that Perkins is going to play the ghost trick on him. I’ve been lying awake, and I’ve heard things that the little chap’s let out in his sleep. Well, I’ve got to be out of the dormitory to-night, but I leave him in your charge.’

‘But—where will *you* be?’ I blurted out.

‘Trust to “Sherlock,”’ said Barnes, with a wink. ‘Between ourselves, I’m going to pay Perkins out in his own coin.’

I simply couldn’t sleep that night; partly because it was the last night of term, but also because there seemed to be all kinds of goings-on in our dormitory. As soon as the house was quiet, Barnes slipped out of bed—he has the cubicle by the door—and disappeared. Then Eagles was awfully restless, too; he kept sighing and tossing about. I heard ‘ten’ strike, and then ‘eleven,’ and as the time drew near to midnight I began to think of Barnes’s story of the Christmas Ghost.

And just as I was thinking about it, twelve began to strike. *One!* came from the big clock outside; *Two!* *Three!* and so on, till Twelve was struck. I was smiling to myself, when—suddenly my smile changed pretty quickly, for—*Thirteen!* sounded the clock outside, and there was a loud howl in the passage!

In an instant I was out of bed and away towards the shriek, and when I got to the place I can tell you

I was startled, for there, close to the clock, were—*two* ‘ghosts,’ if you’ll believe me!

‘Here, take his other arm; he’s had enough,’ said Barnes’s voice, for he was one of them. ‘It’s Perkins—in case you don’t guess it—dressed up in his counterpane to frighten young Eagles; but he has jolly well got the dose himself, instead!’

Perkins didn’t say a word. He was as white as his own sheet as we two took him back to his bed.

‘Oh!’ cried little Eagles when we got to the door.

‘Here, you lie down, small chap,’ said Barnes. ‘We’re not ghosts, either of us. And, what’s more, you’ll probably not hear of, nor see a ghost again in this school, on account of the fright that Perkins has had. You’re a great bully,’ he went on, turning to the big chap who was scrambling into bed, ‘and you deserve what you got. Trust a bully to be a coward, too! You saved up a grudge against Eagles ever since you were found out in your greedy thefts, but the Christmas Ghost has been too much for you. I said—didn’t I?—that once in a hundred years the clock would strike thirteen, and that a white figure would step out of the clock-case. Well, my story was true, for it’s happened; and I made it happen, though I don’t suppose it will ever happen again.’

‘I say, Barnes,’ I whispered, when the dormitory was still again, and young Eagles was sleeping more quietly than he had slept for weeks; ‘of course I understand about the “Ghost,” but—how did the clock strike thirteen?’

‘My good chap, as easy as winking. I thought it out—and didn’t it sound queer, too?’ Barnes laughed. ‘As soon as it had struck twelve, I just twisted the hands right round the face; then, of course, the clock struck One—and twelve and one make thirteen!’ Barnes laughed again. ‘But it was for Eagles’ sake I did it,’ he said; and that bully Perkins deserved it. I wouldn’t have played the Ghost but for that.’

That’s the end of the story of the Christmas Ghost, except for one thing: Perkins didn’t come back after the holidays. His bullying ways had been noticed by others besides us, and next term his cubicle knew him no more. We weren’t sorry. And, as for young Eagles—well, he’s grown in pluck a jolly lot since then!

E. TALBOT.

A SAD TALE.

WHAT shall I do for a dinner to-day? What shall I do with Spot? My mistress is out, and I’m all alone, and very sad is my lot. I wanted to have such a splendid day, with a romp in the garden sun, And plenty to eat, and birds to catch, and thoroughly kittenish fun! And now Spot’s broken my dinner plate, and eaten my dinner too, And I’m all alone and miserable! What shall I do? Boohoo!

* * * * *

‘What shall we do, my poor little Puss? First you shall be well fed! Then we shall have a splendid game, and Spot shall be sent to bed!’



“Spot’s broken my dinner plate, and eaten my dinner too!”

**'CHATTERBOX'
AND 'CHATTERBOX NEWS-BOX.'**

1919 ISSUE: NOTICE.

OWING to the restrictions imposed upon consumers of paper, it will be impossible to present *Chatterbox News-box* gratis with the weekly numbers of *Chatterbox* after the 1918 issues are completed, and it is necessary to curtail *Chatterbox* itself slightly at the same time. From the commencement of the 1919 issue, therefore, weekly as from No. 1, 1919 (to be issued on September 19, 1918), *Chatterbox News-box* will be charged for on the same terms as *Chatterbox* itself, and from September 19, 1918, onwards will form part of the weekly issues of *Chatterbox* for 1919. The 12 issues of *Chatterbox News-box* will be Nos. 4, 9, 13, 18, 22, 26, 31, 35, 40, 44, 48, and 52 of the weekly numbers of *Chatterbox*.

WHEN THE WORLD ROLLED BACK.

STUBBS, H., was a very intelligent boy. So, for the matter of that, were Stubbs, W., and Stubbs, J., but, as they are not much concerned with this tale, their intelligence does not matter. Stubbs, H., not only had intelligence, but he had imagination, which led him constantly to make suggestions to the Master in school; and if the Master was in a good-humour, these gave rise to most interesting discussions. Of course, these gave much more pleasure to the boys than the cut-and-dried lessons which, for the time being, had to take a back place, and Stubbs therefore was very popular.

One day his class was being given a lesson, and the Master was explaining all about the earth and the moon and the sun, and their relations to one another.

Then Stubbs said: 'Please, sir, what would happen if the world rolled backwards, instead of rolling onwards round the sun, as at present?'

To the joy of the class, the Master replied, 'Well, that is something to think about; let us consider the point. Has any one any ideas on the subject?'

'Snub' Claymore was the first to speak, and he thought that the sudden alteration would send everybody flying into space, but the teacher reminded him of the law of gravitation. Then another boy thought that everything would be altered, and that we should have night instead of day, and summer in place of winter. The Master pointed out that this would only affect the first year of the change, and afterwards things would go on as regularly as before.

Then Stubbs had an inspiration, and said, 'I think, sir, that every one would go back in learning things—I mean that they would begin to forget things.'

'I see what you mean,' said the Master, 'that after say four hundred years of rolling backwards, we should be in the same state of civilisation as the world was four hundred years ago.'

'Yes, sir,' said Stubbs, modestly.

'Dear me!' said the Master. 'Why, you mean that in time, if the world went back far enough, the people would give up their houses and take to trees and caves, as they did in prehistoric times.'

'That would be jolly,' said Snub Claymore, 'then

we should see all the funny animals that used to walk about.'

Then the Master began to describe some of these creatures, and grew so interested that he went on until school-time was over. The class complimented Stubbs on the pleasant afternoon he had given them, and they all agreed that they wished the world would roll back soon, as living in the tops of trees would be much more exciting than their present everyday life. The prospect so fascinated Stubbs himself, that he could not help discussing it with his brothers when he went to bed that night, until they fell asleep, when he wisely followed their example.

Early the next morning he sat up in bed and looked round him with astonishment. There were leaves everywhere—dark in front of him, and around him—but overhead the sun had turned them a beautiful golden-green. He seemed to be in a perfect cavern of leaves, and as his eyes became accustomed to the soft, dim light, he found that he was sitting in a large round basket, shaped like a saucer and filled with bracken. For a moment he imagined he had been turned into a bird, then it suddenly flashed across his mind that what he had wished for had come to pass—the world had rolled backwards, and he had become a tree-dweller.

Scarcely had he arrived at this conclusion when there was a sudden parting of the foliage, and some large animal jumped on to one of the branches of the tree on which the nest was placed, causing it to rock up and down in a most unsafe manner.

Stubbs at first thought it was a huge monkey, but soon discovered it was a boy about his own age, and a second look showed him it was Snub Claymore.

There was the same freckled face, funny little nose, and thick crop of bushy red curls, but the rest of him was quite unrecognisable. His only garment was the skin of an animal, which was kept in place by a belt of plaited reeds; and his bare arms and legs were covered with soft, short hair.

'Hullo, Snub!' said Stubbs; 'is that you?'

'Yes, I'm Snub,' said the newcomer; 'but who are you?'

'You know me, I'm Stubbs, H.'

'I know that you're in our nest,' said Snub, 'and if my father finds you, he will kill you.'

'Why?' said Stubbs.

'We kill all strangers,' said Snub, 'because food is so scarce,' and he said it in such an ordinary, matter-of-fact way that it made Stubbs feel quite uncomfortable.

'Well, perhaps I had better clear out of this,' he said. 'I don't want any of your food.'

'If you will come with me,' said Snub, 'I'll show you a safe place where I go when it is advisable to keep out of the way.' And so saying, he dropped from the branch on which he had been sitting to one six or seven feet below.

Stubbs looked with amazement at the ease and precision of his jump, but although he thought himself as good a tree-climber as any one, he felt no temptation to try such a jump himself, and clambered down much more slowly and cautiously.

'Why, you climb like a bear!' said Snub.

'But aren't we very high up in the tree?' said Stubbs. 'I shouldn't care to fall.'

'Yes,' said his companion. 'Our nest is the highest in the tree; my father bought it of a man for five thousand nuts.'

'Nuts?' said Stubbs. 'Don't you have money?'

'No,' said Snub, 'money is no use; nuts are food, and that is all that matters. My father is rich, he has just bought a splendid cave for the winter—it has cost fifteen thousand nuts. We shall live in that most of the time; this is only our summer house. But come along, you are not safe here.'

After much scrambling, Snub helping his awkward movements, Stubbs found himself perched precariously on the branch of a tree which gave him a view of the ground below.

Immediately in front of him was a large clearing, in which some sort of corn was growing, and around its edge were groups of people. 'That is our cornfield,' said Snub; 'we are very proud of it. They say there used to be plenty of cornfields once, but they are very scarce now. Look, there's my father talking to those men; he is the biggest of them.'

Stubbs saw half-a-dozen men, all with shaggy heads and beards that covered their faces. They were dressed in skins, and each was armed with a huge club. There were also some women and children with long hair falling over their shoulders, and some of the younger ones with wreaths of flowers on their heads.

Suddenly there was a shrill cry, and in a moment every one on the ground sprang hastily into the nearest tree—with an agility that much astonished Stubbs.

'What's the matter?' said he to Snub.

'Hush!' said the latter, becoming rigid and tense; then, from the side of the clearing nearest to them, came a huge cat-like animal. It came stealthily forward till it was almost directly beneath the branch to which the boys clung, and Stubbs gazed at it with horror. It was bigger than the largest tiger he had ever seen at the Zoo, and its lips were drawn back exposing its hideous fangs, which gave it a most ferocious appearance.

'It is a sabre-toothed tiger,' whispered Snub. The huge beast moved slowly for a few paces, and then suddenly stopped, while its tail waved to and fro. Then Stubbs saw something that made his heart stand still.

A little child had crept into the growing corn, and had not been noticed when the alarm was given, but the keen eyes of the fierce beast had noticed it, and it crouched to spring. At the same moment, from a tree close by, there leaped a woman, who dashed at the child, caught it up in her arms, and then stood facing the monster. There was an instant's pause, when there came whizzing through the air one of the great clubs, which struck the tiger such a blow that he howled, and turning savagely, seized the club, and tore at it with his great teeth. He soon dropped it, however, and turned again to the woman, but it was too late, for, taking advantage of the short respite, the brave mother had sprung back into the tree, where ready hands helped her to safety. The savage beast sprang after her as she disappeared, and for a moment clung to the trunk of the tree, but another club striking fiercely on his head, he dropped back snarling to the ground. Then, as a third club struck him with unerring aim, he slunk off into the bushes.

For some minutes there was silence, until a cry came from the distance, and then the people began to come down again from their trees.

'What a hideous beast,' said Stubbs. 'Aren't they afraid he will come back?'

'No,' said his companion; 'one of our boy Scouts has reported that he has gone right off. By following among the tree-tops he can keep him in sight a long time.'

'Have you always people on the look-out?' said Stubbs.

'Oh, yes, both night and day. We take it in turn, and have to keep our eyes open; and, even then, some one is always being carried off. There are lots of other brutes and reptiles about.'

'I say,' said Stubbs, 'what time is breakfast? I'm feeling hungry.'

'I don't know what breakfast is,' said Snub; 'but if you want to eat, you must go and look for your food. I had some last night, and I don't suppose I shall get any more till this evening.'

'I can't wait till then,' said Stubbs. 'I must try and find some nuts.'

'Come along, then,' said his companion, 'but be careful not to make a noise, or some one will see you.'

They made their way from branch to branch of the close-growing trees, but had not gone far before a sudden outcry came from the people on the ground.

'Some one has seen you,' said Snub, excitedly; 'get away as quickly as you can—I'm off!' And with a quick spring he disappeared into a mass of foliage, leaving his hapless companion to follow as best he could. Frightened and bewildered, Stubbs clambered desperately upwards, and as he struggled his fears were increased by the shouts and movements amongst the neighbouring trees, which announced the approach of his pursuers.

In desperation, he made a jump for a branch next to the one where he had been crouching. He managed to get hold of it, and to draw himself up on it, though it bent and swayed under his weight as he worked his way towards the thicker end.

He had almost attained a position of safety, when, to his horror, the great shaggy head of Snub the elder poked itself round from the other side of the trunk.

The eyes glared at him with astonishment and fury; then, with a howl of rage, the man darted forward to seize him.

With a cry of fear, the unfortunate Stubbs convulsively retreated to the thin end of the branch, till it was bending dangerously under his weight.

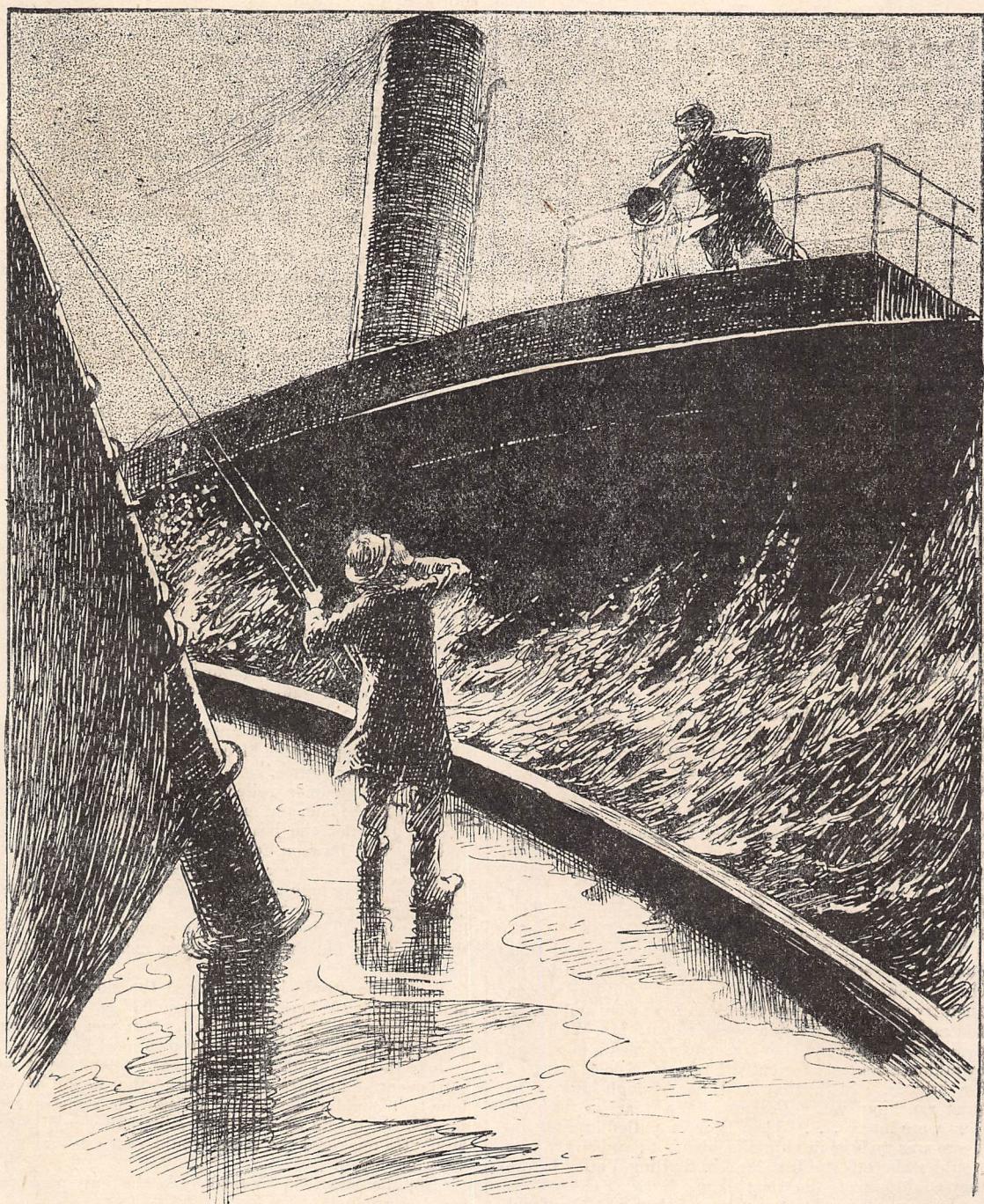
The savage pursuer struck violently at him with his heavy club, but the wretched boy was just out of reach. With every blow, however, the branch groaned and quivered until he was nearly shaken off; then the furious man himself came forward crawling on the branch. Inch by inch he crept along the bending bough, and inch by inch the hapless Stubbs retreated, till there was a loud crack, when, with a despairing shriek, he fell headlong to the earth . . .

Stubbs, H., sat up, and looked around. From the demeanour and attitude of Stubbs, W., and Stubbs, J., he rightly gathered that they were connected with the fact that he was sitting on the floor of his bedroom instead of being in bed. He was much relieved at finding that the world had not rolled back, and that it had been only a hideous dream.

He therefore felt no resentment against his brothers for the way in which they had waked him, and, as he explained to his mother when she came up to stop the pillow-fight that ensued, they were not quarrelling, but only having a little fun.



“It was bigger than the largest tiger he had ever seen.”



"A man leaned out from the bridge holding a megaphone."

SMILING VALLEY.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

IT was a dirty night, and Tom Dawson felt anxious as he sat in the low cabin of the Winthrop sloop, listening to the wind, while his comrade, Jake, studied a chart. The little boat lay behind a reef in the Straits of Georgia, which run between the Pacific coast of Canada and Vancouver Island; and the hoarse rumble of the surf indicated that the sea was getting up. She rolled and plunged violently, the halyards slapped against the mast, and every now and then the cable rang as it jarred across the stem.

'It's pretty fierce to-night,' Jake remarked. 'Worst is, we can't pull out until low water. The tide-rip would swamp us if we tried to get round the point while she's running ebb.'

Dawson nodded. He did not want to pull out, but they had been away for some days on a voyage up the Straits, and Mr. Winthrop would be getting anxious about them; besides, Dawson doubted if they could ride out the threatened gale where they were when the flood tide rose about the reef. The little cabin was warm and bright, with the stove that burned bark glowing beside the bulkhead, and the swinging lamp lighted. Outside a bitter wind swept the angry tideway, and now and then a shower of snow blew across the water. They would have a wild run home, but the sloop was staunch, and Dawson was bigger and stronger than when he left England, four years before.

'We'll get open water and a fair wind when we're round the Halibut reefs,' Jake resumed, and then moved his finger north across the chart. 'That's the way to Smiling Valley. I often think about the time we camped there. It's curious nobody has homesteaded the valley yet, but I reckon somebody will before we're ready to put in our stakes.'

Dawson mused. Beautiful valleys are numerous in British Columbia, but he had seen none like the spot Jake talked about. They had found it, so to speak, by accident, when they sailed up the Straits with Mr. Winthrop to buy some sheep, and left him at the coast while they made an exploring trip. The mouth of the vale was narrow, but wide enough for the warm Chinook wind from the Pacific to blow in. A snowy range sheltered it on the north, the sunshine lingered on the gentle slopes to the west and south; there was a clear river and a placid lake. Maples grew among the firs, and maples like rich soil.

They called it Smiling Valley, and wondered that nobody had settled there, since the land belonged to the Government, and any British subject could buy a fixed quantity at a moderate price. Both boys were ambitious, and meant to have a ranch of their own. Mr. Winthrop paid them wages, and they sometimes earned a good sum by taking a contract for cutting telegraph-poles and logs for bridges. Still, they had not enough money to start ranching yet. Perhaps, in a year or two, if they were lucky . . . Then Dawson pulled himself up. There was no use in thinking about it; somebody else would stake off the best land in Smiling Valley before they could hope to file their claim.

'I dream about the spot now and then, but I'm afraid it's not for us,' he said. 'Perhaps we had better get supper, and then, if the tide's running slack, we'll start.'

They boiled the kettle and ate a good meal, for there was wet and cold to be borne, and it would be a wild

run. By-and-by they crawled out reluctantly, and shortened cable, while the stinging spray blew about them and the sloop plunged her bows in the short seas. The next thing was to tie three reefs in the mainsail to cut down its size, and break out the anchor, after which Dawson hoisted the storm jib, while Jake went to the helm. She started, with two planks on her lee deck buried in rushing foam, and green water swept her cabin roof as she drove round the reef. It was a beam wind afterwards, but big curling seas rolled out of the dark, hove her up, and vanished with a roar to leeward while she sank into the trough. Jake, by a quick pull at the tiller, dodged the worst, letting her fall off before the breaking crests.

The Halibut Reef was not far off when they saw a reeling light, and then, as dim moonlight pierced a cloud, the indistinct shape of a small steamer. It looked as if somebody on board saw them, for the whistle screamed and a red light flared on the slanted bridge. The streaming blaze showed a man in black slickers clinging to the rails and a wall of wet plates that rolled up out of the foam.

'They want us,' Dawson shouted. 'Do you think you can dodge her to windward and get under the steamer's lee?'

'I'll try,' Jake answered doubtfully; and when Dawson, straining hard, hauled the mainsheet in, the little sloop staggered, close-hauled, towards the lights.

Sinking to the mast, she plunged into the white combers, and when she lifted, cataracts of icy brine poured across the coamings of the well, but they held on until the steamer broke the sea, when they hove her to. The red light had burned out, but the moon was brighter, and when Dawson got up on deck, a man leaned out from the bridge holding a megaphone. The sloop rolled and tumbled about in partial shelter.

'What do you want? Are you in trouble?' Dawson shouted.

'Hit a rock,' the man answered through the megaphone. 'Stripped some blades off the propeller. Can't keep her on her course.'

Then the steamer rolled down, until her rail was level with the foam, and masts and funnel hung over the sloop. Jake let the boat fall off to avoid a collision, and looked at Dawson, for they understood the skipper's anxiety. The steamer was small, and loaded light. Her side, rising high above the water, caught the wind, and, since her screw was damaged, she would drift to leeward fast. This would not have mattered much had she had room, but there was a steep, rocky coast not far to lee.

When she steadied, Jake edged the sloop in again, and shouted, 'Where are you bound?'

'Vancouver,' said the captain. 'Can you make any place where you can wire for a tug to meet us?'

Jake thought quickly. There was a telephone at one settlement and a telegraph at another, but he did not see how they could reach either in time for a message to bring a tug before the morning, and that would be too late. He imagined the vessel would drive ashore soon after daybreak.

'No,' he shouted; 'Vancouver's the only place one could get help in time.'

'Can you make it?' the captain asked.

Jake beckoned Dawson, and while they crouched behind the coaming ledge out of the wind, briefly explained the situation, which was daunting. They were

not very far from home, and would soon have the wind astern, when the sloop would run comfortably before the sea. If they tried to reach Vancouver, they must beat round a group of reefs, and Jake doubted if the boat had power enough. Beating to windward and running were very different things. They must reckon on two risks: the little boat might swamp, or drive on the rocks and go to pieces. If no help came, the steamer would certainly drift ashore and be badly damaged, although Jake thought the sea was not heavy enough to wreck her and drown her crew.

When he finished his explanation he looked at Dawson, who nodded. Neither had talked about it, but they knew their help was valuable, and remembered the Smiling Valley.

Jake jumped on deck and waved his arm. 'We'll try it,' he shouted. 'If we get through, you ought to see the tug's smoke at sun-up.'

(Continued on page 406.)

A YEAR IN A GARDEN.

XI.—NOVEMBER.

WHEN Billy and Babe began to grow vegetables that were really useful, and that appeared on the dinner-table, they felt they were truly helping to increase England's food supplies. All the summer there had been a scarcity of ordinary vegetables in spite of what they had done the previous year, and so they determined they would grow still more in 1918. For this purpose they chose a special plot of ground in their own garden, and for a week or two they dug and weeded, and forked and hoed, to get the soil into proper condition for seed-sowing in the spring. Here they would grow extra crops of carrots, parsnips, spinach, beetroot, onions, and salad plants, besides peas and beans. All the summer this plot had been filled with big clumps of perennials, and the pulling up of their roots loosened the soil splendidly. Half of the large border was made up of fine light soil that Billy, with his gardening book behind him, declared would be just the thing for carrots and parsnips, with a border of lettuce and radishes. Along the back was a strong fence that would serve a double purpose: it would keep off the north winds, and it would form a good support for peas or beans. Along the top of this fence two-inch nails were hammered in ready to hold the string up which the beans would climb next summer. At either end of the bed, parsley would probably grow well, and other useful herbs would find a suitable home in a sunny sheltered spot under the fence. It was a time of really hard work, both in making plans and preparing the soil. Long ago the children had found that the interest of a vegetable garden is quite different from that of a flower garden, but it is none the less enjoyable; there is quite as much opportunity for artistic and good work in one as in the other. It happened that this large bed that they had prepared for vegetables was in full view of the dining-room windows, across a wide stretch of grass; and it was partly for this reason, and partly because the east winds came from that direction, that the children decided to make a screen of raspberry bushes. These, however, were not got in till December, for bad weather came along, and made the soil so heavy that planting was impossible.

Through all their work in the garden this winter, a

faithful little robin was their constant companion; he rarely sang, rarely even chirped; but he always followed them at a distance of a yard or two, taking a keen interest in their work, especially when they turned up any worms for him. No other birds were singing now; the garden was silent, except on one or two occasions when the robin had violent disputes with other members of his family, who wanted their share of the garden and the children's friendship. But the only time when he would at all tolerate their presence was in the morning, at the birds' food-table on the lawn.

THE BEE.

A BEE upon a bramble bush
Was thinking might and main.
Said he: 'To-day
I mustn't play,
The fact is very plain.'

But I must seek the roses out,
And other flowers as well,
Or how shall I
The honey spy
For storing in the cell?

I wonder where I ought to go
To find the richest bloom?
By yonder rill
That skirts the hill,
Or through the woodland gloom?

Perhaps that garden over there,
Behind the palings tall,
With shady bowers
And beds of flowers,
Would suit me best of all.

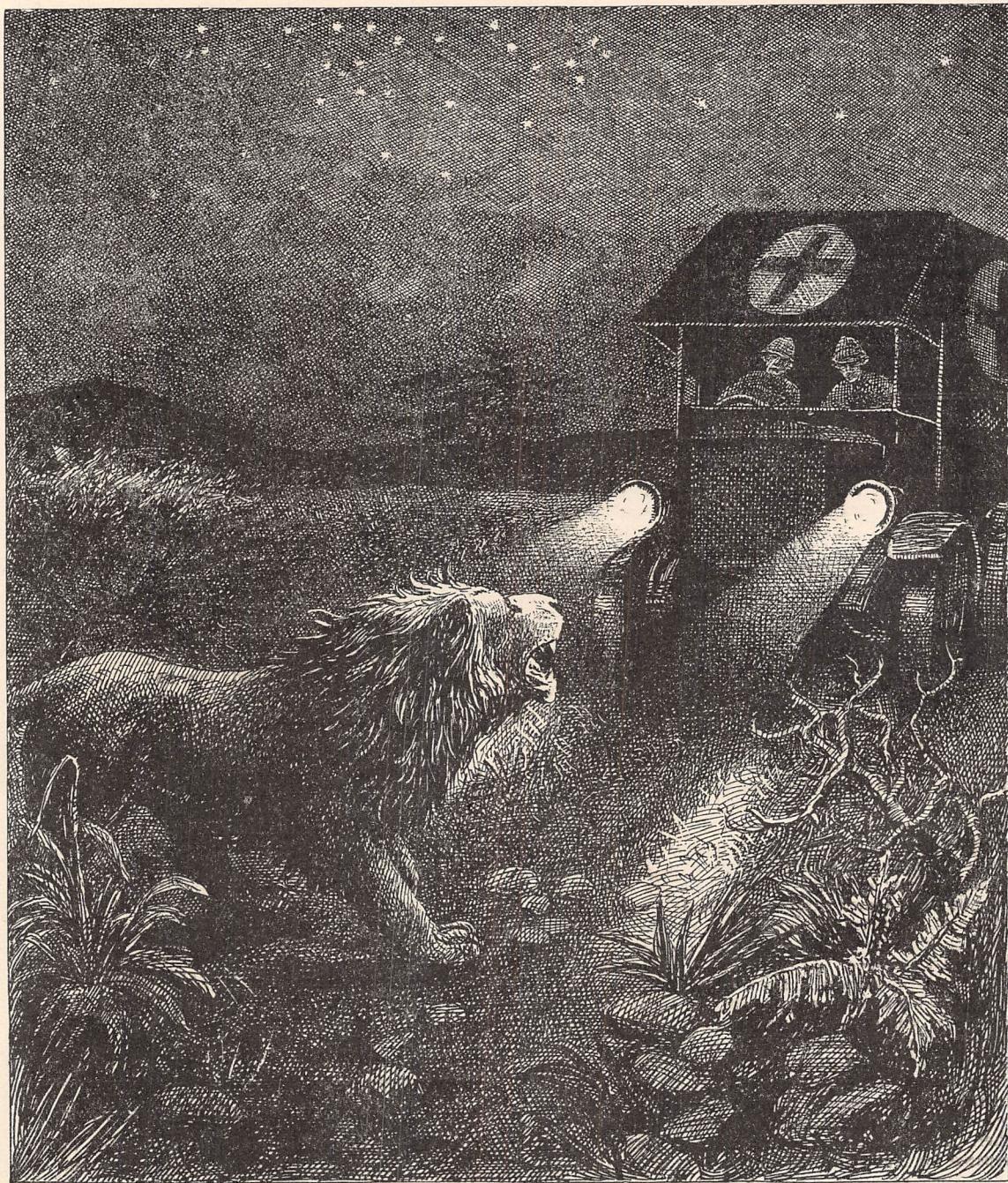
And yet it might be far from wise
To go in there to-day,
And sad, you see,
'Twould surely be
To throw the time away.

In fact I don't know which is best:
The garden, wood, or hill—
And while I think,
The sun will sink,
And leave me sitting still.'

And so it did. The darkness came
And covered all the sky,
And hope, that day,
Was swept away
Because he feared to try.

AN ENEMY OF THE RED CROSS.

MANY strange encounters have taken place, during the great war, between new inventions and old fashions. Perhaps it is unfair to speak of lions as 'old fashions,' for they are still a serious nuisance in many parts of East Africa. But they would fare ill if they took much part in modern warfare. Recently a lion had a new experience. Stalking through the bush one night he saw two fiery eyes approaching him almost silently, along a roughly made track. He stood in defiant wonder, until the strange beast, whatever it was,



"The lion saw two fiery eyes approaching him."

uttered a hoot, the like of which he had never heard before. Then he turned tail and fled—happily for the Red Cross ambulance car, which was serving our gallant troops in the conquest of German East Africa.

B. P.

FRUITS FROM ACROSS THE SEAS.

VI.—THE DATE PALM AND THE BREAD FRUIT.

THE Date Palm (*Phænix dactylifera*) is another palm which is much esteemed. This tree, in appearance, is so similar to the Cocoa-nut Palm that

I will not give a sketch, as you have already seen one of the cocoa-nut palm (page 380). The main difference is that the leaf-stalk scars on the trunk, instead of being ring-like, as on the Cocoa-nut, are in series, and shaped like horseshoes. The fruits, which we know so well, are carried in great clusters, often weighing as much as twenty-five to thirty pounds. They are oblong yellow fruits much like a small plum. There may be anything up to two hundred in a single cluster! The flowers (which are sometimes white and sometimes yellow) are of two kinds, one having only pistils and the other only stamens. Now, you know that pollen from a stamen must travel somehow to a pistil before there can be a fruit. When Date Palms grow wild, fertilisation (as the passing of pollen from a stamen to a pistil is called) takes place unassisted by man, but under cultivation man does assist as follows: As a tree which only carries stamens never has fruit, naturally cultivators do not want many of those! They therefore plant one stamen-carrying tree to every thirty or forty pistil-carrying trees. Then when the flowers are fully in bloom, the cultivator cuts the branches which are in bloom from the stamen-carrying trees, and carefully hangs them over the trees which have only pistils. Then no doubt the pollen from the stamens gets carried to the pistils by visiting insects as well as by the wind, and the trick is done. I have done this sort of thing myself in the similar case of the Aucuba Laurel. Every year I bring sprays of stamen-carrying flowers from a neighbouring garden, and hang them in my pistil-carrying bushes, with the result that I have lovely red berries on my bushes every year!

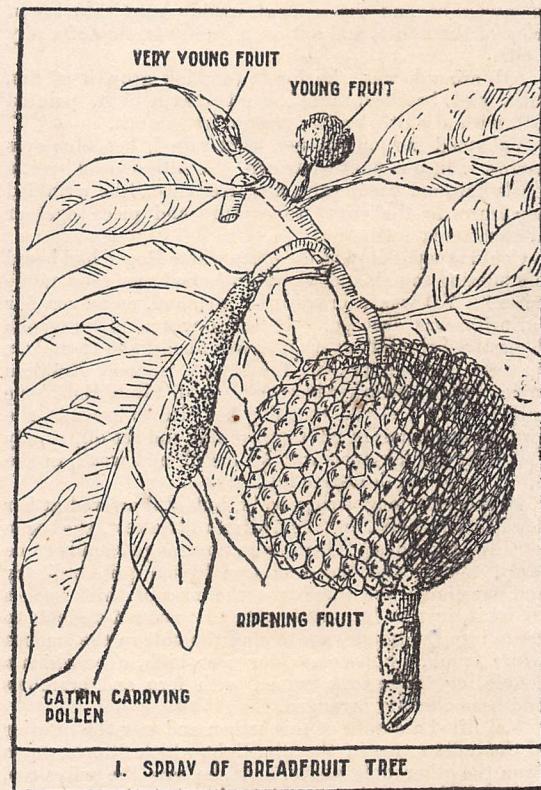
The Date Palm is propagated by off-shoots from the roots, not from seeds. It was a native of Africa and Asia; it has been introduced into the warmer parts of Europe, but will not develop fruits there. There are many varieties, and some grow to be over a hundred feet high; they also live to be a great age.

As a food the date is very nourishing, and is used in many ways. Arabs dry them and grind them up to make a kind of meal. Cattle, dogs, camels, and horses all like dates. They show their good taste!

The leaves of the Date Palm were the 'palms' which were bound together with myrtle and citron to form the badge of desert life. These bunches were shaken at the Feast of Tabernacles, and afterwards preserved in the homes. At the time of the triumphal entrance into Jerusalem of our Lord, these were the 'palm branches' which the people brought out and carried in the procession. The leaves of the Date Palm are still used in many religious ceremonies, and just before Palm Sunday there are quite a lot of leaves of date palms in the markets. In the south of France the date palm is often grown just for this purpose.

There is just one more over-seas fruit I must mention, and that is the true Bread Fruit (*Artocarpus incisa*). This is another most useful fruit, for in many parts it is one of the staple foods. In fig. 1, I show you a sketch of a branch which I obtained at the Natural History Museum, London. This is on quite a small scale, for a fully ripe fruit might weigh twenty or thirty pounds! This sketch shows you a ripening fruit, a young fruit, and a pollen-carrying catkin. The leaves are large and shiny, something like those of a castor-oil plant, or a fig. The fruits are as much like a pine-apple as anything in structure. They are a mass of bracts and fruits which,

by expansion, have become joined into a fleshy body. The plant is a native of Java and Amboyna. When I was reading that fascinating book, *The Malay Archipelago*, by A. Russel Wallace, I found there much useful information about it. He says he first tasted it in Amboyna, and found it very good. The natives baked it in embers, and then you scooped out the inside with a spoon, when it tasted like Yorkshire pudding or mashed potatoes with milk! He speaks of it as being about the size of a melon—a little fibrous near the middle, but smooth otherwise. It is used in several ways, but is best baked. Dr. Wallace



says it is delicious as a vegetable with meat. It has a delicate but characteristic flavour, and one never tires of it.

This I think covers all the chief over-seas fruits of which we hear much in England; but of course there are very many others which are more or less popular in their homes. There is the Durian for instance (*Durio Zibethicus*), an oval fruit some eight or nine inches long in a hard prickly shell. The pulp has a delicious flavour, but a most disagreeable scent. Then, there is the Bread Nut, which tastes something like a hazel, and is used as bread in the West Indies. And so I could go on with a number of others, but I do not think you would be very interested in fruits you may not be very likely to see, and so I will not tell of any more.

E. M. BARLOW.

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

BY A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 387.)

THE prospect of fresh air and sunshine was very tempting after the long, dull days in the pokey little room upstairs, and, as Val was terribly afraid of being sent back to bed again, she kept out of the woman's sight and tiptoed softly across the stone floor and out of the house. Bob was very good, and did not even bark when a fierce-looking dog snarled at him from within a ramshackle tub-kennel. In a very few moments they were beyond the littered, muddy yard that lay in front of the house, and out on a sunny stretch of sandy road.

All around was the forest (a thick growth of firs, oaks, and beeches), and beyond rose a high, pointed hill, with a white, leafless tree on its summit.

Val stood motionless, her head raised, her blue eyes narrowed into a puzzled frown. A hill, a dead tree, a lonely inn, and a man with a scarred face. She wrinkled her brows in the effort to capture and piece together her scattered memories.

Could this possibly be the place where Roger had heard the buzzing sound, and where Jules had seen the strange wires? Val was a brave little girl, and, moreover, her curiosity was aroused. If there was a mystery, she determined to find out what it was about, and there was no time like the present, for at any moment Fräulein might appear and order her back to bed. 'Bob, Bob!' she called softly, and when the dog bounded to her side, she twisted one hand in his tangled hair and set off, slowly at first, for her foot was still stiff and weak, in the direction of the dead-tree hill.

It seemed a long, tiring walk, but Val arrived at her destination at last, and then, after a little rest, she began her investigations. There were no strange sounds to be heard to-day, and the dead tree looked quite ordinary and harmless—but there was the mass of thick bushes round it, just as Jules had said. It was not difficult to creep into the tangle, nor to find the hole in the smooth white trunk, a hole some four feet high, over which a concealing framework twined with fern and brambles had been cleverly arranged.

Val lifted a corner of this screen and saw the interior of the hollow tree in the dim light which filtered down from the other hole above, and she saw the wires too, although she could not make out what they were any more than Jules had done. Then just as she had decided to give up the search for the time, as she had had no breakfast and was beginning to feel rather hungry, the sound of Bob's deep growl fell on her ears. She pushed her way back, dusty and covered with scraps of leaf and twigs, and emerging once more into the open, found Fräulein Heinz standing behind her. The German was pale and almost speechless with fury, her hands were clenched and her eyes seemed to be starting out of her head. She stamped her feet on the hard mossy ground as Val scrambled from among the bushes, and would have seized her if Bob had not growled again.

'What are you doing here, you hateful little wretch? How dare you leave the house without my permission? Don't you know that you are my prisoner?'

'Your prisoner?' Val echoed the word in a dazed whisper.

'And this is the way you reward me for all my

kindness!' Fräulein's voice rose to a shrill scream. 'You come here and spy. But I will punish you for this. You shall be whipped. You shall be shut up. You shall have nothing to eat but bread and water.'

Val drew herself up, a straight boyish little figure in her peasant clothes, and faced her antagonist with unflinching eyes. 'Why are you here, you and your brother, Fräulein?' she asked. 'You are Germans: what are you doing in France? I want to know.'

Fräulein shrugged her shoulders, and then a new expression came into her eyes, a fierce, eager light, that seemed to give a certain dignity to her ruddy face and stout, thick-set figure.

'I serve my country,' she said, 'and you can call me a spy if you like. I am not ashamed. We have done our work well, I and the others. Germany will rule Europe; she will rule the world. We have waited for years, but the Day has come at last.'

Val shrank back, her hand still on Bob's shoulder, her eyes gazing awestruck at Fräulein's flushed, enthusiastic face.

And then the loud blast of a motor-horn was heard from the road below and Fräulein's face changed again. 'Come,' she cried, and disregarding Bob, she seized Val's hand and dragged her towards the narrow path that led down the hill.

There was a grey motor-car at the door of the inn, and a man dressed as a chauffeur stood by it with a letter in his hand. Fräulein snatched it from him, tore it open and read it through eagerly. It was evident that the tidings were satisfactory, for the woman's face lit up and exclamations of joy burst from her lips.

At last she turned to Val, waving the paper in her hand. 'There is news,' she cried. 'Great news! Splendid news! My brother has sent me a message. Our armies have been victorious everywhere. They are at the gates of Paris. And we are going to Paris. We shall see the German soldiers march through the city in triumph.'

Val did not answer, for the loud voice and boastful words dazed her completely, and then Fräulein dragged her into the house, and there followed an hour of bustle and hurried preparations for departure. Fräulein Heinz seemed to have forgotten her anger in this new excitement, and it appeared that Val was to go to Paris with her instead of being left behind at the inn.

By ten o'clock they were off, Val packed into the back of the car with the inseparable Bob at her side, and then for hour after hour they sped westward, through woods, across rivers, and along straight, tree-bordered roads.

Several times during the journey the car was stopped and papers demanded, but these were always forthcoming, and there were no great difficulties or long delays. Towards evening, however, when they reached a large town, the position of affairs did not seem to be quite so satisfactory from the Germans' point of view, and it became apparent that they were not to go on to Paris for the present, after all.

The car stopped outside a tall house in a narrow street, and the chauffeur, who seemed to be able to speak French like a native—although he and Fräulein talked German together—went in to make inquiries. When he came out his face was very grave, and, leaning over the side of the car, he spoke to Fräulein in a low, anxious voice.

Val, who knew very little German, could not catch a word of what he said, but Fräulein frowned, and her good-humour disappeared completely.

'We are to stay here the night,' she said, crossly, and then Val followed her into the house and upstairs to a large, rather stuffy room with a gold clock on the mantelpiece and thick curtains over the closed windows.

Fräulein had expected her brother to meet her, but he did not appear, and all through that evening and the next day she waited impatiently for news of him. They did not go downstairs to meals, but had them brought up to the stuffy room, and hour by hour, as her anxiety increased, the German woman grew more and more irritable.

On the second morning, when they were just finishing breakfast, and Fräulein Heinz had already been down stairs four times to inquire for news, letters, or telegrams, there came a knock at the door, and when it was opened, the French-speaking chauffeur appeared on the threshold. He seemed to be in a great hurry, and there was a paper in his hand.

Fräulein, with a furtive glance at Val, who was feeding Bob with bread and honey, went out to speak to the man, and his gruff voice, mingled with shrill exclamations of dismay and horror, were heard from the other side of the closed door.

When Fräulein reappeared, she was wringing her hands, and her eyes were red. She began at once to gather her possessions together, but she would not answer any questions, and looked as if she could have bitten Val's head off, when the little girl innocently asked whether they were going to start for Paris at last.

When everything was ready, and the car was at the door, Fräulein Heinz turned her attention to Val. A large travelling-cloak was produced, and the little girl realised with a sinking heart that she was once more to be carried away as a prisoner of war.

At the last moment, however, the German seemed to change her mind, and after some moments of anxious hesitation, she unwrapped the cloak which had already been folded round the child's shoulders.

'Val,' she said, 'how would you like me to leave you behind? The people here will take care of you, and before long your brother is certain to find you.'

Val clasped her hands, and a little cry of joy broke from her lips. The prospect of staying alone in the cheerless, stuffy room was not a tempting one, but, at least, there would be a chance of finding Roger again.

'Oh, Fräulein, thank you so much,' she began. But Fräulein interrupted her; there was still something to be said, and the chauffeur who had come for her bag was waiting impatiently at the door.

'There is one thing that you must promise me, Val. I shall not see your brother now, and he has my letter. You must ask him for it, do you understand, directly, and then you must get away somewhere by yourself and burn it. Here are matches. Put them into your pocket, so that you will be ready. Now promise me you will burn that letter. If you will do that, you shall stay here—I will set you free.'

Val promised readily enough, for she had hardly thought of the letter during the past week, and had certainly never connected it in any way with Fräulein's work as a German spy. The woman picked up her travelling bag then with a sigh of relief, and hurried away, but at the door of the room she paused once more.

'Good-bye, little one, good-bye,' she said. Then she was gone, and that was the last that Val saw of Fräulein Heinz.

CHAPTER XX.

ROGER stood quite still for a moment, when he caught sight of the man with the scarred face among the French villagers, for he could hardly believe the evidence of his own eyes, and he rubbed them, as if to drive away some strange delusion. But it was no mistake.

The French cavalry were riding down the narrow street, and it was impossible for Roger to get to the other side until they had passed. When the way was clear again, Heinz had disappeared completely.

The boy hurried across the road then, and searched everywhere, down narrow lanes and pathways, in the orchards and gardens, between the rows of cabbages and thick-growing beans, behind stacks and wood-piles, even in the cottages themselves; for this man knew where Val was; he had been in the motor-car which had carried the little girl away, and if he were not found, perhaps the clue would be lost for ever.

He must find the man, that was his only thought, and the slightest loss of time might be fatal. He reached the western outskirts of the village at last, and stood there, shading his eyes against the sun-glare, and staring at the wide stretch of white road that lay before him.

At first it seemed as if the whole country-side in that direction were empty and deserted, but after a time Roger saw—or thought that he saw—a figure in the distance. He leaned forward eagerly. Yes, there certainly was a patch of blue moving along beneath the tall poplar-trees that bordered the road. It vanished, but soon appeared again further on. The boy did not hesitate, but started off at a run, taking a short cut across a field, so that he might reach the road near the place where he had last caught a glimpse of the disguised German.

It was a very hot, sultry afternoon, and as he plodded on and on through the thick, clogging dust that made swift progress quite impossible, Roger had time to think over everything that had happened, and he wondered uneasily what could be the meaning of the German's disguise, and why he should have risked his life by remaining behind in the French village.

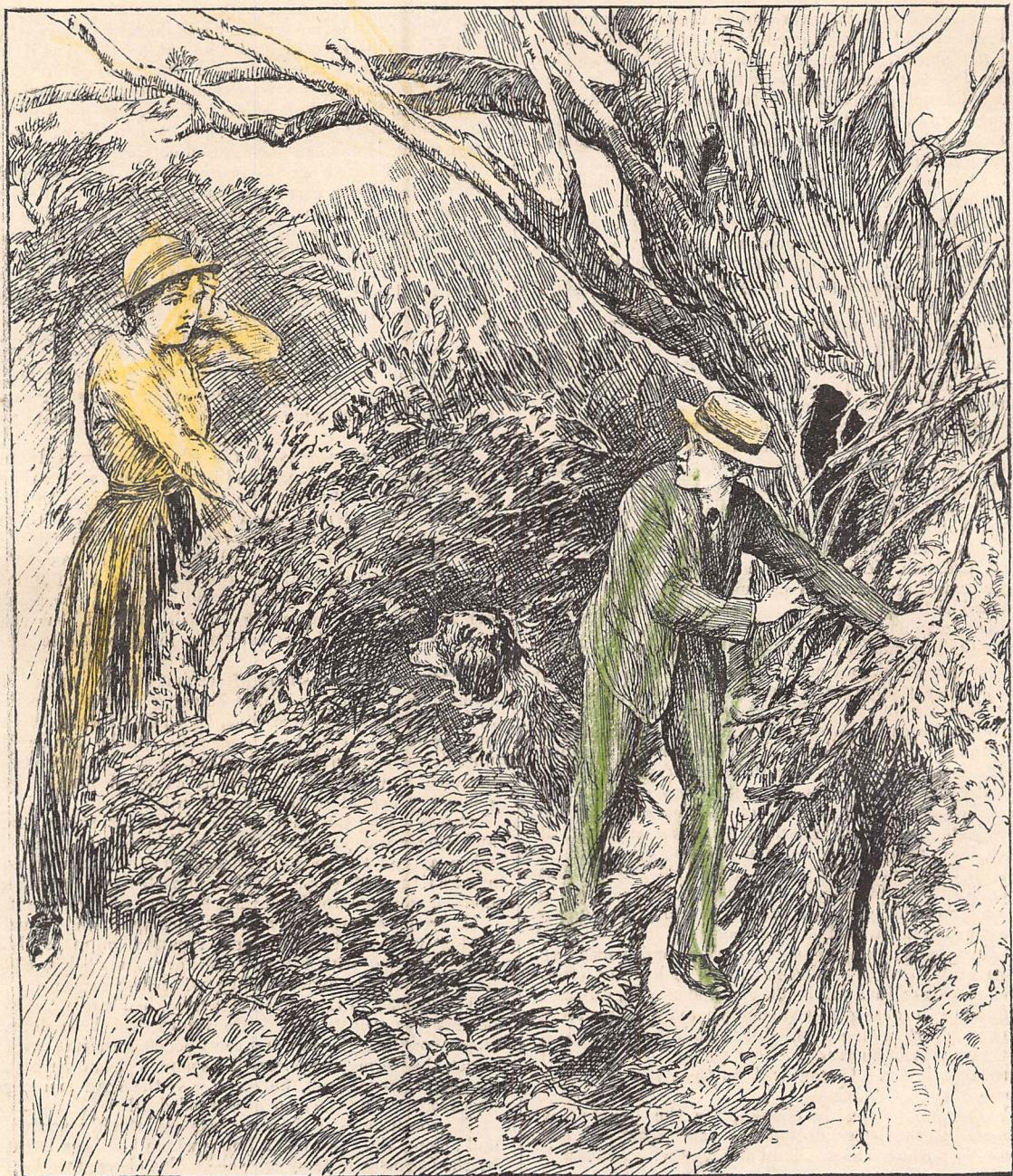
It was a long walk under the blazing afternoon sun, and Roger was hot, tired, footsore, hungry and thirsty, when at last the road swerved northward and reached a large river. He stopped, threw himself down on a bank under a tree, and wondered what had better be done next.

A bridge crossed the river at this point, and it had evidently been damaged and repaired quite lately. Roger, primed with his new military knowledge, had little difficulty in understanding what had happened.

The French, in their hurried retreat, had attempted to destroy the bridge, but little injury had been done. Roger could see the gap and the wooden structure with which the German engineers had spanned it, and beyond, on the opposite bank, he could see the road running northward round the spur of a wooded hill.

The south shore of the river was also thickly wooded, and among the trees was a house which had been burnt by the Germans in their advance. The charred timbers and blackened, broken walls looked strangely desolate, and there was no other sign of human life to be seen. The German spy seemed to have vanished into space. It was impossible to tell in what direction he had gone, or whether he were lurking among the trees and bushes near at hand.

(Continued on page 402.)



“Val found Fräulein Heinz standing behind her.”



"The man was signalling by flashlight."

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

BY A. A. METHLEY.

(Continued from page 399.)

ROGER had almost made up his mind that the best thing for him to do would be to return to the village and ask Evans' advice, when suddenly the sight of a bright beam of light shining between the trees made him spring to his feet, with all his weariness and hunger forgotten. What could it be? A fire, an electric flashlight, or a lantern? At any rate, it meant that some one was near at hand, and who that some one was, whether friend or foe, it was his duty to discover without an instant's loss of time.

The boy ran forward, meaning to reach the open ground on the river-bank and thus get a better view; but before he had gone many steps, he saw something else, and stopped again, his heart beating quickly, and his eyes wide and alert. Far away on the opposite bank of the river was another light, a light that flashed, disappeared, and flashed again.

He turned quickly: there behind him, about a hundred yards away and half hidden among the trees, was a small wooden hut, and beside it stood a man in a peasant's blouse with a lantern in his hand. He lifted it and swung it above his head. The light—a strangely brilliant light—streamed out into the gathering darkness.

Roger cowered back against the trunk of a tree near which he was standing and held himself rigid and motionless, hardly daring to breathe lest his whereabouts should be discovered.

He understood now what it all meant, and the realisation sent a chill of dismay through his heart. The man was signalling by flashlight, and away there, over the river, were the Germans, his friends—the enemy—reading his message and sending back a reply.

The boy's first impulse was, naturally enough, to rush forward, grapple with the spy and tear the lantern out of his hand; but it only needed a moment's reflection to make him realise that such a course would be not only reckless and foolish, but also absolutely useless. He himself was only a boy of fifteen, while the German was a man, tall, broad-shouldered and strongly built, with years of military training behind him.

There was one question which Roger asked himself again and again as he crouched there in the shadows, and it was this: Why was the spy sending his information by flashlight and thus running the risk of discovery, when his friends were only a few miles away, and it would have been easy for him to cross the river and carry it to them in person?

After a few minutes the man lowered his lantern, darkened it, and entered the little wooden house. He shut the door behind him, and the sound of a grating bolt was heard, but before long a narrow gleam of light showed through an open window. Roger left his tree and crept forward through the brambles and grass tussocks until he reached the rough wooden wall of the building. He could see nothing at first through the crack, but the window was unglazed and a touch on the shutter swung it slightly inwards. Then, noiselessly and cautiously, he peered into a small bare room. The lantern had been set down on an upturned wooden box, and by its light everything could be seen clearly.

The furniture of the place, if furniture it could be called, was rough and primitive in the extreme, but it was evident that some one had been living and sleeping there. In one corner an armful of straw had been flung down to form a bed, and on it was spread a dark cloak or rug. There was a leather suit-case on which a revolver was lying, and a bicycle leaned against the wall. Several large cases did duty as chairs and tables, and on one was a bottle of wine and a torn sheet of newspaper containing fragments of meat and bread. A number of smaller cases, iron-bound, sealed and labelled as 'soap,' were piled together in different parts of the hut.

Roger did not notice all these details, for his eyes were fixed on the occupant of the hut, a big, powerful-looking man, who was kneeling on the ground, stooping over something which he manipulated with delicate skill and care. After a minute or two he looked up to reach for something that was on the wooden case, and then the light from the lantern streamed full on his scarred, sinister face.

It was the man whom Roger had encountered a month ago on the hill of the hollow tree, and again to-day in the recaptured French village: Captain Heinz, Fräulein's brother, the German soldier—and the German spy.

Heinz was preparing a fuse. The wooden boxes which he moved with such care were packed with some deadly explosive, and it was, doubtless, his intention to destroy the bridge, so that the French might be delayed in their coming advance.

The boy's brain was in a whirl as one wild plan after another presented itself and was rejected, and he had come to no decision when, once more, the door of the hut was pushed slowly open. Heinz came out carrying one of the iron-bound boxes in his arms.

There was a lull in the bombardment just then, and in the stillness every sound and every rustle of leaf or twig was clearly audible. Roger held his breath as the German passed him, and then, after a few minutes, stole out of his hiding-place and followed, unseen and unheard, to the river-bank. Concealing himself again, he fixed his eyes upon the dark figure, which showed clearly against the white masonry of the bridge, and watched him as he moved about among the reeds and low-growing willows under the first of the wide arches. Before long he mounted the slope again, empty-handed, and returned to the hut.

And then, suddenly, an idea—an inspiration—flashed into Roger's head. Why should not he apply the spark and destroy—not the bridge, but the hut and its deadly contents?

Roger felt in his pocket and drew out a box of matches, which Evans had given him a few days ago; then he stole nearer to the hut and examined it closely. The walls were of wood, it is true, but they were hard and thick, and it would be a work of time to set them on fire. Time was the one thing that could not be wasted in the present emergency, and therefore his first scheme—of igniting the hut from the outside—had to be abandoned.

It only remained, then, to enter the little house and find something there that would burn easily; and although this plan was full of peril—for he knew nothing of the nature of the explosive that was contained in the boxes—Roger did not hesitate. He remembered the newspaper on which the spy's frugal

meal had been spread out, and, pushing open the door, stepped over the rough wooden threshold.

It was the work of a moment to seize the paper and twist it into a torch. Then he gathered up the straw from the corner and heaped it on to the boxes of explosives. The empty wooden cases were dragged forward and added to the pile.

When everything was ready, Roger struck one of his matches and set fire to the crumpled newspaper. It flared up fiercely, the yellow light flickering on the low roof and rough walls of the little structure.

There was no time to be lost now; at any moment the explosion might come. Roger glanced round, snatched up the leather suit-case, and ran out into the open air. There, in front of him, was Heinz, coming towards the hut, and quite unsuspecting of the deadly and imminent danger which it contained.

'Go back! Go back! Fire! Fire!' Roger's warning rang out clearly on the night air, and rushing forward, he seized the German's arm.

'You mustn't go there. I have set it on fire. It will blow up in a moment!' he panted.

Heinz turned round, his scarred face livid with fury. 'You have set it on fire, you—' His voice broke, and flinging the boy violently to one side, he dashed forward with reckless courage, determined even now, at all costs, to extinguish the flames and carry out his own work of destruction.

'Come back! You must not—you shall not!' Roger was on his feet once more; and then there came a hideous crash, a flame that seemed to light up the whole world, and a searing blast that swept everything before it.

The boy flung up his hands and fell forward—blinded, deafened, and stunned—on to the grass.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Roger opened his eyes again, he was still lying on the grass where he had fallen, but his head had been raised, and there was the sharp taste of spirits in his mouth. Several men were stooping over him with anxious faces, and—he thought he must be dreaming at first—one of them, who held the lamp of a motor-car in his hand, was his old friend, John Boughton.

'Where am I? What has happened? I don't remember,' he faltered. And then, as memory returned, he clutched the arm of the man nearest to him. 'The bridge, is it safe? And—and Fräulein's brother?'

The bridge is quite all right—thanks to you, I take it,' was the reply; but Roger's second question remained unanswered, and Boughton moved slightly, so that the boy should not catch sight of a motionless figure that lay on the ground a little way off.

Heinz, the German spy, had perished in the destruction of the hut, and now, hoist with his own petard, was powerless to do further mischief. The bridge was safe, and the road to the north lay open.

Roger himself was quite uninjured, although he had been stunned by the violence of the explosion. He soon recovered, and, in answer to his eager questions, learnt how Boughton had managed to reach the recaptured village in his capacity of War Correspondent soon after the arrival of the French troops, and had heard Roger's name and the news of his disappearance from Evans, with whom he had had an interview at the inn.

At first, however, all inquiries and investigations proved useless, and it was not until quite late in the

evening that an old woman appeared, who had seen the boy pass her cottage and leave the village.

They hurried to the bridge. It was intact, although the two boxes placed in position under the arch showed that mischief had been afoot. Then the red glare of fire above the trees had led them towards the hut.

'But Val? How shall we find out now where she is?' Roger's heart sank as he heard the end of Boughton's story. The bridge was saved, but it seemed as if the success of the greater enterprise would mean the failure of his search for Val. Heinz had known where she and Fräulein were to be found, and now he was dead, and the secret had died with him.

One of the men, noticing Roger's troubled face, pointed to the leather suit-case which was lying on the ground not far away. 'Look here,' he said; 'did that belong to the German?' Because, if so, it is quite likely that we might get some information from his papers. What do you say, Boughton? You are boss of this show. Shall we break that case open and see what we can find?'

Boughton nodded, and very soon the suit-case was opened, and documents of all sorts taken out. They were examined by the light of the motor-lamp, Roger watching and listening, with his face full of eager expectancy.

At last Boughton discovered a half-sheet of note-paper scribbled with a few sentences in sloping German characters. He studied it for a moment, and glanced up at Roger with a smile.

'Here we are, my son,' he said, and then read aloud a missive which had evidently been sent by Fräulein Heinz to her brother within the last few days.

'We are waiting for you here,' Fräulein wrote. 'The child is with me. I cannot understand why you have not sent me a message. I wrote and told you that we should stay at the usual place. We may not be able to stay much longer; the news is bad to-day.'

The name of the town from which the letter had been sent was written at the top of the page, but there was no other address.

In a few moments the car was racing smoothly along the road towards the village, and as the cool night breeze touched his cheek, and the dark trees and hedges flitted by, Roger felt as if the past ten days had been nothing but a dream, and that he was once more with the two French officers careering southward on the way to Paris.

(Concluded on page 410.)

WHEN THE FLOODS ROSE.

THE floods came up the farmyard path—
They'd never been so high—
And Mrs. Puss and Mrs. Hen
Were friends in misery!

They climbed on Rover's kennel roof,
And floated right away;
But Mrs. Hen's five little chicks
Thought it was only play:

For they were ducks, not chicks, you see—
A sturdy little brood!
'It's an ill wind,' said Farmer Brown,
'That blows no kind of good.'



"They floated right away."



"A tallish man in the window seemed to see through us."

THE INDIAN SHAWLS.

WHEN Aunt Anne sent us two Indian shawls at Christmas we were not very pleased. They didn't seem to be *presents*, somehow. They were *clothes*, and

Mother and Father always got our clothes for us, so we seemed to have been deprived of a present which might have been some pleasure to us, and to have been given instead only something useful which we didn't care about.

Mother said they were wonderful shawls, and we ought to be proud of them; and so we really were, but we wouldn't admit it, though we wrote a very nice letter thanking Aunt Anne, out there in the hills in India—at least, Mother said it was quite a nice letter. It took long enough to write.

It was really Mother who suggested the use we put the shawls to later on. Marjorie threw one of the shawls over her head and shoulders, while I was writing the letter to Aunt Anne, for fun, and squatted cross-legged on the ground, and talked gibberish, pretending to be a gipsy beggar. She really looked awfully wild and strange, with her dark eyes and hair—and she's a jolly good hand at acting.

Just then Mother came into the schoolroom. 'What's this little Indian beggar-girl doing here?' she said sternly; but I saw she didn't believe it was a beggar-girl really.

Well, next Easter the Vicar's wife gave an afternoon At Home, in aid of comforts for some Indian regiment the Vicar's brother was in. There was a sort of drawing-room concert in the big hall close to the Vicarage, with tea and singing and all that. Mother and we two girls helped to decorate the room with palms and things, and Marjorie and I wrote out a lot of programmes to save expense. We wrote them very well. But, somehow, some of the programmes were different from the others. The one Mrs. Exton (the Vicar's wife) used to announce the events was one of the different ones.

'Item number five,' she read out presently—we were supposed to be 'behind the scenes,' helping to get tea ready—"An Indian Dance"—dear me, I—'

But we didn't give her time to say more. Tom—that's the Vicar's eldest son: he was in it: he was home for the holidays—began to beat a drum solemnly outside—" bom! bom! bom!" and to make a kind of crooning yell, 'Wa-a-ah, wa-a-y-ah!' It was like an Indian conjuror we had once seen at Earl's Court. Marjorie and I waddled in all wrapped up in Indian shawls, and began to wriggle and bend at the knees, and prance solemnly round each other. We had browned our faces and our feet (which were bare) with furniture stain: we didn't get it off afterwards for days.

I wish we had thought it out more. There was a tallish man with a moustache in the window who looked very closely at us, and I caught his eye, and he smiled: I didn't like it. He was very sunburnt, and he seemed to see through us. So I began yelling too—"Wa-a-y-ah, wah, wa-a-y-ah!"

And then Mrs. Exton—who had been looking at the programme, and then at us, and then at the programme again, through her glasses—got up. And we both ran. I dropped the brass bowl I was carrying, and just as we got outside I tripped over the shawl and fell, tearing a great hole in it.

I was told afterwards that Colonel Exton, the tall man who had made me feel uneasy, 'saved the situation.' He came after us, and picked up the bowl, and made a little speech about Indian customs. He mentioned 'the beautiful Indian shawls such as the last performers wore in their remarkable dance,' and he took my brass bowl round and collected an awful lot of money for his regiment's comforts. So we did some good after all. But we weren't allowed to forget it for a long time, and we hated the sight of the Indian shawls for weeks to come.

E. S.

A YEAR IN A GARDEN.

XII.—DECEMBER.

THE raspberry canes were planted the first week in December for a twofold reason—for the sake of the fruit, and in order to hide in some degree the big vegetable bed from the house windows, so the best method of planting was in groups of three. The groups formed triangles. Sufficient space was left between the groups for gathering the fruit, and it was evident that the row would make a fairly substantial screen during the summer months. The gooseberries put in last year had been so successful that the children planted another two dozen. A footway of six feet was left between the raspberries and the first row of gooseberries, and when it was all neatly finished quite a delightful little avenue was formed. A few days later all the plants were carefully earthed up, so that they would be quite safe when the frost came.

It was when the children were planting the last gooseberry bushes that they turned up with their spades some curious-looking caterpillars in cocoons made of fine earth. A long hunt was necessary through Billy's gardening and natural history books before he could identify them, not as caterpillars of moths or butterflies, but of the destructive saw-fly.

Towards the end of the month a song-thrush came into the garden, perched on a high bough of a fir-tree, and sang a few notes; they were queer little notes, as if he were not sure of either his voice or his song, and after a few trials he flew away as if disheartened. He had really forgotten how to sing, and for the next few weeks he would be practising a little more each fine day, preparing for the great bird chorus in early spring.

All the birds that built nests in the garden were especially looked after, and seeds and scraps of all sorts were spread out on the food-table on the lawn for the fly-catchers, robins, wrens, blue tits and great tits. Nesting-boxes were also prepared for them very early every spring. The tits had hollowed larch logs, the hole being made so small that sparrows could not get in. A very much appreciated box, made in the shape of a little house, the roof of which lifted up, and which had holes in the walls for windows, always hung under the arch leading to the flower garden. This was regularly filled with all sorts of scraps, and robins and tits were always perched on the roof or hopping in and out of the windows.

SMILING VALLEY.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

(Continued from page 395.)

JAKE went back to the helm, while Dawson hauled the mainsheet until the end of the jerking boom hung just above the quarter. The sloop drove her bows into a sea that foamed across the deck and blinded the boys with spray, scraped past the steamer's tall forecastle, and plunged into the dark. The moon had gone behind a cloud, and they could hardly see the combers that rolled up like tumbling white-topped walls. One could not run away from them now; they must meet the curling top obliquely and trust to luck and a pull at the tiller for getting across without being swamped.

Sometimes she buried her bowsprit and half the jib, and then, as she lifted before the next plunge, spray and water blew from the sail in bucketfuls. Sometimes the sea boiled across her deck as far as the mast, and yeasty foam ran in a flood over the coaming ledge. Dawson tried to pump, but the lurching threw him about, and he missed half his strokes. The worst was, they could not sail her easy, slackening sheet or jockeying with the helm when a roller rose ahead. They must drive her hard, because if she went slowly, she would go sideways too, and this meant they would not get round the reefs.

Now and then Dawson glanced at the straining mainsail as he heard the wire shrouds to windward ring. She carried too much canvas, but she would not beat to windward with less. They must hold on, and he tried to brace himself by thinking about the valley, where the blue lake reflected the snow peaks, in the North. Their help was worth something, and the steamer's owners ought to pay.

By-and-by they hove her round on the other tack, and some time afterwards, when the moon was coming through, Dawson thought he heard a noise to leeward. It was a hoarse rumble, like the roar of a train, but indistinct, because the wind blew the sound away. He knew it was surf, and set his lips when a bright beam ran across the water. Not far off, on the lee bow, there was an ominous white line, and behind this, vague, dark rocks and a shadowy clump of wind-bent trees. Dawson looked at his comrade, whose face was very grim.

'I'm scared to go through the tide-rip that's running outside, so we can't put her on the other tack,' said Jake. 'Got to stand on and risk it. It's touch and go!'

Dawson glanced to windward, and saw a white turmoil where the tide ran hard. The sloop could not cross that foaming belt, but the slack between the race and the reef was narrow. If they could keep the latter on the lee bow, she would go round; if the rocks drew ahead, so that one saw them across the bowsprit shrouds, she would go ashore, and he knew she would not last long then.

For a few minutes he watched, while his heart beat and his mouth got dry, and then began to pump. Doing nothing was nervous work, and there was too much water on board. After a time, he looked back to leeward. The rocks were not much nearer, but he could not see well because the sail was in the way.

Then Jake touched him. 'Let her have a few inches more sheet.'

Dawson felt keen relief as he let the wet rope run round a cleat. The order implied that Jake need not sail her so near the wind.

After a few minutes, Jake spoke again. 'Give her a foot. Slack the jib.'

Dawson obeyed and drew a deep breath as he looked about. The rocks were not on the lee bow; they had moved aft and were now on the quarter. This indicated that they were passing astern; the sloop had weathered them and was going round the point.

'You can square away,' said Jake. 'We'll make it a broad reach.'

They let the sheets run until the dripping jib swelled like a small balloon and the main boom swung far out across the water. There was a sudden comforting change in the motion, for the violent plunges and heavy shocks one feels when a small craft lurches across

a head-sea had stopped. She swung forward with swift and easy leaps; one got a sense of flying, and Dawson thought she went over the water like a bird. For all that, caution was needed. She was pressed by sail, since speed was needed, and the white combers came up on her beam. There was a risk that they might roll her over or an extra big one crash on board. The water she had shipped made an alarming noise and for a time Dawson pumped hard. Then they saw another dark clump of pines and Jake gave him the helm.

'My arms feel as if they were coming off,' he said. 'Let her go as she's heading now while I look at the chart and get the compass.'

He crawled into the cabin and presently came back with a box that he put on a locker near Dawson's knees. There was a light inside and one could see the compass through a hole. For all that, it was not easy to steer the course Jake had worked. The compass-card span as the sloop rolled about; Dawson could hardly see where it pointed, or keep the stroke that represented the boat's head on the proper mark.

After an hour or so, Jake went back into the cabin and returned with a lump of bread and a can of coffee. Dawson bit off large pieces, clenching the lump with one hand, and drank as best he could. He felt braced afterwards and held on until they saw a light in the distance, and he gave the helm to Jake, who had taken the light's bearing.

Daybreak was not far off, although the moon was bright, when they ran past the tall pines behind the Narrows at Vancouver. The water was smooth inside, the broad Inlet opened up, with the masts of vessels rising against the sky and big electric lights shining among the dark buildings along the shore.

'We've made it!' Jake exclaimed. 'It might have been better if we'd asked the captain how much he would pay. I thought about it while we were talking, but I could hardly hear him, and, anyhow, the thing seemed kind of mean. Now I don't know how we stand, but the owners ought to put up a good sum for our sending the tug.'

'Luff a bit,' said Dawson. 'I see her anchor light and think she has steam up.'

They lowered sail a few minutes afterwards and ran alongside the tug. The watch called the skipper, who took them to his room and unrolled a chart when he heard their tale.

'You reckon you left the steamer here?' he said, when Jake put his finger on the chart. 'Were they able to shove her ahead?'

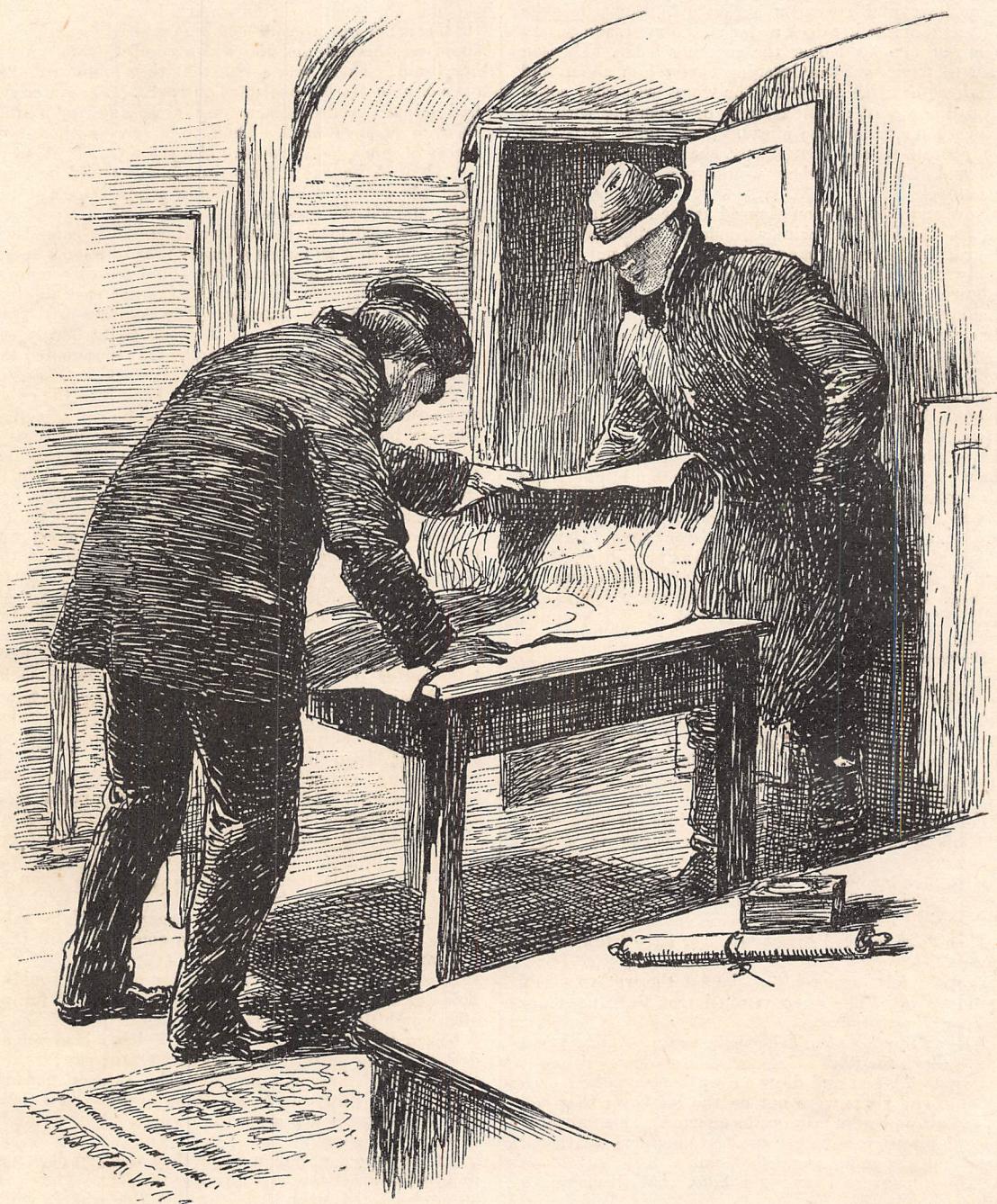
'Not much,' said Jake. 'The broken propeller wouldn't hold her on her course. She was coming up and falling off, though they had a small staysail set.'

'Then I'd better get a move on quick. Had you an understanding with the captain about your pay?'

Jake said they had not, and the skipper nodded. 'Very well; I'll try to fix the thing so that you'll stand in. If not, we'll get after the owners. You certainly deserve your share.'

He sent for his fireman when they went on deck and in a few minutes the boys got over the side. They cast off and let the sloop drift towards the wharf, while when they dropped anchor the tug was steaming for the Narrows at full speed with a white wave at her bows. Then they went to sleep, and making sail next morning when the wind fell light, started for home.

(Concluded on page 410.)



"The skipper took them to his room and unrolled a chart."



“ ‘Would you have gone as far by now if you had stopped in the Old Country?’ ”

SMILING VALLEY.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

(Concluded from page 407.)

A WEEK or two afterwards a letter from the vessel's owners arrived, and Mr. Winthrop called the boys in to his room.

'They're just people and don't dispute your claim,' he said. 'I think you ought to take their offer.'

Jake thrilled with satisfaction when he heard the sum, and then looked thoughtful.

'You won't need us much until the spring,' he remarked. 'There's the bridge-stringer contract; we know the Trail Surveyor and I think we could get the job.'

'I'll let you go,' said Mr. Winthrop, with a smile. 'You ought to make some profit, and you have some money at the bank. I suppose you're thinking about the valley in the North?'

'I'm always thinking about it, and so is Tom. Still I reckon somebody else has taken the best blocks for homesteads already; it's Government land.'

'I will write to the record office and find out,' Mr. Winthrop replied, and in a few days got an answer. No application had yet been made for a homestead grant in the Smiling Valley.

Mr. Winthrop told the boys, and after talking for some time said, 'You are both young, but if you mean to own a ranch, this is perhaps a good chance, and if I'm satisfied about the location, I may lend you the money you will need. Anyhow, you can take the bridge-stringer contract, and if we get a spell of fine weather I'll go north with you to look at the place.'

He went and approved. The valley was sheltered and well watered, and the soil looked good. For the most part, it was covered with big trees, but big trees are numerous in British Columbia and the soil is often stony when one has cut them down. In the meantime, Jake and Dawson had begun to haul out the logs that were needed for bridges on a new waggon trail. The work was hard, for they must chop the great trees and afterwards hew them roughly to the proper size. They lived in a rude bark shack and heavy rain often rolled up from the Pacific and swept the woods. Then, at times, the snow lay deep and for a week or two there was a snap of arctic cold when water froze near the stove. Sometimes they were wet, and sometimes numbed by frost; their food was plain and cooked by themselves, but they often came back from work so tired that they did not care what they ate. For all that they finished the contract, and the Trail Surveyor was satisfied when he countersigned the bill. Soon afterwards they went to the land office and registered two adjoining claims.

Summer had begun in the northern wilds when, one calm evening, they lounged outside their tent in the Smiling Valley. In front, a row of tall stumps marked their first day's work, and a sweet resinous smell came from the big fallen trunks. The tent stood on the hillside, and they looked down across fresh green maples and stiff dark pines to the shining lake that reflected gleaming snow and stately trees. In the background, high white peaks caught the evening light. A faint warm breeze sighed in the pine-tops above the tent.

Jake was making bannocks in a wood-pulp pail, but Dawson lay among the wineberries, doing nothing, with the sleeves of his old blue shirt rolled up. He was

hard and muscular, his face was resolute and brown, for since he left England he had done a man's work and boldly fronted risks. Now he was calmly satisfied; the dream Jake and he had dreamed had come true.

'We're here,' he said. 'Seems strange the thing we hardly durst hope for should happen. All we see between the range and the water is ours. We can do what we like with it—somehow, that makes one think.'

Jake smiled as he got up and rubbed the dough from his hands. He looked lean and athletic in his thin brown overalls.

'Well,' he said, 'it's a big job, and we've got to go slow at first. To begin with, there's some hard slashing to be done before we can raise oats enough to winter-feed a few head of stock. In the meantime, soon as we can clear some ground, we'll plant high-grade fruit trees and garden truck that we can trade at Vancouver. We can't buy a sloop yet, but the old Siwash sea canoe will carry the stuff. That ought to keep us in groceries while we go on slashing, and by-and-by we'll buy some young cows. They've got to be the right kind; I reckon it's the best that pays.'

Dawson nodded. 'Yes; if it's fruit or stock, go for the best! We want to let folk know that when they deal with us we deliver the goods. Means work and trouble; there's a stiff job ahead, but we're pretty fit and ought to put it over.'

'We have got no debts, for one thing,' Jake remarked. 'Would you have gone as far by now if you had stopped in the Old Country?'

'I think not,' said Dawson, who mused for a time.

He had no rich friends in England, and admitted that he had no particular talents. If he had stopped at home he would probably have been a clerk, working for small pay and without much chance of promotion. Now he was a rancher, owning the land he meant to cultivate and owing nobody anything, for Mr. Winthrop had made a gift to the boys of the money he promised to lend. They had earned the rest, and Dawson knew that the one safe way to get money was to work for it.

Now he was calmly satisfied. He had made a good start and what happened afterwards would depend upon his efforts. The efforts would have to be strenuous, for it was not an easy matter to clear the land of the big trees, but the reward would be his and not another man's. By-and-by the sunset faded from the snow, which turned a delicate blue in the shadow, and a loon's wild call rang across the lake. He saw the bird, a small black dot, where the water reflected the light in the sky. The wind had turned colder and a heavy dew was beginning to fall. He got up and stretched his arms, which ached after a long day's toil.

'Time to go to bed,' he said. 'There's much to be done to-morrow, and I want to start fresh. We're working for our own hands now.'

WANDERERS IN THE WAR.

BY A. A. METHLEY.

(Concluded from page 403.)

IT was some distance from the bridge to the town where Val had been taken by Fräulein Heinz, and, in addition, there were many delays and difficulties to be endured and overcome. Now a road was found to be closed for the passing of troops, now a permit had to be

obtained from the military authorities, and often there were long tedious waits while papers were examined and endorsed. Hour after hour passed, and it was noon on the following day before the travellers reached their destination and stopped outside a large hotel.

Roger jumped out of the car and ran into the building, almost expecting to find Val waiting to welcome him, but this hope was doomed to disappointment, and the landlord, when questioned by Boughton, only shook his head and regretted that he could give no information.

'Mervyn, Mademoiselle Val Mervyn, no, there is nobody of that name in the hotel,' he shrugged his shoulders, as if dismissing the subject, and then suddenly, a tall grey-haired woman who had been speaking to the hall porter, turned round, with a little exclamation, and came forward.

'Mervyn! Pardon, me, sir, but did I hear you speak of Val Mervyn? Is it possible that you can tell me something about little Val?'

She spoke in French, and Boughton answered her in the same language. The next moment he called to Roger, who was standing disconsolately in the doorway watching the people who were passing up and down the street outside.

'Mervyn,' he said, 'come here. This is Madame Martin, from St. Denis-sur-Meuse. She will help us to find your little sister, and she says that there are some other friends of yours here. What names did you say, Madame? Yes, Suzanne and Jules.'

Roger's eyes widened and he drew a long breath of amazement, but in reality it was all very simple. Madame Martin had started for home at the first news of war, but she had been in an out-of-the-way part of Switzerland and there had been many delays. She had reached the school in a motor-car the day after the departure of Val and Roger, and had left again almost immediately, taking Suzanne and little Jules with her. The schoolmistress had been terribly anxious about Val and Roger, for she had not been able to get any news of their whereabouts, and now Val was still missing. Her lips tightened and an angry light came into her eyes when she heard of Fräulein Heinz's reappearance and of the part she had played in the drama.

'We must go and look for them at once,' she said, but Fräulein Heinz is certain to have given a false name. It will be best, sir, if you go one way and I another. There is no time to be lost.'

The town was a large one and there were many hotels and inns, but at none of these could a trace of Val or of Fräulein be discovered. 'The usual place,' that was what the German girl had written to her brother, but there was no clue to show where the usual place might be.

Roger grew desperate at last, and while Boughton was making inquiries of the police, he and Jules set off on a search of their own. Toto followed at their heels, and before long as they were going down a narrow, rather dirty street, they heard behind them a scuffling sound mingled with growls, snarls, and shrill angry barks.

Toto, warlike as usual, had managed to pick a quarrel with another dog, and this time he had chosen an antagonist who was more than four times his size and weight.

'Help! Help! The monster! The villain! Toto! Toto! He will be killed, he will be devoured.' Jules rushed to the rescue of his pet with wild screams, and Roger, turning quickly, saw an indistinguishable mass

of fur, teeth, and claws rolling hither and thither in the dusty road.

He darted forward to separate the unequal combatants, and then suddenly his face changed and a cry of joy burst from his lips. He seized the larger dog by his neck fearlessly and dragged him away: for it was Bob, yes, Bob the sheep-dog, rough-haired and tangled as ever, and, surely, if Bob were here, Val, his mistress, could not be far away.

And Roger was right, for the very next moment another voice called, 'Bob, Bob!' and a little boyish figure flew out from the doorway of a tall, dingy house and clasped the great, shaggy, struggling beast in her arms.

'Roger, please give me back Fräulein's letter,' said Val, when, at last, all the greetings and exclamations of delight and surprise had come to an end.

Roger shook his head and showed an empty pocket. 'I haven't got it, and I couldn't give it to you if I had,' was his answer, and he explained what had happened and how he had given the letter into Graham Evans' charge.

'I see; and of course I know that Fräulein Heinz is a spy, she told me that herself; but I never thought of there being any harm in the letter.' Val's bright face grew serious for a moment, and then she laughed and shrugged her shoulders. 'Oh, well, it's a jolly good thing that you haven't got it, Roger, because I told Fräulein that I'd burn it, and now it's not my fault that I have to break the promise.'

* * * * *

John Boughton was obliged to go to London a few days later with an important dispatch for his newspaper, so he escorted Roger and Val across the Channel. It was a grey, misty morning when they left the French port, with golden gleams of sunshine. On the northern horizon trailed the smoke of a Man-of-War, and in the distance, very far away, could be heard the sound of guns.

Boughton and Roger paced up and down the deck while Val played with some little Belgian children in the saloon.

'It's hateful for me to have to go back to England again now,' Roger said, pausing by the rail and gazing with longing eyes at the French coast. 'If only I were three years older and could get into the Army at once.'

'How old are you?' Boughton glanced down at the boy's discontented face with a thoughtful expression in his eyes. 'Fifteen, isn't it? Well, there's plenty of time.'

'I'm fifteen and a half, but what's the good of that, when I have to stick on at school for years. It's simply sickening, and every one says that the War is certain to be over by Christmas.'

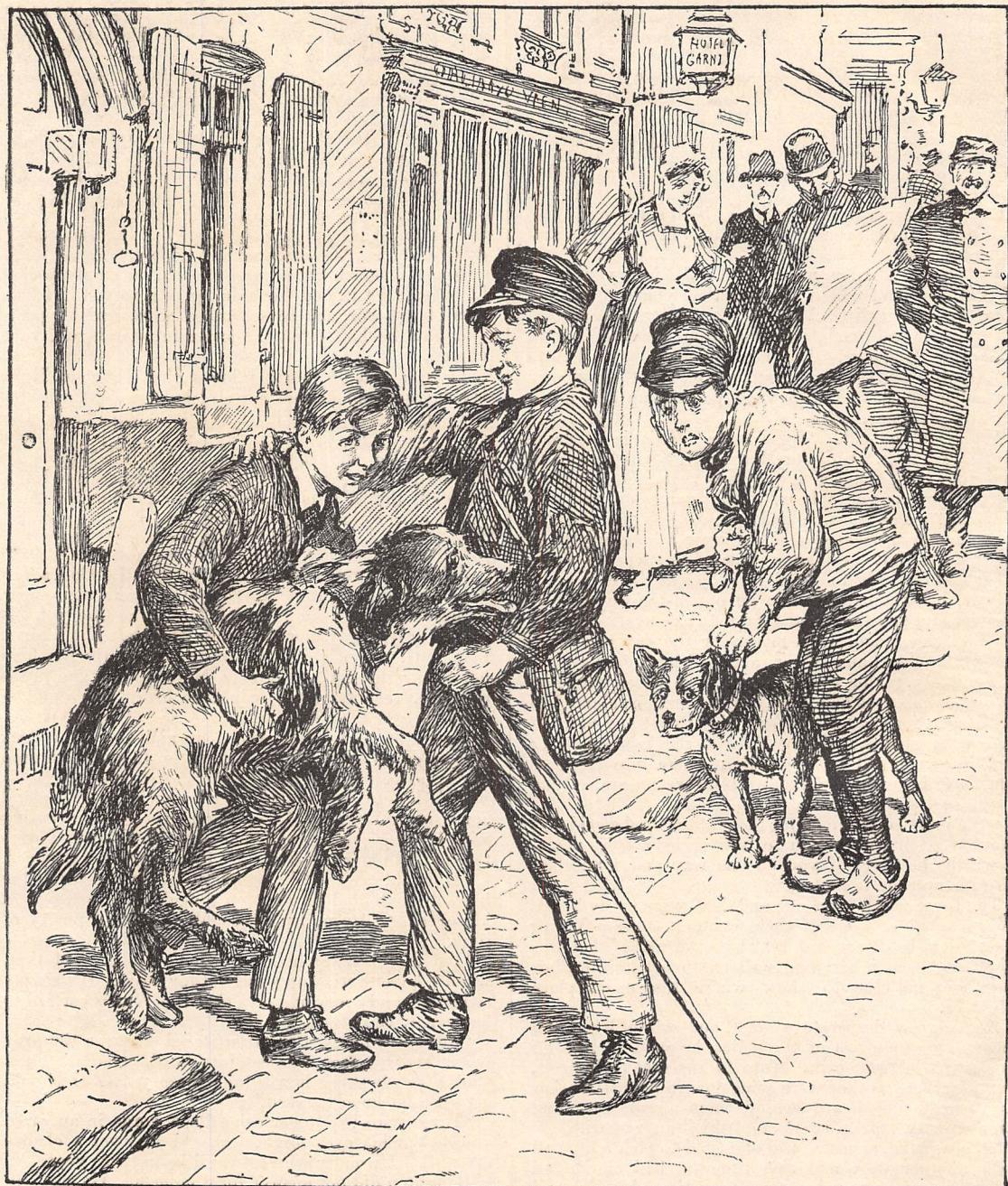
'Not every one.' Boughton stared out over the grey water and his face was set into hard, steadfast lines. 'Some people think it will take three years. I should give it a bit longer myself.'

'Three years?' Roger echoed the words in an awed voice, then his eyes brightened. 'I may get a chance after all. I wonder where I shall be in three years?'

Boughton did not answer for a moment. He was still looking across to the distant coast where the September sunlight flickered on green hills and white lines of cliff.

'I think,' he said at last, 'that most likely you will be over there—somewhere in France.'

THE END.



"A boyish figure clasped the great shaggy beast in her arms."